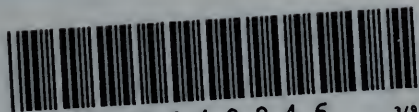


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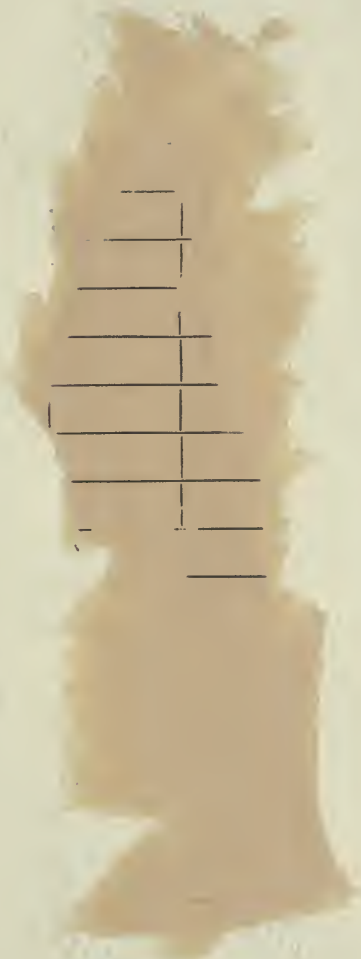
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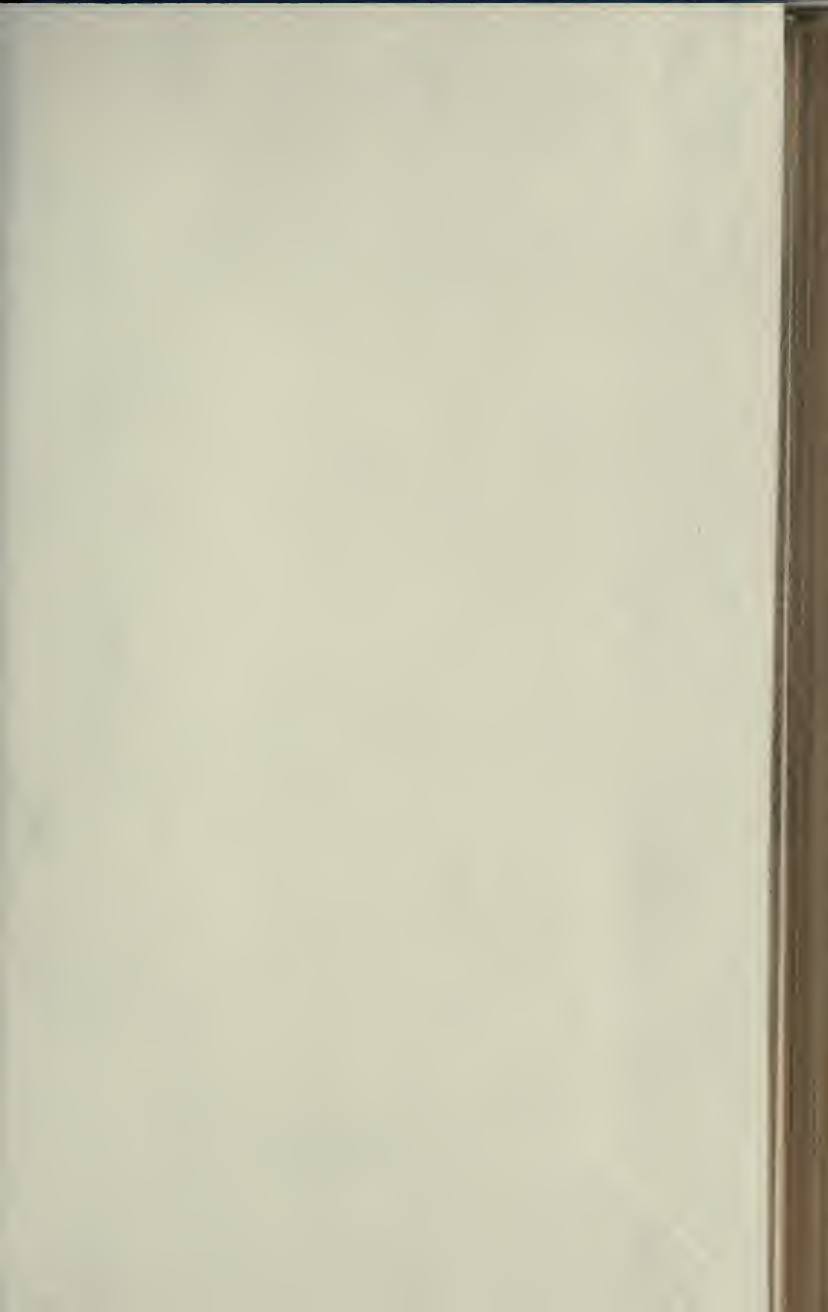
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GLEANER TALES

BY

ROBERT SELLAR

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A glance at the map shows the south-western extremity of the province of Quebec to be a wedge shaped bit of territory; the St. Lawrence on one side, the United States on the other. All that is related in the following pages is associated with this corner of Canada. The name of the book comes from the newspaper in which most of the tales first appeared. There is a purpose in the book. It attempts to convey in a readable form an idea of an era in the life of Canada which has passed—that of its first settlement by emigrants from the British isles—and to give an account of two striking episodes in its history, the invasion under Hampton and the year of the ship fever. These are historically correct; the briefer tales are based on actual incidents in the lives of early settlers in the old county of Huntingdon.

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HEMLOCK.

CHAPTER I.

THE rain of the forenoon had been followed by an outburst of heat and the sunshine beat with fierce intensity on the narrow square that formed the yard of the barracks at Montreal. There was a milkiness in the atmosphere which, conjoined with the low bank of black cloud that hung over the St Lawrence where it rolled out of sight, indicated a renewal of the downpour. The yard was deserted. Dinner was over and the men lounged and snoozed indoors until the sun abated his fervor, always excepting the sentry, who stood in the shade of the gateway, his gaze alternately wandering from the refreshing motion of the blue waters of St Mary's current to the cluster of log houses, interspersed by stone edifices with high tin roofs, which formed the Montreal of 1813. Presently the sound of hoofs was heard, and there came galloping to the gate an orderly from the general's headquarters. Passing the sentry, he

pulled up at the door of that portion of the barracks where the officer of the day was quartered, and who, in another minute, was reading the despatch he had brought. It was an order for a detachment of 20 men to report without delay at headquarters. Instantly the voice of a sergeant was heard shouting the order to those who had to turn out and the barracks became a bustling scene of soldiers rubbing their accoutrements and packing their kits. In half an hour they had fallen into rank and marched to the general's residence. The lieutenant in charge went in to report and found General de Watteville writing.

"You ready for the route? Ah, yes; very good, Morton. I will write you one order. You will escort an ammunition-train to camp La Fourche and there go under command of Major Stovin."

"I hope, General, there is a prospect of our helping to use the cartridges when we get there?"

"I cannot say. Yankee very cautious; put his nose one, two, three time across the frontier and then run back, like rat to his hole. Maybe Hampton come; we must be ready. Here is your order. You will find the train at King's Posts and use all expedition."

Saluting the General, Morton withdrew and, rejoining his men, they marched down the narrow and crooked maze of St Paul street, attracting little attention, for the sight of soldiers had become familiar even to the habitant wives, who were

jogging homeward in their market-carts. By the time the town was cleared, and the Lachine road gained, the sun was inclining to the west, and his rays being more endurable, the men stepped out briskly, bandying coarse jests, while the officer, some paces behind, eyed with surprised delight the foaming rapids, which he now saw for the first time. The afternoon was calm, which made the spectacle of a wide expanse of water tossed into huge billows without apparent cause, all the more singular. "Why," said Morton inwardly, "all the rivers of the United Kingdom, with their falls and cataracts, if added to this vast river, would not perceptibly add either to its volume or its tumult."

At the head of the rapids, where the St Lawrence expands into the lake named St Louis, stood the King's Posts, an extensive collection of buildings, with wharves in front, at which were moored a large number of boats. King's Posts was the depot of supplies for the country west of Montreal, and therefore a place of bustle in time of war, boats stemming the rapids and long trains of carts conveying to its storehouses daily the supplies brought by shipping from England to Montreal, to be in turn sent off as required to the numerous garrisons along the upper St Lawrence and lakes Ontario and Erie, while the troops, then being hurried to the front, here embarked. Reporting his command, Morton was informed the boat with the supplies he was to guard would not be ready to sail until

late in the evening, and quarters were assigned his men and to himself an invitation to join the mess-dinner. Thus relieved, he strolled to the water's edge, and watched the shouting boatmen and the swearing soldiers as they loaded the flotilla that was in preparation, and was fortunate enough to see a bateau arrive from Montreal, poled up against the current by part of its crew while the others tugged at a tow-rope, reinforced by a yoke of oxen. Then he watched the sun, which, as it neared the horizon, dyed the waters of the majestic river with many hues. Slowly it neared the thick battalion of pines behind which it would disappear, and as Morton noted the broad crimson pathway that it seemed to stretch across the placid lake as a temptation to follow it into its chamber of glory, he thought he never beheld anything more imposing. Slowly the throbbing orb descended and was lost to sight, and, as if evoked by angel-spell, cloudlets became revealed and were transformed into plumage of scarlet and gold. The train of Morton's reverie was snapped by the tread of troops behind him. Turning he saw a file of soldiers with a manacled man between them. When they reached the head of the wharf, the order to halt was given. Morton knew what it meant. The tall thin man in his shirt-sleeves was a spy and he was going to be shot. It was supper-time and boats and wharfs were for the time no longer the scene of activity, but the grimy bateau-men paused

in their cookery, to watch the tragedy about to be enacted. Two soldiers lifted from their shoulders the rough box that was to be his coffin, and the doomed man stood beside it. Behind him was the St Lawrence, a lake of molten glass; in front the line of soldiers who were to shoot him. There was no hurry or confusion; everything being done in a calm and business-like manner. The prisoner stood undauntedly before his executioners; a man with a sinister countenance, in which low cunning was mixed with imperturable self-possession. He waved the bugler away when he approached to tie a handkerchief over his eyes. "Guess I want ter hev the use o' my eyes as long as I ken; but say, kurnel, moughtn't you loose my arms. It's the last wish of a dyin man." The officer gave a sign with his hand, and the rope was untied. "Prisoner, are you ready?"

"Yes, kurnel."

Turning to the firing party, the officer gave the successive orders—make ready,—present,—fire! Hardly had the last word been uttered, than the prisoner, with surprising agility, gave a backward leap into the river, and the volley swept over where he stood, the bullets ricochetting on the surface of the river behind. "The Yankee scoundrel! Has he escaped? Ten pounds for him alive or dead!" shouted the officer. There was a rush to the edge of the wharf, and the soldiers fired at random amid its posts, but the American was not to

be seen. "It is impossible for him to escape," the captain said to Morton, who had come to aid in the search. "He would have been hung had we had a gallows handy, and if he has escaped the bullet it is only to be drowned, for the river runs here like a mill-race and will carry him into the rapids." The soldiers jumped on the boats and scanned wharf and shore, and seeing no trace came to the conclusion that from his backward leap he had been unable to recover himself and did not rise to the surface. Satisfied the man was drowned, the soldiers were ordered back to the guard-room and the stir and hurry in getting the flotilla ready were resumed.

Soon afterwards Morton was seated at the mess-table, which was crowded, for there were detachments of two regiments on their way from Quebec, where they had landed the week before, to Upper Canada. The company was a jovial one, composed of veteran campaigners who had learned to make the most of life's pleasures when they could be snatched, and joke and story kept the table in a roar for a couple of hours, when the colonel's servant whispered something in his ear. "Comrades," he said, rising, "I am informed the boats are ready. The best of friends must part when duty calls, and the hour we have spent this evening is a pleasant oasis in our long and toilsome journey through this wilderness. We do not know what difficulties we may have to encounter, but we who braved the sun

of India and stormed the Pyrenees will not falter before the obstacles Canadian flood and forest may present, and will carry the flag of our country to victory, as we have so often done under our glorious chief, Wellington. We come to cross swords not for conquest but to repel those invaders, who, professing to be the champions of liberty, seek to bolster the falling cause of the tyrant of Europe by endeavoring to create a diversion in his favor on this western continent. We shall drive the boasters back, or else will leave our bones to be bleached by Canadian snows; and we shall do more, we shall vindicate the independence of this vast country against the ingrates who smite, in the hour of trial, the mother that reared them, and shall preserve Canada to be the home of untold millions who will perpetuate on the banks of these great rivers and lakes the institutions and customs that have made the name of Britain renowned. Comrades, let us quit ourselves in this novel field of conflict as befits our colors, and I propose, as our parting toast, Success to the defenders of Canada, and confusion to the King's enemies."

With clank of sword and sabre each officer sprang to his feet and the toast was drank with shout and outstretched arm. Amid the outburst of enthusiasm, a broad-shouldered captain started the chorus,

"Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why, whose business 'tis to die?"

It was taken up with vigor until the roar was deaf-

ening, and then the colonel gave the signal to dismiss. From the heated room, Morton stepped out and drew his breath at the spectacle presented. The moon, full orbed, hung over the woods of Laprairie and poured a flood of light upon the rapids beneath, transforming them where shallow into long lanes of glittering network and where the huge billows tossed in endless tumult, sable and silver alternated. Above, the waters slumbered in the soft light, unconscious of the ordeal towards which they were drifting and scarcely ruffled by the light east breeze that had sprung up. Directly in front were the boats, loaded, and each having its complement of soldiers. The officers took their places among them and they cast off, until over a hundred were engaged in stemming the rapid current with aid of sail and oar. After passing between Caughnawaga and Lachine, indicated by their glancing spires, the leading boats awaited on the bosom of the lake for those that had still to overcome the river's drift. When the last laggard had arrived, the flotilla was marshalled by the naval officers who had control into three columns, some sixty yards apart, and, the oars being shipped, and sails hoisted, moved majestically for the head of the lake. Surely, thought Morton, as he eyed the imposing scene, the far-searching lake embosomed by nodding forest, "This country is worth fighting for."

The air was balmy, the motion of the boats pleasant, the moonlight scene inspiring, so that the

men forgot their fatigues, and burst into song, and chorus after chorus, joined in by the entire flotilla, broke the silence. A piper, on his way to join his regiment, broke in at intervals and the colonel ordered the fife and drum corps to strike up. The boat in which Morton sat brought up the rear, and softened by distance and that inexpressible quality which a calm stretch of water gives to music, he thought he had never heard anything finer, and he could not decide whether the singing of the men, the weird strains of the pibroch, or the martial music of the fifes and drums was to be preferred. About an hour had been spent thus, when the captain of the boat shouted to shift the sail, and putting up the helm, the little barque fell out of line and headed for an eminence on the south shore, so sharp and smooth in outline, that Morton took it to be a fortification. When their leaving was noted, the men in the long lines of boats struck up Auld Lang Syne, the fifes and drums accompanying, and when they had done, the piper succeeded. Morton listened to the strain as it came faintly from the fast receding flotilla, it was that of Lochaber no More.

As the shore was neared the boat was brought closer to the wind, and lying over somewhat deeply, the helmsman told those on the lee side to change seats. In the movement a man rubbed against Morton, and he felt that his clothes were wet. Looking sharply at him, he saw he was one of the

boat's crew, when his resemblance to the spy he had seen escape the bullets of the firing-party struck him. The more he looked the more convinced he grew that he was correct, and, improbable as it seemed, within an arm's length, almost, sat the man he saw plunge into the river and whom he, with everybody else, believed to have been swept into the deadly rapids. With all a soldier's detestation of a spy, he resolved he should not escape, yet to attempt to seize him in the boat would be to imperil all in it, for that the fellow would make a desperate struggle Morton knew. Prudently resolving to make no move until the boat neared its moorings, he slipped his hand into his breast-pocket and grasped the stock of one of his pistols.

As the boat approached the shore the sharply-cut eminence, which Morton had taken to be a fortification, resolved itself into a grassy knoll, destitute of glacis or rampart, and round the eastern extremity of which they glided into a smooth narrow channel, whose margin was fretted by the shadows cast by the trees which leant over from its banks. The sail now flapped uselessly and the order was given to get out the oars. The suspected spy rose with the other boatmen to get them into place and stood on a cross-bench as he lifted a heavy oar to its lock. It was a mere pretence. In a moment his foot was on the gunwale and he made a sudden spring towards the bank.

There was the sound of a plunge, of a few brief strokes by a strong swimmer, a movement among the bushes, and then silence. Morton was intensely excited. he drew his pistol, rose and cocking it fired at random. Turning to the captain of the boat he shouted in fury, "You villain; you have assisted in the escape of a King's prisoner." With stolid countenance the captain shifted the helm to suit the windings of the channel, and answered, "Me no spik Ingleese." Feeling he was powerless, Morton resumed his seat and in a minute or two a cluster of white-washed huts came in view and the boat drew alongside a landing-stage in front of them. Several soldiers were standing on it awaiting them, and on asking where he would find the commissariat officer, Morton was directed to one of the houses, in front of which paced a sentry. Entering he perceived it consisted of two rooms, divided by a board-partition. In the larger end was a woman, surrounded by several children, cooking at an open-fire, and in the other, the door and windows of which were open, for the evening was sultry, were four officers in dishabille, seated round a rickety table playing cards, and with a pewter-measure in the middle of it. One of them rose on seeing the stranger, while the others turned carelessly to examine him. Assuring himself he was addressing the officer of the commissariat, Morton explained his business. "Oh, that's all right; the powder-kegs must remain in the boat and in

the morning I will get carts to forward them to the front. There's an empty box, Lieutenant Morton; pull it up and join us," and hospitably handed him the pewter-measure. It contained strong rum grog, of which a mouthful sufficed Morton. Not so the others, who, in listening to what he had to tell of the news of Montreal and of the movements of the troops, emptied it, and shouted to the woman to refill it, and, at the same time, she brought in the supper, consisting of fried fish and potatoes. That disposed of, the cards were reproduced and the four were evidently bent on making a night of it. On returning from seeing how his men were quartered, Morton found that the grog and the excitement of the card-playing were telling on his companions, who were noisy and quarrelsome. Asking where he should sleep, the woman pointed to the ladder that reached to a trap in the roof, and he quietly ascended. It was merely a loft, with a small window in either gable and a few buffalo robes and blankets laid on its loose flooring. The place was so stiflingly hot that Morton knew sleep was out of the question even if there had been no noise beneath, and he seated himself by the side of one of the windows through which the wind came in puffs. The sky was now partially clouded and the growl of distant thunder was heard. Fatigue told on the young soldier and he dozed as he sat. A crash of thunder awoke him. Startled he rose and was astonished to find himself in utter dark-

ness, save for the rays that came through the chinks of the flooring from the candle beneath, where the officers were still carousing. He leant out of the window and saw that the moon had been blotted out by thick clouds. While gazing there was a flash of lightning, revealing to him a man crouched beside the window below. In the brief instant of intense light, Morton recognized the spy, and guessed he was listening to the officers, hoping to pick up information, in their drunken talk, of use to his employers. "He cheated the provost-marshal, he cheated me, but he shall not escape again," muttered Morton, who drew his pistols, got them ready, and, grasping one in each hand, leant out of the window to await the next flash that he might take aim. It came and instantly Morton fired. The unsuspecting spy yelled, jumped to his feet, and rushed to the cover of the woods. Then all was darkness. A crash of thunder, the sweep of the coming hurricane and the pelting of rain, increased the futility of attempting to follow. "I hope I've done for him," said Morton to himself, "and that like a stricken fox he will die in cover."

The pistol-shots together with the crash of the elements had put a stop to the carousal downstairs and Morton heard them disputing as to who should go up and see what had happened. "I will not go," said one with the deliberation of a stupidly drunk man. "I am an officer of the Royal Engineers and

have nothing to do with personal encounters. If you want a line of circumvallation laid down, or the plan of a mine, I am ready, but my commission says nothing about fighting with swords or pistols. I know my office and how to maintain its dignity."

"Yes, Hughes, and the integrity of your skin. I'd go myself (here he rose and tried to steady himself by holding on to the table) but I'll be jiggered if I can go up such a stair-case as that. It would take a son of a sea-cook," and with these words, losing his grip, the speaker toppled over and fell on the floor. The third officer, a mere lad, was asleep in his chair in a drunken stupor. The commissariat officer staggered to the foot of the ladder, and, after vainly attempting to ascend, shouted, "I say you there; what's all the shooting for? Are you such a greenhorn as to be firing at mosquitoes or a bull-frog. By George, when, in company of gentlemen you should behave yourself. I will report you to your shuperior officer," and so he maundered on for a while, receiving no answer from Morton. Finally the woman of the house helped him to a corner, where he lay down and snored away the fumes of the liquor that had overcome him. Meanwhile the storm raged, and when it had passed away, and the moon again calmly came forth, and the frogs again raised their chorus, Morton was too sleepy to think of going to look for the body of the spy, and making as comfortable a bed as he could, he lay down and rested until late next morning.

CHAPTER II.

ON descending from his sleeping place, Morton found the woman preparing breakfast, and, looking into the adjoining room, saw that three of its inmates were still sleeping surrounded by the litter of their night's carousal. Stepping out of doors, he was surprised by the beauty of the sylvan scene. The air had the freshness and the sky the deep tender-blue that follows a thunder-storm, and the sunshine glittered on the smooth surface of the river that, in all its windings, was overhung by towering trees, except where small openings had been made by the settlers, from which peeped their white shanties. The eminence which had excited his curiosity the night before, he perceived to be an island, with a largish house at its base, flanked by a wind-mill. At the landing, was the bateau, with a group of men. Approaching them, he found the captain, whose bloodshot eyes alone indicated his excess of the preceding night. "Ah, Morton," he exclaimed, "you were the only wise man among us; you have your wits about you this morning. For me, I had a few hours' pleasure I now loathe

to think of and a racking headache. Come, let us have a swim and then go to breakfast."

Following him to the nook he sought, Morton told of his shot at the spy. The captain listened attentively to the story. "I hope you winged him," he said, "but he will escape. The settlers, except a few Old Countrymen, are all in sympathy with the Yankees, and will shelter and help him to get away. We cannot make a move that word is not sent to the enemy. I will warn the Indians to look out for him. Had it not been for the rain, they could trace him to his lair."

On returning to the house, they found their comrades trying to make themselves presentable and sat down to a breakfast of fried pork and sour bread, to which Morton did ample justice. The commissariat officer told him he could not start for some time, as carts were few and the rain would have filled the holes in the track called a road. He could have forwarded him more quickly by canoes, but there was a risk of wetting the powder at the rapids. It was noon before sufficient carts arrived to enable Morton to start, when a laborious journey ensued, the soldiers being called on constantly to help the undaunted ponies to drag the cart-wheels out of the holes in which they got mired. When they had gone a few miles the carts halted and the kegs were placed in boats, which conveyed them to their destination. Camp La Fourche was found to consist of a few temporary buildings, or rather

sheds, which, with the barns and shanties of the settlers near by, housed a few hundred men, of whom few were regulars. Morton's orders were to remain and time passed heavily, the only excitement being when a scout came in with reports of the movements of the American army on the frontier, which were generally exaggerated. The camp had been purposely placed at the forks of the English and Chateaugay rivers, to afford a base of operations against the invader, should he approach either by way of the town of Champlain or of Chateaugay. Morton relieved the tedium of waiting by hunting and fishing, for his proper duties were slight. At first he did not venture into the woods without a guide, but experience quickly taught one so active and keen of observation sufficient bush-lore to venture alone with his pocket-compass. The fishing, at that late season, was only tolerable, and while he enjoyed to the full the delight of skimming the glassy stretches of both rivers in a birch canoe, he preferred the more active motion and greater variety of traversing the pathless woods with his gun. He had been in camp over a week when he started for an afternoon's exploring of the woods. After an hour's tramp he struck the trail of what he believed to be a bear. Following it was such pleasant exercise of his ingenuity that he took no note of time, and he had traversed miles of swamp and ridge before prudence cried halt. The sun was

sinking fast, and to retrace his track was out of the question. He resolved to strike due north, which he knew would take him to the Chateaugay where he would find shelter for the night. The flush of the sunset was dying from the sky when he emerged from the woods on the banks of the river, which flowed dark and silent between the endless array of trees which sentinelled it on either side. Threading his way downward he, in time, came upon a clearing—a gap in the bush filled with ripening grain and tasselled corn. The shanty, a very humble one, stood at the top of the bank, with the river at its feet. Gratified at the prospect of rest, he paused before swinging himself over the rude fence. There rose in the evening air the sound of singing: it was a psalm-tune. The family were at worship. Reverently the soldier uncovered his head and listened. The psalm ended, he could hear the voice of supplication, though not the words. When Morton approached the house he saw a heavily-built man leave the door to meet him.

“Gude e’en, freen; ye’re oot late. But I see ye’re ane o’ the military and your wark caas ye at a’ hours. Is there ony news o’ the Yankee army?”

Morton explained he had not been on duty but had got belated in hunting and craved the boon of shelter until morning, for which he would pay.

“Pay! say ye. A dog wearing the King’s colors wad be welcome to my best. You maun be new

to this country to think the poorest settler in it wad grudge to share his bite with ony passerby. Come your ways; we are richt glad to see you."

Entering the shanty Morton was astounded at the contrast between the homelike tidiness of the interior and the rudeness of the exterior, everything being neatly arranged and of spotless cleanliness. "Truly," he thought, "it is not abundance that makes comfort, but the taste and ingenuity to make the best of what we have." The glow of the log-fire in the open chimney was supplemented by the faint light afforded by a candle made from deer-fat, which showed him a tall young woman, who came forward to shake hands without the slightest embarrassment, an elderly woman, evidently the mother, who kept her seat by the fire, explaining she "wasna very weel," and two stout young men.

"Sit in by the fire, Mr Morton; there is a snell touch in the evening air that makes it no unpleasant, and Maggie will get ye something to eat. An hae ye nae news frae the lines? Does it no beat a' that thae Yankees, wha mak such pretensions to be the only folk i' the world wha understan what liberty is, should fail in practice? What hae we done that they shud come in tae disturb us? Hae we nae richt to live doucely and quietly under our appointed ruler, that they should come into our ain country to harry and maybe kill us? Dod, they are a bonny lot! In the name o' freedom drawing

the sword to help the oppressor of Europe and the slaughterer of thousands of God's children by creation, if no by adoption."

"We have the comfort," replied Morton, "that they have not got Canada yet."

"An never will," replied the settler, "there's no an Auld Countryman on the Chateaugay wha wad na sooner tint life an a' than gie up his independence. My sons an mysel are enrolled in Captain Ogilvie's company and mair Yankees than they count on will hansel it's ground afore they win oor puir biggin."

"Dinna speak sae, gudeman," said his wife, "tho' the Lord may chastise he will not deliver us to the oppressor, but, as with the Assyrian, will cause him, gin he come doon on us, to hear a rumor that shall make him to return to his own land. We are but a feeble folk here by the river-side, but He winna fail them wha trust Him."

Maggie here beckoned the young officer to draw to the table, and the bread and milk tasted all the sweeter to him that they had been spread by so winsome a damsel. After supper Morton was glad to fall in with the family's custom of going early to bed, and accompanying the lads, whom he found to be frank, hearty fellows, to the outbuilding, slept comfortably alongside them on top of the fragrant fodder. At daylight they were astir, when their guest joined them in their labors, until a shout from Maggie told of breakfast being ready. Seen

by daylight the favorable impression made upon Morton the previous evening was deepened, and he did not know which most to admire, her tact which never placed her at a disadvantage or the deftness with which she discharged her household duties. Reluctantly he left, accepting readily the invitation to revisit them. In a couple of hours he was in camp and reported himself.

The acquaintance thus accidentally formed was cultivated by Morton, and few evenings passed that his canoe did not end its journey at the foot of the bank whence the settler's shanty overlooked the Chateaugay. The more he knew of the family the more he was attracted, and before long he was on familiar terms with all its members. The inaction of camp-life in the backwoods ceased to be wearisome and there was a glow and a joyousness in his days which he had never before known. So it came, that when, one afternoon, the orderly-sergeant notified him the officer in command desired to see him, the prospect of being sent away caused him a pang of vexation. His orders were to be ready to start at daylight for the frontier with despatches for the Indian guard and to collect what information he could with regard to the American army encamped at Four Corners. "I trust to your discretion," said the officer, "as to what means you will use to get it, but we want to know the extent of the force and the prospect of their moving. I will give you an Indian as a guide, and

one who speaks English." Morton withdrew, pleased that the order was not one of recall to his regiment at Montreal, and spent the evening with the Forsyths. The news of his departure, on an errand that involved some danger, even though it would last only a few days, dampened the innocent mirth of the household and the soldier was vain enough to think Maggie gave his hand a warmer pressure than usual when he left. He rose with the first streak of daylight and had finished his breakfast when he was told his guide was waiting. Hastily strapping his cloak on his back and snatching up his musket, he went out and beheld an Indian standing stolidly on the road. Morton noted that he was taller than the average of his race, and, despite his grizzled hair, gave every sign of unabated vigor. He was dressed in native fashion and his face was hideous with war-paint. Without uttering a word, he led the way and they were soon buried in the woods. The Indian's pace, considering the nature of the ground and the obstacles presented, was marvellously rapid, and induced no fatigue. Morton vigorously exerted himself to keep up with him and, as he did so, admired the deftness with which the Indian passed obstacles which he laboriously overcame. The ease and smoothness with which the red man silently slipped through thickets and fallen trees, he compared to the motion of a fish, and his own awkwardness to that of a blindfolded man, who stumbled at every

obstacle. They had travelled thus for over two hours when suddenly the Indian halted, peered carefully forward, and then signed to Morton to stand still. Falling on his knees the guide crept, or rather glided forward. Disregarding his sign, Morton shortly followed until the object of the Indian's quest came in sight. Three deer were grazing on a natural meadow by the side of a creek. Slowly the hunter raised his gun and its report was the first intimation the timid creatures had that an enemy was near. The youngest and plumpest had fallen; the others bounded into the bush. Standing over the graceful creature, whose sides still palpitated, the Indian said, "Lift." It was the first word he had uttered. Morton drew the four hoofs together and did so. "Put on your shoulder," added the guide. Morton laughed and set the animal down; he could lift it but to carry it was out of the question. Without moving a feature, the Indian grasped the deer by its legs, swung it round his neck, and stepped out as if the load were no burden, and which he bore until the swamp was passed and a ridge was reached, when he tied the hoofs together with a withe and swung the carcass from as lofty a branch as he could reach. Half an hour afterwards he pointed to a slight disturbance in the litter of the forest. "Indian passed here this morning."

"How do you know it was an Indian?"

"Ey mark of moccasin."

"But some white men wear moccasins."

"Yes, but white man steps differently. The wild duck flies no more like the tame duck than the Indian walks like the pale face."

Following the trail thus struck, they were soon hailed by a scout and in the midst of the camp of the frontier guard they sought. Morton counted seventeen Indians lounging or sleeping about the fire, and was told there were as many more lurking in the bush, watching the enemy, who had, of late, been sending in strong parties to make petty raids upon the few settlers who lived on the Canadian side of the boundary. As the captain was absent and would not be back until the afternoon, Morton could only await his return, and the rest was not unwelcome, for the rapid journey had induced some fatigue, and he was interested in watching the Indians, this being his first experience with them apart from white men. They paid much deference to his guide, whose name he now learned was Hemlock, and the Indian of whom he made enquiry told him the reason was that he was the son of a great sachem in a tribe now destroyed, and was "a big medicine." Hemlock accepted their tributes to his superiority with unmoved countenance and as a matter of course, until, after a long pow-wow, he stretched himself on the ground, face-downwards, and went to sleep. Associating the Indians with gloomy moroseness, and a stolidity insensible alike to pain or mirth, Morton was sur-

prised to see how, when left to themselves, they chattered like children, laughed, and played boyish tricks upon one another, and regretted he could not understand what they were saying. If he had, he would have found their talk was the shallowest of banter.

Late in the afternoon the captain returned and warily welcomed Morton. Although dressed like an Indian, his only distinguishing feature being a captain's scarlet sash, Captain Perrigo was a white man and English in speech, his familiarity with the Indians and their language having been acquired during his residence at Caughnawaga. He was thoroughly conversant with all that was passing in the American camp and expressed his belief that only the timidity of General Hampton prevented a move on Canada. The force was so strong and well-equipped that he believed it could not be checked until the island of Montreal was reached. "How can so large an army move through these woods?" asked Morton; "why, even your handful of Indians could cut up a regiment in half an hour."

"You forget," replied Perrigo, "that the larger part of these American soldiers have been reared on farms and are familiar with the bush. They are at home with the axe, and have scouts as well-trained to bush-fighting as our own. Worse than that, many of the American settlers who left the Chateaugay and the other Huntingdon settlements at the declaration of war are with them as guides."

"I should like to see the American army," said Morton.

"That is easy; we reconnoitre their camp this evening and you may go with us."

By this time dinner was ready and it was more appetizing than Morton looked for. Hemlock, on his arrival, had told where he had left the carcase of the deer, which two of the Indians went for and returned with it slung between them on a pole. This they had cooked along with pieces of fat pork. The venison, for a wonder, proved to be tender and succulent, and was eaten with biscuit, of which there was an abundance. When the time came to move, Perrigo gave the word, when 28 of his men fell into line, Hemlock and Morton accompanying them. They moved in silence in single file, the fleetest runner of their number leading about two hundred yards ahead, to see that the way was clear. No word was spoken except when, on gaining the summit of a stony knoll, Perrigo whispered to Morton that they had crossed the boundary and were in the United States. As they proceeded they moved more slowly, showing they were nearing the enemy, and twice their scout signalled to them to halt while he reconnoitred. The second time Perrigo went forward and they waited while he scanned the enemy's position. On returning, they moved westward, when the accustomed sound of the tramp of a numerous body of troops met the ear of Morton, followed by the commands of the

adjutant. Motioning to Morton to follow him, Perrigo cautiously crept forward to a clump of undergrowth, and peering through it the American camp was seen. To the right stood the cluster of wooden buildings which formed the village of Four Corners, and on the fields that sloped up from it southwards, shone peacefully in the setting sun long rows of white tents. On a small field between the camp and the village two regiments were being drilled; at one corner was a body of mounted officers observing them. The woods, in which the British party lay concealed, so closely hemmed in the thin line of buildings that formed the village, that the parade-ground was not over 300 yards distant.

Morton scanned the troops as they went through their evolutions and marked, with some complacency, that, although tall and wiry men, they were slouchy in their movements and marched like dock-laborers. "Could we not give those fellows a fright?" he whispered to Perrigo.

"If we were sure their patrols are not out we could. If they are, they might flank us."

"No danger," interposed Hemlock, "see!" and he pointed to the guard-house, where the men detailed for the night's patrols were waiting.

"All right," answered Perrigo, "I will send two or three to creep round to the bush on the right to cause a diversion."

"Stay," said Morton, "I want to get a closer view and Hemlock will go with me."

It was so decided upon, and while they picked their way to the west, Perrigo busied himself in extending his little force along the edge of the woods, so as to make their numbers appear formidable. The most dangerous part of Morton's movement was crossing two roads, but Hemlock, who knew the ground thoroughly, selected parts where there were bends, so that they could not be seen by travellers approaching either way. When Hemlock dropped on all fours and crept he was followed by Morton, who found he was at the edge of the field on which the drill was in progress. The troops had gone through the routine movements and were drawn up in line, awaiting the inspection of the general officer, who, with his escort, was riding from the lower part of the field. A stout, elderly man rode in advance on a splendid black horse. Hemlock whispered it was General Hampton. As they drew nearer Morton started in amaze, for among his staff, despite his handsome uniform, he recognized the countenance of the spy he had twice shot at. His astonishment was checked by a gurgling sound of anger from his companion, and turning he saw that Hemlock had partly risen, grasping his musket as if about to fire, his face so swollen with rage that the cords of the neck stood out. "Stop," said Morton, as he clutched his buckskin jacket, "if we fire now while they are in rank we are lost; wait until they are dismissed and in disorder."

“I care not; thrice have I missed him of late; now he falls and Hemlock is revenged.” He pulled the trigger, but the flint snapped harmlessly, for the priming had been lost. The disappointment restored his self-possession and he drew back with a scowl that made Morton’s flesh creep. On the cavalcade of officers came, chatting unconcernedly, and wheeled within twenty yards of where Morton stood. He had a good view of the spy’s face, and he thought he had never seen one where cunning and selfishness were so strongly marked. “A man who would kill his mother if she stood in his way,” muttered Morton. “And for his passing pleasure tear out the heart of a father,” added Hemlock in a bitter tone. They noticed how haughtily Gen. Hampton bore himself and how supereciliously he glanced at the men as he passed up and down their ranks. When he had finished, he put spurs to his horse and galloped towards the house in the village where his quarters were established, followed by his escort. The troops were then dismissed and as each company filed away in the early twilight towards its respective camp, Morton said “Now is our time.” Hemlock rose, drew himself to his full height, seemed for a few seconds to be gathering strength, and then let out a screech, so piercing and terrific that Morton, who had not before heard the war-whoop, would not have believed a human being could make such a sound. It was the signal to Perrigo’s men, and they answered from different

parts of the bush in similar fashion. The American soldiers, on their way to their tents, halted in amaze, while from new and unexpected quarters, rose the blood-curdling yell, giving the impression that they were being surrounded from the north and west by a horde of Indians, a foe of whom they were in mortal dread. Taken by surprise, they broke and ran towards the camp, and Morton could see the inmates of the tents swarming out and running to meet them, as if to find out the cause of alarm. Hemlock and Morton were now loading and firing as quickly as they could, the former never intermitting his ear-piercing shrieks, while the edge of the bush to their left was dotted with puffs of smoke from the guns of Perrigo's band. "O for five hundred more!" cried Morton in his excitement, "and we would rout this army of cowards." The confusion and clamor in the camp increased and the contradictory orders of officers were paid no heed to by men who only wanted to know where they could fly to escape the detested Indians. Amid the excitement rang out a bugle, and turning whence the sound came, Morton saw it was from the General's headquarters and that, to its summons, horsemen were urging their way. "Huh!" exclaimed Hemlock, "these are scouts; some of them Indians. We must go, for they will hold the roads." With a final yell he plunged into the bush and Morton followed. They had not gone far when Hemlock turned and grasped his shoul-

der. As they stood, the hoofs of advancing horses were heard. The sound came nearer and Morton guessed they were riding along the east and west road in front of where he stood and which they had been about to cross. The troop swept past and then the order "Halt!" was shouted. "Louis, take five men and scour the bush from the river up until you hear from the party who are searching the bush from above. The screeching devils who hid here cannot escape between you. We will patrol the road and shoot them if they do." The motion of the men ordered to dismount was heard.

"Quick," whispered Hemlock, "or they will be upon us," and facing westward he led to the brink of what seemed to be a precipice, from the foot of which rose the sound of rushing water. Hemlock slipped his gun into his belt in front of him and did the same with Morton's, then, before he knew what was meant, Morton was grasped in his iron clutch, unable to move, his head tucked into his breast, and with a wild fling over the edge of the bank they went rolling and crashing downwards, through the bushes and shrubs that faced it. On they rolled until a final bounce threw them into a pool of the river. Without a moment's delay, Hemlock caught Morton's right arm and dragged him a considerable distance down the narrow and shallow stream behind a clump of bushes. Breathless and excited by the rapid motion, Morton sank prone on the turf, while Hemlock, laying aside the

guns, which the water had rendered useless, drew his tomahawk, which he held ready for use, while he bent forward listening intently. In a few minutes Morton became conscious of men stealthily approaching, and devoutly thanked God when he perceived they were all on the other side of the river from where they were concealed. On they came, searching every place of possible concealment, with a rapidity that only children of the woods can attain. Soon they were directly opposite and passed on. Hemlock relaxed his strained attitude, drew a long breath, and sat down beside Morton. "They did not think we had time to cross the river, but when they do not find us they will come back on this side."

"What shall we do next?" asked Morton.

"Wait till it is dark enough to creep across the road at the bridge."

"And if they come back before then?"

"Fight them," abruptly answered Hemlock.

In the narrow gorge where they lay the gloom quickly gathered, and it soon grew so dark that Morton's fears as to the searching-party returning were relieved. When the last streak of day had disappeared, Hemlock led the way, and they crept as quickly as the nature of the ground would permit down the river, whose noisy brawl blotted out the sound they made.

Coming out at a pond, where the water had been dammed to drive a small mill, Hemlock stopped

and listened. The road with its bridge was directly in front, and it was likely guards were there posted. As they watched, the door of a house opened, and a man came out with a lantern. It was the miller going to the mill. As he swung the light its beams shone along the road, failing to reveal a sentinel. When he passed into the mill, Hemlock led the way under the shade of the trees that fringed the mill-pond, crossed the road, and down into the rocky bed of the stream on the other side. Pausing to let Morton gain his breath after the run, he said in his ear, "We are safe now and can wait for the moon."

"Can't we rejoin Perrigo?" asked Morton.

"No; scouts in woods over there; hide tonight and go back tomorrow.

The strain of excitement over, Morton stretched himself on the ferns that abounded and quickly fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Morton opened his eyes he found the dell, or rather gorge, for the sides were almost precipitous though clad with vegetation, was lit up by the moon, and Hemlock by his side, sitting Indian fashion, clasping his knees. Without uttering a word, he rose on perceiving the young officer was awake and lifted his gun to move on. Morton obeyed the mute sign and they began to descend the bed of the stream. It was a task of some difficulty, for it abounded in rocks and often there was no foothold at the sides, the water laving the cliffs that formed the banks. Had it not been that the season was an unusually dry one, leaving the river bed largely bare, Morton could not have kept up with his companion. Chilled by his wet garments, the exercise was rather grateful to him and he exerted himself to overcome the obstacles in his path. As they went on, the banks grew higher and the gorge more narrow, until, turning a bend, Morton perceived the river dashed down a channel cleft out of a rock, which rose a pillared wall on one

side and on the other had been rendered concave by the washing down of the debris of ages. High above, shafts of moonlight struggled thru' the foliage and, falling irregularly on the sides, brought into ghastly relief the nakedness of the walls of the rocky prison. Deeply impressed Morton followed his guide down the gloomy chasm, whence the sound of falling water came, and they passed two small falls. Below the lower one, where the walls drew nearer, as if they grudged the scanty space they had been affording the tumultuous stream for its passage, the cliffs grew loftier. Hemlock halted, and pointing to a water-worn recess in the rocks, that afforded some covering, said, "Sleep there." Morton lay down, but he was in no humor to sleep again. The magnificence of the rock-hewn chamber in which he lay, with a giant cliff bending over him, had excited his imagination, and his eyes wandered from the foaming falls in front of him to the solemn heights, whose walls were flecked with shrubs and topped by spruce trees. The contrast of the unceasing noise and motion of the river with the eternal silence and imperturbability of the rocks, deeply impressed him. Thus time passed and when he had scanned the scene to his satisfaction, his interest turned to his companion, who had left him and stood beneath a pillar of rock higher than its fellows, where the chasm narrowed into a mere tunnel. Evidently supposing that Morton was sound asleep, he was going through

those motions of incantation by which Indian medicine-men profess to evoke the spirits. He writhed until his contortions were horrible, while the working of his features showed he was inwardly striving to induce an exalted and morbid condition of feeling. He smote his breast resounding blows, he flung himself downwards on the rock and shook himself until his body jerked with involuntary twitchings, he shrieked in hollow tones and plucked at his hair, until the sweat rolled down his cheeks. After a fit of hysterical laughter he sank in a swoon, which lasted so long that Morton was debating whether he should not go over to him. All this time the moon had been sailing upward and now stood directly over the chasm, its beams transforming the foaming river into a channel of milky whiteness and, where it broke into curls at the falls, into streams of pearls, while the foliage that tempered the stern outline of the rocks, bedewed by the spray that kept them constantly moist, glistened as if sprinkled with diamond-dust. The moonlight streamed on the prostrate body of the Indian, and as he awoke from his trance and slowly raised himself, Morton read in his face a wonderful change—a look of calmness and of supernatural ecstasy. With great dignity he drew himself up and stepped forward a few paces until he stood directly beneath the pillar of rock. Then he spoke: "Spirit of the wood and stream, who loves this best of all thine abodes, come to me.

Hemlock seeks thee to help him. The wounded moose will never breathe again the morning-air, the stricken pine-tree never put forth fresh shoots, and Hemlock is wounded and stricken and growing old. Shall the hand grow feeble before the blow is dealt, the eye grow dim before mine enemy is slain, and my ear grow deaf before it hears his death-groan? The leaves that fall rot and the water that passeth returneth not; therefore, oh Spirit, grant to Hemlock his prayer, that before night comes he may find whom he seeks. Again, this day, has he escaped me, shielded by his medicine. Break the spell, O Spirit; take away the charm that holds my arm when I aim the blow, and pluck away the shield the evil ones hold over him! The eagle has his nest on the hill and the fox his lair in the valley, but Hemlock has no home. The doe fondles its fawn and the tired swallow is helped across the great water on the wings of its sons, but Hemlock has no children. The light of his eyes was taken from him, the joy of his heart was frozen. The Yankee stole his land, slew his brothers, bewitched his only daughter, and drove him away, and now he is a sick-struck man, whom none come near. Spirit, grant the prayer of Hemlock; break the spell that binds me, that I may taste the blood of mine enemy and I shall die happy."

He paused and assumed a listening attitude as if awaiting an answer. That in his morbid state of

mind he fancied he heard the Spirit in reply was evident, for he broke out again:

“I am desolate; my heart is very bitter. The smoke of the wigwams of my clan rises no more; I alone am left. When the north wind tells where are the leaves of last summer I will say where are the warriors of my tribe. As the beaver the white man came among us, but he crushed us like the bear; the serpent sings on the rock but he bites in the grass. We were deceived and robbed of the lands of our fathers. Our destroyer is near, he is on the war-path, his hatchet is raised against the Great Father. Blind his eyes, trip his feet with magic, O Oki, and take the spell from the arm of Hemlock. The eagle soars to the mountain when the loon keeps to the valley; the snow-bird breasts the storm when the moose seeks the cedar-brake; the wolf knows no master and the catamount will not fly, so the Indian clings to his hunting-ground and will not be the slave of the stranger. Spirit, help to destroy the destroyer and to rob the robber. The hunted deer dies of his wounds in the strange forest. The arrows of the Indian are nigh spent and he mourns alone. The glory of our nation has faded as the fire of the forest in the morning-sun, and few live to take revenge. Oki, speak, and strengthen the heart of Hemlock for battle!”

The Indian fell prostrate before the gaunt pillar of stone to which he spoke and lay there for some time. When he rose, there was a weary look in his im-

passive features. "The Spirit has spoken: he tells Hemlock he will answer him in a dream." Advancing towards Morton he lay down and fell asleep.

High above him shafts of sunlight were interwoven with the foliage of the trees that overhung the crest of the chasm, forming a radiant ceiling, when Morton awoke. The weirdly romantic gulf in which he lay, coupled with the strange scenes of the night, caused him to think the past was a dream, but going over the several details the sense of reality was restored, and there, a few feet from him, was stretched the sinewy form of the Indian. "Who could fancy that a being so stolid, heavy, and matter-of-fact," asked Morton of himself, "should show such keenness of feeling and so active an imagination? And, yet, how little we know of what sleeps in the bosoms of our fellows. Mark that sullen pool above the cataract! How dead and commonplace its water appears. It is swept over the brink and, breaking into a hundred new forms, instantly reveals there dwelt dormant beneath its placid surface a life and a beauty undreamt of. We are not all as we seem, and so with this much-tried son of the forest."

He rose to bathe his stiffened limbs in the river and the motion caused Hemlock to spring to his feet. He glanced at the sky, and remarked that he had slept too long. While Morton bathed, Hemlock busied himself in contriving a scoop of withes and birch bark, with which, standing be-

neath the fall, he quickly tossed out a number of trout. A flint supplied fire and on the embers the fish as caught were laid to roast, and whether it was so, or was due to his keen appetite, Morton thought they tasted sweeter than when cleaned. With the biscuit in their pouches, though wet, they made a fair breakfast. As they finished, a faint echo of drums and fifes was wafted to them. "We will stay a little while," said Hemlock, "to let the scouts go back to camp, for they would search the woods again this morning."

"And what then?" asked Morton.

"We will go back to Perrigo, who is near-by."

"Would they not fly to Canada after what they did?"

"Indians are like the snake. When it is hunted, it does not fly; it hides. They are waiting for us."

"Where were you taught to speak English so well, Hemlock?"

"I did not need to be taught; I learnt it with the Iroquois. I was born near an English settlement and my choice companion was an English girl, we played together, and were taught together by the missionary; long after, she became my wife."

"But you are not a Christian?"

"No; when I saw the white man's ways I wanted not his religion."

"And your wife, is she living?"

"Hemlock does not lay his heart open to the stranger; he is alone in the world."

Respecting his reserve, and tho' curious to know if the guardian-spirit of the chasm had spoken to him in his dreams, Morton changed the subject, the more so as he did not wish his companion to know that he had been the unwitting witness of his invocation ceremonial. He asked about the chasm in whose solemn depths they found shelter, and Hemlock told how it had been known to all the seven nations of the Iroquois and regarded by them as a chosen abode of the spirits, the more so as its origin was supernatural. There had been a very rainy season and the beavers had their villages flooded and were in danger of being destroyed. Two of them volunteered to visit the spirit-land and beseech the help of their oki, which he promised. He came one dark night and with a single flap of his tail smote the rock, splitting it in two and allowing the waters to drain into the low country beneath. Morton listened gravely, seeing his companion spoke in all seriousness, and thought the tale might be an Indian version of the earthquake, or other convulsion of nature, by which the bed of sandstone had been rent asunder, and a channel thus afforded for the surplus waters of the adjoining heights. The trees and bushes which had found an airy foothold in crevices, and the weather-beaten and lichened faces of the cliffs, told how remote that time must have been.

It was wearing on to noon before Hemlock considered it safe to move. The delay they spent in

cleaning their arms, and Morton, to his regret, found that his powder was useless from being wet. The Indian, more provident, had saved some in a water-proof pouch of otter skin, but he had too little to do more than lend a single charge for his gun. Morton took the opportunity to clean and arrange his uniform as he best could and when ready to move felt he looked more as became an officer of the King's army than when he awoke. Hemlock led the way to where a cleft in the wall of rocks afforded a possibility of ascent, and, with the occasional aid of his outstretched arm, Morton managed to reach the summit. When he had, he perceived he stood on a plain of table-rock, the cleavage of which formed the chasm, of whose existence the explorer could have no intimation until he reached its brink. They had not gone far, until Hemlock halted and looked intently at the ground. "A party of Yankees have passed here within an hour; a dozen or more of them. See the trail of their muskets!"

"How do you know they have just passed?"

"The dew has not been dry here over an hour and they passed when it was gone. They are searching for us, for one went to that bush there to see no one was hiding."

Morton looked perplexed, for nothing was more distasteful than to be taken prisoner. "Had we not," he suggested, "better return to the chasm and wait for night?"

"It is too late," replied Hemlock, "when they come back they would see our trail and follow it. We will have to go on and if we get across the road we are safe," and without another word he went on until the road was reached. On scanning it, before making a dash across, they perceived, to their dismay, a mounted sentry so posted as to give a clear view of the portion of the road they were standing by. Hemlock gave a grunt of disappointment and returned into the bush and after a few minutes' rapid walking turned to Morton with the words, "You stay here, until I go and see the road. Over there is the track of a short-cut between Four Corners and the blockhouse, so if Yankees pass they will keep to it and not see you. Do not leave until I come back."

Morton threw himself on the grass to await his report, and the rest was grateful, for the day was hot and their short tramp fast. The minutes sped without sign of the Indian, who he conjectured was finding it difficult to discover a clear passage. It was now plain that the Americans had discovered their tracks of the preceding evening and had established a cordon to ensure their capture. So absolute was Morton's faith in Hemlock's skill that he felt little perturbed and was confident they would be in Perrigo's camp before long. Then his thoughts wandered to a subject that had come of late to be pleasant to him, to the household by the Chateaugay, and he saw in fancy

Maggie bustling about her daily tasks, and he smiled.

"In the name of the United States of America I command you to yield as prisoner," shouted a voice with a nasal twang.

Morton bounded to his feet. In front of him, within four yards, stood the spy, holding a musket, with his finger on the trigger.

"I mout hev shot ye dead a-laying there," he said, "but I mean to take game like you alive. I can make more out o' your skin when you can wag yer tongue. Yield peaccable, young man, and giv up yer arms."

"Yield! And to a spy! Never!" shouted Morton indignantly, and he sprang like a panther at his foe. Quick as was his movement, the American was not quite taken by surprise, for he fired, but the bullet missed. The next moment Morton was on him and they grappled. Both were strong men, but the American was older and had better staying power, and as they wrestled Morton felt he would be thrown, when he bethought him of a certain trip he had often used successfully in his school days. He made the feint, put out his foot, and the American fell with a crash, underneath him.

"Villain," he whispered hoarsely, "you twice escaped me, but will not again," and he grasped his throat with one hand while he held his right arm with the other.

"Quarter," gasped the American, who was in danger of being choked, "I yield."

"Quarter to a spy!" exclaimed Morton.

"I ain't no spy. I'm Major Slocum, brevet-rank, of Ginral Hampton's staff."

"Not a spy! You were to have been shot for one."

"I was on special service, when I was informed on by an ongrateful cuss. I'm an honorable officer and appeal to yer honor as a Britisher. Take my sword; I yield your prisoner."

"If I let you go; will you lead me in safety across your lines, and release my guide Hemlock, if he has been taken prisoner?"

"Sartainly I will; Slocum's word is as good as his bond. Take your hands off me and I will set you and your Injun to hum in an hour."

Morton released his grasp, and stood up, drew his sword, and awaited Slocum's rising. With a deft movement the American thrust his hand into his belt, drew a heavy, short-bladed knife, and shot it forward from his palm with an ease and dexterity that indicated much practice. Morton's eye caught the gleam of the steel and he sprang back, and in so doing saved his life, for the point of the blade, which would have pierced his breast, stuck in his right thigh for an instant and dropped out. In a towering passion of indignation, which made him unconscious of the pain and flow of blood, he rushed upon the American, who had sprung to his feet and lifted his sword in time to foil Morton's thrust. "Vile wretch, you shall die as traitors die!" exclaimed Morton, and the clash of steel was

incessant. He was much the better swordsman, but his impetuosity and anger deprived him of the advantage of his skill, and stepping backward, Slocum's long sword, wielded by his long arm, kept him at bay. Morton's anger increased with the difficulty in dealing a deadly thrust, until, in making a lunge, he stumbled over a fallen log. Had he been unwounded he would have instantly recovered himself. The wrench to his pierced leg shot a thrill of agony to his heart, and the weakened knee refused its office. In a moment Slocum had him on his back and planting his foot on the bleeding wound, pressed it with all his might, while he placed the point of his sword on his throat. A mocking leer lit up his yellow face as he said composedly: "I don't see how yer mother let you go out alone; you're green as garden-sass. Thought Major Slocum would be your obedient servant and lead you and yer infernal Injun past the lines! You poor trash of a Britisher! An you sucked in my talk about honor and let go yer holt on my throat! You poor innocent, its like stabbing a baby to put my sword through yer gizzard. Say, sonny, wouldn't you like to live?"

The pain of his wound was excruciating, yet Morton answered composedly, "I'd die a thousand times before I would beg my life of you. I am not the first of His Majesty's service to have lost his life through believing there was honor in an American officer."

"I'm a citizen of the great Republic and will be doing a patriotic dooty in killing you, and, like Washington, after hanging Andre, will take a good square meal with the satisfactory feeling that there is a red-coat less in the world. But there ain't no comfort in killing a chick like you. Say, what will ye give, if I let you go? I will take an order on Montreal. Slocum ain't the man to refuse to earn an honest dollar and do a charitable action. Yer father maybe is a Lord or a Dook, and he can come down handsum. Why don't yer speak? I ain't a mind to do all the talking."

"If I was fool enough to believe you and spare your life it is enough. Torture me not with your dishonorable proposals. I can die as becomes a British soldier."

"Yer can, eh? Waal, what if I don't mind to kill you? Perhaps Slocum sees he can make more by toting you into camp. It ain't every day a British officer is caught and I mout get promotion. Kurnel Slocum would sound well. Come now, hadn't yer better sign a little order on your father's agents for a neat little sum, payable to Major Slocum for vally received? Yer wound hurts, don't it?" enquired Major Slocum with a grin, as he thrust the toe of his boot into it. Involuntarily, Morton gave a stifled shriek of pain and lay gasping, while his tormentor looked down upon him with a smile, enjoying his sufferings. As Morton's eyes rolled in agony, the sight of Hemlock met their

gaze. He was stealing stealthily up behind Slocum, who stood all unconscious of his danger, torturing his victim in the hope he would purchase his release. Nearer the Indian came; his arms now opened out,—he stood behind Slocum,—they closed,—he was in their grasp, and was thrown with a heavy thud on the ground, when, Hemlock bound his arms and legs with his sash. Then, with dreadful calmness, he drew his scalping-knife and knelt, one knee on the breast of the prostrate man. “Many times you have escaped me, Slocum, but you die now. The oki granted what I asked; the spell is gone. I tracked you long, but now you are mine. I will not kill you at once. You shall die by inches, and have a taste, before the dark cloud swallows you, of the bitterness I have drank at your hands for years.”

So saying, with infernal ingenuity, the heritage of his tribe in the art of torture, he stripped Slocum of his clothing and proceeded to draw cuts with his knife on different parts of the body, nowhere making an incision any deeper than requisite to cause the quivering flesh to feel the full pain. The wretched man plied the Indian with all manner of promises to induce him to desist, and on seeing he was relentless in his purpose, was about to shriek in the hope of attracting aid, when Hemlock caught him by the throat, and snatching up handfuls of forest-litter forced them into his mouth. Then he resumed his dreadful task. Morton, who had alter-

nated from a state of semi-stupor to that of insensibility, looked on in his lucid intervals with sickened horror, and begged Hemlock to desist. He paid not the slightest heed but went on for hours, gloating over the agonies of his victim, and adding a fresh wound as the others dulled. Alert even in his dreadful employment, a rustle in the bush caught his ear, and he listened. "It is the Yankee picket going to the blockhouse. If Hemlock could take you with him he would, but you cannot travel. They will make you prisoner and care for your wound. And now Hemlock must finish his revenge." With one swift sweep of the knife, he cut the throat of his now fainting victim, with another he severed his scalp, and flourishing it above his head, vanished in the woods. Immediately afterwards a body of blue uniformed soldiers appeared, who shouted with surprise at seeing the major, naked, stiff and scalped, and a wounded British officer lying near him. Part hurried to each. As those who went to the side of Morton stooped over him and moved him, he fainted.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Morton recovered consciousness he found he was in a large apartment, the sides formed of heavy logs, and surrounded by American soldiers, who were talking excitedly of the discovery of the dead body of Major Slocum. On seeing their prisoner was restored to his senses, they plied him with questions, in the hope of clearing up the mystery, but he felt so languid that he made no reply, and simply begged for water. On the arrival of two ox-carts, the corpse was lifted into one and the wounded man into the other. On being carried into the air, Morton saw that the building he had been in was a small blockhouse, so placed as to command the road which led to Canada. The jolting of the cart during the short drive was agony to him, and he was thankful when the log shanties of the village of Four Corners came in sight and the rows of tents of the camp. The cart halted at the door of a tavern, where he assumed the general must be, and soon an orderly came out and directed the driver to an outhouse, into which two soldiers carried him. It was a small, low-roofed stable, and in one of the stalls they laid Morton. Closing the door, he was left in darkness, and so remained until it reopened to

admit what proved to be a surgeon. He examined the wound, picked it clean, put in a few stitches, bound a wet-bandage round it, and had a pail of water placed near. "You keep that cloth wet," he said to Morton, "and drink all you please, it will keep down the fever, and you will be well in a week. You have only a flesh-cut; had it been on the inside of the leg instead of the front you would have been a dead man in five minutes."

"I am very weak."

"Yes; from loss of blood; I will send you some whisky and milk."

When the attendant appeared with the stimulant, Morton sickened at the smell of the whisky, but drank the milk. The man approved of the arrangement and disposed of the whisky. Having placed clean straw below Morton, he left him, barring the door. The soothing sensation of the wet bandage lulled him to sleep, and he slumbered soundly until awakened by the sound of voices at the door.

"Now, mem, you'd better go home and leave Jim alone."

"You tell me he's wounded, and who can nurse him better than his old mother?"

"Be reasonable; the doctor said he was not to be disturbed."

"Oh, I will see him; look what I have brought him—a napkin full of the cakes he liked and this bottle of syrup."

"Leave them, my good woman, with me and he will get them."

"No, no, I must see my handsome boy in his uniform; my own Jimmy that never left my side until he listed the day before yesterday. The sight of me will be better than salve to his hurt."

"I can't let you in; you must go to the colonel for an order."

"An order to see my own son! Jimmy, don't you hear me; tell the man to let me in to you. (A pause.) Are you sleeping, Jimmy? It's your mother has come to see you. (Here she knocked). Are you much hurt? Just a scratch, they tell me; perhaps they will let you go home with me till it heals. O, Jimmy, I miss you sorely at home."

Again the woman knocked and placing her ear to a crack in the door listened.

"He ain't moving! Soger man, tell me true, is my Jimmy here?"

"He is, mem; you must go to the colonel. I cannot let you in; I must obey orders."

"If Jimmy is here, then he must be worse than they told me."

"Very likely, mem; it is always best to be prepared for the worst."

"He may be dyin' for all you know. Do let me in."

"There is the captain passing; ask him."

"What's wanted, Bill?"

"This is Jimmy's mother and she wants to see him. Come and tell her."

"That I won't," answered the captain, with an oath, "I want to have a hand in no scene; do as you like to break it to the old woman," and on the captain passed.

"What does he mean? Jimmy ain't to be punished, is he? He would not do wrong. It was just Tuesday week he went to the pasture for the cows and as he came back, there marched a lot of sogers, with flags a-flyin' and drums and fifes playin' beautiful. 'O, mother,' says he, 'I would like to join em,' an he kept acoaxin an aworryin me until I let him come up to the Corners an take the bounty, which he brings back to me, dressed in his fine clothes, the lovely boy."

"Now, good woman, you go home an' I will send you word of him."

"That I won't; if Jimmy is here I see him. Word came this morning that the Injuns had sprang on to the camp an' there was a soger killed, stone dead, an' two taken prisoners. An', says I, lucky Jimmy ain't one of them, for so they told me, an' I will hurry up my chores an' go and see him this evenin', an' here I am. An' at the camp they tells me he is over here, and won't you let me see him?"

"Your Jimmy, mem, yes, your Jimmy is—By God, I can't speak the word. Here, take the key and go in; you'll find him right in front o' the door."

The door opened and Morton saw a tidy little woman, poorly dressed, step in. She looked wonderingly around, glancing at him in her search for

her son. Not seeing him, she stepped lightly towards a heap covered with an army blanket, of which she lifted a corner, gave a pitiful cry, and fell sobbing on what lay beneath. To his horror and pity, Morton perceived it was the corpse of a youth, the head with a bloody patch on the crown, from having been scalped. "This is what Perrigo's men did," he thought, "and this is war." Here two women, warned by the sentry of what was passing, entered and did what they could to soothe the inconsolable mother. The succeeding half hour, during which preparations were made for burial, was accounted by Morton the saddest in his life, and when the detachment arrived with a coffin to take the body away, and he saw it leave, followed by the heart-broken mother, he breathed a sigh of relief and took a mental oath that it would go ill with him if he did not help the poor woman to the day of her death.

Some biscuit were brought to him, the bucket refilled with spring-water, the door closed, and barred, and he was left for the night. Weakness from loss of blood made him drowsy, and forgetting his miserable situation, he slept soundly until next morning, when he woke feeling more like himself than he could have believed possible. His wound felt easy and he was glad to find he could move without much pain. The doctor looked in, nodded approval of his condition, and said he would send him breakfast, after partaking of which Mor-

ton turned his attention to his personal appearance, and with the aid of water, which the sentry got him as wanted, improved it somewhat. The day passed without incident, no one interrupting the monotony of his imprisonment. From the sound of wagon-wheels and the hurrying of messengers to and from the tavern, he surmised the army was preparing to move, and that in the bustle he was forgotten. The following morning his vigor had returned to such a degree that he fell to examining his prison-house and so far as he could, by peeping through crevices in its walls of logs, his surroundings, with a view to endeavoring to escape. He had finished breakfast, when an officer appeared, who introduced himself as Captain Thomas of the staff and announced that the General wished to see him. By leaning rather heavily on the American, who proved to be a gentlemanly fellow, Morton managed to hobble the short distance to Smith's tavern, and was led directly to the General's room. On entering, Morton saw a fine-looking old gentleman of dignified bearing, whom he recognized as the one he saw inspecting the troops on the evening of the surprise. He sat in a rocking-chair and before him stood a rough-looking farmer, with whom he was speaking. Waving Morton to take a seat, he went on with his conversation.

"You tell me your name is Jacob Manning and that you are acquainted with every inch of the country between here and Montreal. I will give

you a horse from my own stud, which no Canadian can come within wind of, and you will go to the British camp and bring me word of its strength?"

"No, sir," replied the backwoodsman.

"You will be richly rewarded."

"That's no inducement."

"Fellow, you forget you are my prisoner, and that I can order you to be shot."

"No, I don't, but I'd rather be shot than betray my country."

"Your country! You are American born. What's Canada to you?"

"True enough, General, I was brought up on the banks of the Hudson and would have been there yet but for the infernal Whigs, who robbed us first of our horses, then of our kewows, and last of all of our farms, and called their thievery patriotism. If we Tories hadn't had so much property, there wouldn't a ben so many George Washington - Tom Jefferson patriots. When we were hunted from our birthplace for the crime of being loyal to the good King we were born under, we found shelter and freedom in Canada, and, by God, sir, there ain't a United Empire loyalist among us that wouldn't fight and die for Canada."

"You rude boor," retorted Gen. Hampton hotly, "we have come to give liberty to Canada, and our armies will be welcomed by its down-trodden people as their deliverers. I have reports and letters to that effect from Montreal and, best of all, the per-

sonal report of one of my staff, now dead, sent on a special mission."

"Don't trust 'em, General. We who came from the States know what you mean by liberty—freedom to swallow Whigery and persecution if you refuse. The Old Countrymen are stiff as hickory against you, and the French—why, at heart, they are against both."

"It is false, sir. I have filled up my regiments since I came to this frontier with French."

"It wa'n't for love of you; it was for your \$40 bounty."

The General rose and throwing open the shutter, closed to exclude the sunshine, revealed the army in review; masses of infantry moving with passable precision, a long train of artillery, and a dashing corps of cavalry. Proudly turning to the farmer he said,

"What can stop the sweep of such an army? England may well halt in her guilty career at the sight of these embattled sons of liberty and loosen her bloody clutch upon this continent of the New World."

Neither the sight of the army nor the pompous speech of the General appalled the stout farmer, who replied, "The red-coats will make short work of 'em, and if you don't want to go to Halifax you'd better not cross the lines."

General Hampton made no reply, his good-sense apparently checking his pride, by suggesting the

folly of arguing with a backwoodsman, who had chanced to be taken prisoner in a foray. Summoning an orderly, he commanded that Manning be taken back to prison and not released until the army moved.

"And now, Lieutenant Morton, for so I understand you are named, you are the latest arrival from Canada; and what did they say of the Army of the North when you left?"

"They were wondering when they would have the pleasure of seeing it," replied Morton.

"Ha! it is well to so dissemble the terror our presence on the frontier has stricken into the mercenaries of a falling monarchy. They will see the cohorts of the Republic soon enough: ere another sun has risen we may have crossed the Rubicon."

"The wonder expressed at every mess-table has been the cause of your tarrying here."

"So I am the topic of the conversation of your military circles," said Hampton, with a pleased expression. "And what was their surmise as to the cause of my tarrying here?"

"That you were awaiting orders from General Wilkinson."

The General sprung to his feet in anger and excitement. What! Do they so insult me? Look you, young man, are you telling the truth or dare come here to beard me?"

"On my honor, General Hampton, I only repeat what I have heard a hundred times."

“Then, when you hear it again, that I await the orders of that impudent pill-maker who masquerades at Oswego as a general, say it is a lie! General Hampton takes no orders from him; he despises him as a man and as a soldier—a soldier, quotha! A political mountebank, a tippler and a poltroon. Here I have been, ready to pluck up the last vestige of British authority on this continent for two months past, and been hindered by the government entrusting the Western wing of my army to a craven who refuses to recognize my authority and who lets I would wait on I dare not.”

“I meant no offence by my statement,” said Morton, as the General paused in striding the room.

“It is well for you that you did not, for I brook no aspersion upon my independence or my reputation as a veteran who has done somewhat to deserve well of his country, and that is implied in alleging, I take my orders from Wilkinson.”

Morton reiterated his regret at having unwittingly given offence and would assure the General that he had entertained so high an opinion of him that he did not attribute to him the harsh treatment he had received since taken prisoner. Asked of what he complained, he told of his having been thrust into a miserable stable and having received no such attention as is universally accorded to a wounded officer in camp.

The General smiled somewhat grimly as he said: “Lieut. Morton, your treatment is no criterion of

our hospitality to those whom the fortunes of war throw into our hands. You forget that you were made prisoner under most suspicious circumstances. You were found lying wounded beside the mutilated corpse of that influential citizen who, I may so express it, stepped from the political into the military arena, the late Major Slocum, and everything points to your having been associated with those who slew him and violated his remains. Apart from that grave circumstance, the mere fact of your being found on the territory of the United States government would justify my ordering your execution as a spy."

"Sir," indignantly interrupted Morton, "I am no spy. My uniform shows I am an officer of the King's army and I came upon American soil engaged in lawful warfare, declared not by King George but by your own government. I am a prisoner-of-war but no spy."

"It is undoubted that you consorted with Indians, that you were present with them in the childish attempt to surprise my army the other evening, and that you were with one or more redskins when Major Slocum offered up his life on the altar of his country in a manner that befitted so celebrated a patriot, who to his laurels as a statesman had added those of a soldier. You must understand, for you appear to be a man of parts and education, that Indians and those who associate with them are not recognized as entitled to the

rights of war. They are shot or hung as barbarous murderers without trial."

"If that is your law, General, how comes it that you have Indians in your army?"

The General looked nonplussed for a moment. "Our Indians," he answered, "are not in the same category. They have embraced the allegiance of a free government; yours are wild wretches, refugees from our domain and fugitives from our justice, and now the minions of a bloody despotism."

"I do not see that if it is right for your government to avail themselves of the skill of Indians as scouts and guides that it can be wrong for His Majesty's government to do the same. Between the painted savages I perceived in your camp and those in the King's service, I could distinguish no difference."

"Keep your argument for the court martial which, tho' I do not consider you entitled, I may grant. Leaving that aside, sir, and reminding you of your perilous position, I would demand whether you are disposed to make compensation, so far as in your power, to the government of the United States by giving information that would be useful in the present crisis? As an officer, you must know much of the strength and disposition of the British force who stand in my onward path to Montreal."

Morton's face, pale from his recent wound and confinement, flushed. "If you mean, sir, that you offer me the choice of proving traitor or of a rope,

you know little of the honor of a British soldier or of his sense of duty. It is in your power to hang me, but not to make me false to my country and my King."

"Come, come young man; do not impute dishonor to a Southerner and a gentleman who bore a commission in the Continental army. Leave me, who am so much older and, before you were born, saw service under the immortal Washington, to judge of what is military ethics. We are alone, and as a gentleman speaking to a gentleman, I demand whether you are going to give me information useful in the movement I am about to make upon Montreal?"

"You have had my answer."

The General took up a pen, wrote a few lines, and then rang a bell. Captain Thomas entered. "Take this and conduct the prisoner away," said the General handing him a folded paper. Morton bowed and left the room, fully believing that the missive was an order for his execution. Conducted back to the stable, he threw himself on his straw-heap, indignant and yet mortified at being treated as a spy. He thought of his relations, of his comrades, of his impending disgraceful death, and then clenched his teeth as he resolved he would not plead with his captors but die without a murmur.

The marching of a body of men was heard without. They halted and the door was thrown open. The officer in command said he had come to escort

him to the court-martial. Morton gave no sign of surprise and limped as firmly as he could, surrounded by the files of men, to the tent where the court was awaiting him. The clerk read the charges, which were, that he was a spy, that he had associated himself with Indian marauders in an attack on the camp and, that he had been an accomplice in the murder of Major Slocum. In reply to the usual question of guilty or not guilty, Morton answered that he scorned to plead to such charges, that his uniform was the best reply to his being a spy and if they doubted his right to wear it, he referred them to Major Stovin at Camp la Fourche; that he had made war in a lawful way and with men regularly enrolled in the British service, and, before God, he protested he had no hand in the killing of Major Slocum. "That," said the presiding officer, "is equivalent to your pleading not guilty. The prosecutor will now have to adduce proof of the charges."

The only witnesses were the soldiers who had found him lying in the bush beside the corpse of Major Slocum. Morton peremptorily refused to answer questions. "You place us in a painful position, Lieutenant Morton, by refusing to answer, for we must conclude that you can give no satisfactory explanation of the circumstances under which you were captured. A foul, a diabolical murder has been committed, and everything points to you as being, at least, a party to it. Your

wound in itself is witness against you that you assailed our late comrade-in-arms."

Morton rose to his feet, and holding up his hand said: "Gentlemen, I stand before you expecting to receive sentence of death and to be shortly in presence of my Maker. At this solemn moment, I repeat my declaration, that I had no part in the death of Major Slocum, that I did not consent to it and that if it had been in my power I would have saved him."

"I submit, Mr President," said a member of the court, "that the statement we have just heard is tantamount to Lieutenant Morton's declaring he knows how and by whom Major Slocum came to his death. As one who has practised law many years, I assert that the statement just made is a confession of judgment, unless the defendant informs the court who actually committed the murder and declares his willingness to give evidence for the state. If a man admits he was witness to a murder and will not tell who did it, the court may conclude he withholds the information for evil purpose, and is justified in sentencing him as an abettor at least. In this case, the wound of the accused points to his being the principal. Before falling, Major Slocum, in his heroic defence, deals a disabling wound to this pretended British officer who thereupon leaves it to his associated red-skins to finish him and wreak their deviltry on the corpse."

"The opinion you have heard," said the presiding-officer, "commends itself to this board. What have you to say in reply?"

"Nothing," answered Morton.

"We will give you another chance. We cannot pass over the murder of a brother officer. Only strict measures have prevented many citizens in our ranks, who esteemed Major Slocum as one of their political leaders and of popular qualities, from taking summary vengeance upon you. We make this offer to you: make a clean breast of it, tell us who committed the murder, give us such assistance as may enable us to track the perpetrator, and, on his capture, we will set you free."

"And if I refuse," asked Morton, "what then?"

"You will be hanged at evening parade."

"With that alternative, so revolting to a soldier, I refuse your offer. What the circumstances are which bind me to silence, I cannot, as a man of honor, tell, but I again affirm my innocence."

"Lieutenant Morton, what say you: the gallows or your informing us of a cruel murderer: which do you choose?"

"I choose neither; I alike deny your right to take my life or to extort what I choose not to tell."

"Withdraw the prisoner," ordered the presiding-officer, "while the court consults," and Morton was led a few yards away from the tent. He could hear the voice of eager debate and one speaker in his warmth fairly shouted, "He must be made to

tell; we'll squeeze it out of him," and then followed a long colloquy. An hour had passed when he was recalled.

"We have deliberated on the evidence in your case, Lieutenant Morton; and the clerk will read the finding of the court."

From a sheet of foolscap the clerk read a long minute, finding the prisoner guilty on each count.

Standing up and adjusting his sword, the presiding officer said, "It only remains to pronounce sentence: it is, that you be hanged between the hours of five and six o'clock this day."

Morton bowed and asked if the sentence had been confirmed by the commanding-officer. "It has been submitted and approved," was the reply.

"In the brief space of time that remains to me," said Morton in a firm voice, "may I crave the treatment that befits my rank in so far that I may be furnished with facilities for writing a few letters?"

"You may remain here and when done writing, the guard will conduct you back whence you came, there to remain until execution." With these words he rose, and the others followed, leaving Morton alone with the clerk and the captain of his guard. He wrote three letters,—to Major Stovin, to his colonel, and the longest to his relatives across the Atlantic,—being careful in all to say nothing about Hemlock, for he suspected the Americans would read them before sending. When done, he was taken back to the stable, and left in darkness. He

had abandoned all hope: his voyage across life's ocean was nearly ended, and already he thought the mountain-tops of the unknown country he was soon to set foot upon loomed dimly on his inward eye. The hour which comes to all, when the things of this life shrink into nothingness, was upon him, and the truths of revelation became to him the only actualities. The communings of that time are sacred from record: enough to say, they left a sobering and elevating influence on his character. He was perfectly composed when he heard the guard return, and quietly took his place in the centre of the hollow square. On the field used as a parade ground he saw the troops drawn up in double line. At one end were the preparations for his execution, a noose dangling from the limb of a tree and a rough box beneath to serve as his coffin. There was not a whisper or a movement as he passed slowly up between the lines of troops. It seemed to him there was unnecessary delay in completing the arrangements; and that the preliminaries were drawn out to a degree that was agonizing to him. At last, however, his arms were pinioned and the noose adjusted. The officer who had presided at his trial approached "By authority of the General," he whispered, "I repeat the offer made you: assist us to secure the murderer of Major Slocum and you get your life and liberty."

Morton simply answered, "Good friend, for Jesu's sake, leave me alone."

The word was not given to haul the tackle and Morton stood facing the assembled ranks for what seemed to him to be an age, though it was only a few minutes. The bitterness of death was passed and the calmness of resignation filled his soul. Again the officer spoke, "What say you, Lieutenant Morton?" Morton merely shook his head. Presently a horseman was seen to leave the General's quarters and an orderly rode up. "By command of the General, the execution is postponed." Morton's first feeling was that of disappointment.

As he was hurried back to the stable, the order dismissing the troops was given. As they broke up, a soldier remarked to his comrade, "They'd sooner have him squeal than stretch his neck."

CHAPTER V.

ON the afternoon of the second day after the events of last chapter, Allan Forsyth returned from his daily visit to Camp la Fourche excited and indignant. "What think ye," he said to his wife and Maggie, "Lieutenant Morton is in the hands o' the Yankees and they're gaun to hang him."

Maggie paled and involuntarily stepped nearer her father.

"The deils that they be; hoo did they get haud o' him?" asked Mrs Forsyth.

"The story is sune tell't," replied her husband. "He was sent, as ye ken, wi' a despatch to the lines; while there he took part in a bit skirmish, an' the day after was found by the Yankees lyin' wounded in the woods beside the body o' a Yankee officer."

"Weel, they canna hang him for that. Gin the Yankces will fecht, they maun expect to be kilt."

"Ah, ye dinna understan. They say their officer wasna kilt in regular coorse o' war. The body was scalped and carvt in a gruesome fashion, showing plainly the hand o' the Indian, an' they hold Mr Morton accountable."

"But he didna scalp the Yankee?"

"True, gudewife, but he winna tell them wha did. His sword they found beside the corpse, showing they had been in mortal combat."

"Is he sorely wounded?" asked Maggie.

"I canna say for that. It's no likely, for they had him oot ae evening to hang him, and took a better thocht when he was below the gallows."

"How did you hear all this?"

"A messenger came in today with letters from him, sent across the lines under a flag o' truce. It was said in camp Major Stovin was stampin' angry and was going to write back that gin a hair o' the Lieutenant's head is harmed he will hang every Yankee officer that fa's into his hans. I gaed ower to see the messenger and he tell't me the word went that Morton defied General Hampton and his officers to do their worst, that, to save his life, he wadna bring disgrace on his commission."

"Who is the messenger: has he gone back?"

"He's a young lad, a son o' ane o' the settlers in Hinchinbrook. He goes baek tomorrow with letters from Major Stovin."

"Will he see Morton?"

"No, no: to be sure thae folk on the lines gang back an' forrit, but they're no likely to let him near. His letters will be taken at the outposts."

"Do you think Major Stovin's letter will save him?"

"That it won't. The lad said the Yankees were fair wud ower the death o' their officer an' will

hang puir Morton to a dead certainty gin he doesna reveal to them wha did the deed."

"An' for what will he no tell?" asked Mrs Forsyth.

"That he kens best. Maybe gratitude to an Indian ca'd Hemlock seals his lips, for oor men believe he was with him at the time."

"What does Hemlock say?" interjected Maggie.

"He's no in camp. He came back three days ago and left for Oka, where he bides."

Until bedtime Morton was the subject of conversation, and the more they talked of him the keener their interest grew in his serious situation. That one whom they had learned to like and respect so much should die an ignominious death shocked them, and even Mrs Forsyth was constrained to say, that much as she disliked Yankees, "Gin I were near eneuch to walk to him, I wad gang on my knees to Hampton to beg his life."

Next morning, while engaged in the stable, Mr Forsyth was surprised by the appearance of his daughter.

"Hey, my woman, what's garrd you to come oot in the grey o' the mornin'? Time eneuch an hour frae this."

"Father, I could not sleep and I wanted to speak to you. If Hemlock was brought back, would he not save Morton?"

"Ah, he winna come back. Doubtless he kens the Yankees wad rax his neck for him. His leevin

for hame shows he is afeard o' what he has dune."

"Yet there's no other hope of saving Morton."

"Too true; gin the actual slayer o' the officer is not surrendered within a few days poor Morton will suffer."

"Well, then, father, you cannot go to seek for Hemlock, and my brothers would not be allowed to leave their duty in camp, so I will go. I can be in Oka before dark and will see Hemlock."

"Dinna think o' such a thing," entreated the father, "the road is lang an' the Indian wad just laugh at you gin you found him, which is dootful."

A favorite child has little difficulty in persuading a parent, and before many minutes Mr Forsyth was won over, declaring "it wad be a shame gin we did naething to try an' save the puir lad." It was arranged she should go at once, the father undertaking to break the news to his wife. All her other preparations having been made beforehand, the slipping of a plaid over her head and shoulders rendered her fit for the journey, and with a cheery goodbye to her father she stepped quickly away. She went to the camp at La Fourche, where she surprised her brothers and got them to search out the messenger who had brought the startling tidings. She had a talk with him, learning all he knew of Morton. Then she went to see the Indians in camp, who readily enough told what little they knew of Hemlock. They believed he was at Oka and did not expect him back, as he said he

would join the force that was being assembled above Cornwall to meet Wilkinson. Thus informed she took the road, a mere bush track, that led to Annfield Mills, now known as the town of Beauharnois, which she reached in the course of two hours or so and walked straight to the house of the only person in it who she thought could help her. It was a log-shanty built on the angle where the St Louis rushes brawling past and the calm waters of the bay, and was of unusual length, the front end being devoted to the purposes of an office. The door stood open and Maggie walked into a little den, in one corner of which stood a desk with pigeon-holes stuffed with papers, and beside it were a few shelves filled with bottles and odds-and-ends, the whole dusty, dark, and smelling of tobacco. At the desk sat a little man, dressed in blue with large gilt buttons.

"Oh, ho, is this you, Maggie Forsyth? Often have I gone to see you, but this is the first time you have dropped in to see me."

"See you, you withered auld stick! I just dropped in to speer a few questions at you."

"Auld stick, Mag; I'm no sae auld that I canna loe ye."

"Maybe, but I dinna loe you."

"Look here, lassie; see this bit airn kistie; its fu o' siller dollars; eneuch to varnish an auld stiek an keep a silken gown on yer back every day o' the year."

"An eneuch in thae dirty bottles to pooshen me when ye wad?"

"Ha, ha, my lass; see what it is to hae lear. I didna gang four lang sessions to new college, Aberdeen, for naething. I can heal as well as pooshen. It's no every lassie has a chance to get a man o' my means and learnin."

"Aye, an its no every lassie that wad want them along wi' an auld wizened body."

"Hech, Mag, ye're wit is ower sharp. When a man's going down hill, ilk a body gies him a jundie. If ye winna, anither will, but we'll let that flee stick i' the wa' for awhile. Where is your faither?"

"At hame: I just walked ower."

"Walked ower yer lane, an a' thae sogers an' Indians roun!"

"If yer ceevil ye'll meet wi' ceevilty, Mr Milne; an' I'm gaun farther this day, an' just looked in for yer advice."

"Oh ye maun hae a drap after your walk," and here he pulled out a big watch from his fob. "Gracious! it is 20 minutes ayont my time for a dram."

Stooping beneath the table that answered for a counter, he filled a grimy tin measure, which he tendered to Maggie, who shook her head. "Na, na, I dinna touch it."

Finding persistence useless, he raised the vessel to his mouth and with a "Here's tae ye," emptied it. "Hech, that does me guid,—but no for lang. Noo, lass, what can I do to serve you?"

Maggie unreservedly told him all. "An' what's this young Morton to you?"

"Naething mair than ony neebur lad."

"Tell that to my grannie," said the old buck, "I can see through a whin stane as far as onybody an' noo unnerstan why ye turn yer back on a graduate o' new college, Aberdeen, wi' a kist o' siller, and a' for a penniless leftenant."

"Think what thochts ye may, Mr Milne, but they're far astray. The lad is naething to me nor me to him. I am going to Oka because nae man-body is allowed to leave the camp, and I couldna stay at hame gin it was in my power to save a fellow-creature's life."

"An what can I do to help you to save him?"

"Help me to reach Oka and find Hemlock."

"Were it no for thae stoury war-times I wad get out my boat and gang mysel', and there's naebody to send wi' you. My lass, gif ye'll no turn hame again, ye'll have to walk the road your lane."

"I hae set my face to the task an' I'll no gang hame."

"Weel, then, ye'll hae a snack wi' me an' I'll direct ye as well as may be."

A few rods up the St Louis, in the centre of the stream, where it trickled over a series of rocky shelves, stood a small mill, and on the adjoining bank the house of the miller, and thither they went and had something to eat. The miller's wife, a good-looking woman, could not speak English, but

made up her lack in lively gesticulations, while Maggie helped the common understanding with odd words and phrases in French. Justice done to the food hurriedly spread before them, Maggie walked back with Milne until they stood in front of the house.

"There," he said, pointing to planks resting on big stones, "you cross the St Louis and keep the track until you come to the first house after you pass the rapids. It is not far, but the road is shockingly bad. There you will ask them to ferry you to the other side, when you've a long walk to the Ottawa before you. I'd advise you to turn yet." Maggie shook her head decisively. "Weel, weel, so be it; he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. Here tak this," and he put in her hand two silver dollars.

Maggie winced. "I'll hae nae need o' siller."

"Ye dinna ken; ye may get into trouble that money will help you out o'. Dinna fear to take it; I've made (and here his voice sank to a whisper) I've made a hunner o' thae bricht lads by ae guid run o' brandy kegs across the Hinchinbrook line. It's Yankee siller."

Maggie smiled and, as if the questionable mode of their acquisition justified their acceptance, clasped them, and nodding to the little man, tripped her way to the other side of the river. The road, as predicted, proved execrable. Walled in and shadowed by trees, neither breeze nor sunlight pene-

trated to dry it, and it was a succession of holes filled with liquid mud. So bad was it, that an attempt to haul a small cannon along it had to be abandoned despite the efforts of horses, oxen, and a party of blue jackets. Tripping from side to side, and occasionally passing an unusually deep hole by turning into the bush, Maggie made all haste. Once only she halted. A party of artillerymen and sailors were raising a breastwork at the head of the Cascade rapids, whereon to mount a gun that would sweep the river, and she watched them for a while. That was the only sign of life along the road until the white-washed shanty of the ferryman came in sight, in front of which a troop of half-naked children were tumbling in boisterous play, and who set up a shrill cry of wonder when they saw her. Their mother, so short and stout as to be shapeless, came to the door in response to their cries and gazed wonderingly at the stranger. She volubly returned Maggie's salutation and led her into the house, the interior of which was as bare as French Canadian houses usually are, but clean and tidy. Her husband was away, helping to convey stores to the fort at the Coteau, and there was not, to her knowledge, a man within three miles capable of ferrying her across. Could not madam paddle her over? The woman's hands went up in pantomimic amazement. Would she tempt the good God by venturing in a canoe alone with a woman? Did she not know

the current was swift, and led to the rapids whose roaring she heard! No, she must stay overnight, and her good man would take her over in the morning. Maggie could only submit and seated herself behind the house, to gaze towards the other bank which she was so anxious to set foot upon. From where she sat, the bank abruptly sank to a depth of perhaps thirty feet, where a little bay gave shelter to a canoe and a large boat fitted to convey a heavy load. Beyond the rocks that headed the tiny inlet, which thus served as a cove for the ferryman's boats, the river swept irresistibly, and where in its channel between the shore and the islands that shut out the view of the north bank, any obstacle was met, the water rose in billows with foaming heads. Maggie knew that she was looking upon the south channel of the great river, and that the main stream lay on the other side of the tree-covered islands, which varied in size from half a mile long to rocks barely large enough to afford foothold to the tree or two whose branches overhung the foaming current. The motion of the rushing water contrasted so finely with the still-life and silence of the forest that framed it, and the many shaped and many colored islands that diversified its surface, that the scene at once soothed the anxious mind of the peasant maid and inspired her with fresh energy.

"Time is passing like that mighty stream," she thought, "and before another sunset help for Mor-

ton may be too late," and then she asked herself why she, so used to the management of a canoe, should not paddle herself across? She sought out madam and told her what she proposed, was met with energetic protestation, and then was allowed to have her own way. Fortified with directions which she only partially understood, Maggie took her place in the canoe, and waving good-bye to madam and her troop of children, who stood on the landing, pushed out. Unmindful of how the light skiff drifted downwards, she kept its head pointed to the island that lay opposite to her and paddled for dear life. Once she received a shower of spray in passing too near to where the current chafed and fumed over a sunken rock, but she retained her presence of mind, and was glad to see the island draw nearer with each stroke. Just as the gravelly strand seemed within reach, the drift brought her nigh to the end of the island, and she paddled into the channel that lay between it and the islets adjoining, which nestled so closely that the tops of the trees upon them interlaced, furnishing a leafy arcade to the narrow channels that divided them. As Maggie paused for breath after her severe exertion, a sense of the quiet beauty and security of the retreat came over her, and drawing the canoe on to the pebbly beach, she laved her feet while, idly picking from the bushes and vines within reach, she formed a bouquet of colored leaves. She heard the roar of the rapids

beneath and she knew that a few yards farther on lay the deep-flowing north channel, but her nature was not one to borrow trouble and she enjoyed the present to the full in her cool retreat. When she again took her place in the canoe, a few dips of the paddle took it outside the islands, and she saw the main channel of the river—smooth except for great greasy circles of slowly whirling water, as if the mighty river, after its late experience of being shredded in the rapids above, had a nightmare of foreboding of a repetition of the same agony in the rapids to which it was hastening. With steady stroke Maggie urged the canoe forward and did not allow the consciousness that she was drifting toward the rapids discompose her. As the canoe neared the bank, the sweep of the current increased, and her arms began to ache with the violent and long-continued exertion. To her joy, she saw a man standing at the landing and the strokes of her paddle quickened. The canoe was swept past the landing, when the man, picking up a coil of rope, ran downwards to a point, and watching his chance, threw it across the canoe. Maggie caught an end of the rope, and in a minute was hauled ashore. The man, a French Canadian employed to assist the bateaux in passing between lakes St Francis and St Louis, expressed his astonishment at a woman daring so perilous a feat, and his wonder increased when she told him of her intention of going to Oka. "Alone! mademoiselle,"

he exclaimed, "why you will lose your way in the forest which is full of bears and Indians." She smiled in answer, and receiving his directions, sought the blazed track which led to the Ottawa. Familiar with the bush, she had no difficulty in following the marks, for the litter of falling leaves had begun to shroud the path. The tapping of the woodpecker and the chirrup of the squirrel cheered her, and she pressed on with a light and quick step. Hours passed until the gloom that pervaded the forest told her the sun had ceased to touch the tree-tops and she wished the Ottawa would come in sight. While giving way to a feeling of dread that she might have to halt and, passing the night in the woods, await daylight to show her the way, the faint tinkle of a bell reached her. With expectant smile she paused, and poising herself drank in the grateful sound. "It is the bell of the mission," she said, and cheerfully resumed her journey. All at once, the lake burst upon her view—a great sweep of glassy water, reflecting the hues of the evening sky, and sleeping at the foot of a long, low hill, covered to its double-topped summit with sombre-foliaged trees. At the foot of the slope of the western end of the hill, she distinguished the mission-buildings and, running above and below them, an irregular string of huts, where she knew the Indians must live, and behind those on the river's edge rose a singular cliff of yellow sand. The path led her to where the lake narrowed

into a river and she perceived a landing-place. Standing at the farthest point, she raised her hand to her mouth and sent a shout across the waters, long, clear, and strong, as she had often done to her father and brothers, while working in the bush, to tell of waiting-meals. In the dusk, she perceived a movement on the opposite bank and the launch of a canoe, which paddled rapidly across. It contained two Indians, whose small eyes and heavy features gave no indication of surprise on seeing who wanted to be ferried. Stepping lightly in, the canoe swiftly skimmed the dark waters, which now failed to catch a gleam from the fading glories of the evening sky. The silence was overwhelming, and as she viewed the wide lake, overshadowed by the melancholy mountain, Maggie experienced a feeling of awe. At that very hour she knew her father would be conducting worship, and as the scene of her loved home passed before her, she felt a fresh impulse of security, and she murmured to herself, "My father is praying for me and I shall trust in the Lord."

On getting out of the canoe she was perplexed what step to take next. To her enquiries, made in English and imperfect French, the Indians shook their heads, and merely pointed her to the mission-buildings. Approaching the nearest of these, from whose open door streamed the glowing light of a log-fire, she paused at the threshold on seeing a woman kneeling, and who, on hearing her, coolly

turned, surveyed her with an inquisitive and deliberate stare, and then calmly resumed her devotions. When the last bead was told, the woman rose and bade her welcome. Maggie told her of her errand. The woman grew curious as to what she could want with an Indian. Yes, she knew Hemlock, but had not seen him; he is a pagan and never comes near the presbytery. The father had gone into the garden to repeat his office and had not returned; she would ask him when he came in. Mademoiselle could have had no supper; *mon Dieu*, people did not pick up ready-cooked suppers in the woods, but she would hasten and give her of her best. It was a treat to see a white woman, even if she was an *Anglais* and, she feared, a heretic. The embers on the hearth were urged into a blaze, and before long a platter of pottage, made from Indian corn beaten into a paste, was heated, sprinkled over with maple-sugar and set down with a bowl of curdled-cream on the table. Maggie had finished her repast when the priest entered. He was a lumpish man with protruding underlip, which hung downwards, small eyes, and a half-awakened look. "Ah, good-day," he said with a vacant stare. Maggie rose and curtsied, while the housekeeper volubly repeated all she had learned of her and her errand. "Hemlock!" he exclaimed, "we must take care. He is a bad Indian and this young woman cannot want him for any good."

"True; I never thought of that."

"Ah, we must keep our eyes always open. What can a girl like this want with that bold man?"

"And to run after him through the woods, the infatuate! We must save her."

"I will have her sent to the sisters, who will save her body and soul from destruction. She would make a beautiful nun." And the priest rubbed his chubby hands together.

"May it please your reverence," interposed Maggie, who had caught the drift of their talk, "I seek your aid to find Hemlock. If you will not help me, I shall leave your house."

The priest gasped for a minute with astonishment. "I thought you were English; you understand French?"

"Enough to take care of myself, and I wish ministers of your robe were taught in college to have better thoughts of us poor women."

"It is for your good we are instructed; so that we can guard you by our advice."

"For our good you are taught to think the worst of us! I look for Hemlock that he may go and give evidence that will save a man condemned to die. For the sake of innocency I ask your help."

The priest shrugged his shoulders, stared at her, gathered up his robe, grasped his missal with one hand and a candle with the other, and saying, "I leave you with Martine," passed up the open stairway to his bedroom.

"Ah, the holy father!" ejaculated the housekeeper,

“when we are sunk in stupid sleep, he is on his knees praying for us all, and the demons dare not come near. Will you not come into the true church? Sister Agatha would teach you. She has had visions in her raptures. Mon Dieu, her knees have corns from kneeling on the stone steps of the altar. You will not. Ah, well, I will ask their prayers for you and the scales may drop from your eyes.”

“Do tell me, how I can find Hemlock?” pleaded Maggie, and the current of her thoughts thus changed, Martine insisted on learning why and how his evidence was needed, and Maggie repeated as much of the story as was necessary. The housekeeper grew interested and said decisively, “the young brave must not die.” Covering her head with a blanket-like shawl, she told Maggie to follow, and stepped out. It was a calm, clear night, the glassy expanse of the lake reflecting the stars. Hurrying onwards, they passed a number of huts, until reaching one, they entered its open door. The interior was dark save for the faint glow that proceeded from the dying embers on the hearth. Maggie saw the forms of several asleep on the floor and seated in silence were three men. “This woman has come to find Hemlock; can you guide her to him?”

“What seeks she with him?”

“She has come from the Chateaugay to tell him his word is wanted to save his best friend from death.”

The conversation went on in the gutturals of the Iroquois for some time, when the housekeeper said to Maggie, "It is all right; they know where Hemlock is, but it would not be safe to go to him now. They will lead you to him at daybreak. Come, we will go back and you will stay with me until morning."

CHAPTER VI.

THE rising of the housekeeper, whose bed she shared, woke Maggie, and a glance through the small window showed a faint whitening in the sky that betokened the coming of day. Knowing there was no time to spare, she dressed herself quickly, and, joining the housekeeper in the kitchen, asked if the messenger had come. She answered by pointing to the open door, and Maggie saw, seated on the lowest step, in silent waiting, the figure of an Indian. She was for going with him at once, when the housekeeper held her and, fearful of disturbing her master, whispered to eat of the food she had placed on the table. Having made a hurried repast, Maggie drew her shawl over her head and turned to bid her hostess good-bye. The good soul forced into her pocket the bread that remained on the table, and kissed her on both cheeks. When Maggie came to the door, the Indian rose and, without looking at her, proceeded to lead the way through the village and then past it, by a path that wound to the top of the sand-hill that hems it in on the north. Motioning her to stand still, the Indian crept forward as if to spy out the object of

their search. Glancing around her, Maggie saw through the spruces the Ottawa outstretched at her feet, reflecting the first rosy gleam of the approaching sun. A twitch at her shawl startled her. It was her guide who had returned. Following him, as he slowly threaded his way through the grove of balsams and spruces, they soon came to a halt, and the Indian pointed to a black object outstretched upon the ground a few yards from them. Fear overcame Maggie, and she turned to grasp the arm of her guide—he was gone. Her commonsense came to her aid. If this was Hemlock, she had nothing to fear, and mastering her agitation she strove to discover whether the figure, which the dawn only rendered perceptible amid the gloom of the evergreens, was really the object of her quest. Silently she peered, afraid to move a hairsbreadth, for what seemed to her to be an age, and she came to see clearly the outline of a man, naked save for a girdle, fantastically fashioned out of furs of varied colors, stretched immoveable on the sod, face downward. Suddenly a groan of anguish escaped from the lips of the prostrate man and the body swayed as if in convulsions. Her sympathies overcame her fears, and advancing Maggie cried, "Hemlock, are you ill? Can I help you?"

With a terrific bound the figure leapt to its feet, the right arm swinging a tomahawk, and, despite an effort at control, Maggie shrieked. The light

was now strong enough to show the lineaments of the Indian, whose face and body were smeared with grease and soot and whose countenance wore the expression of one roused from deep emotion in sudden rage.

“Hemlock, do not look at me so; I am Maggie Forsyth, come from the Chateaugay to seek you.”

Instantly the face of the Indian softened. “Why should the fawn leave the groves of the Chateaugay to seek so far the lair of the lynx?”

“Your friend Morton is doomed to die by the American soldiers and you alone can save him.”

“What! Did he not escape? Tell me all.”

Maggie told him what she knew, he listening with impassive countenance. When she had done, he paused, as if reflecting, and then said curtly, “I will go with you.” It was now fair daylight, and Maggie saw, to her dismay, that the mound upon which she had found Hemlock outstretched was a grave, and that, at the head of it was a stake upon which hung several scalps, the topmost evidently cut from a recent victim. Glancing at the radiant eastward sky, the Indian started, and ignoring the presence of his visitor, fell on his knees on the grave, and turning his face so as to see the sun when it should shoot its first beam over the broad lake, which was reflecting the glow of the rosy clouds that overhung its further point, he communed with the dead. “I leave thee, Spotted Fawn, for a while, that I may meet those who did

thee hurt and bring back another scalp to satisfy thy spirit. Thy father's arm is strong, but it is stronger when he thinks of thee. Tarry a while before you cross the river and I will finish my task and join thee in the journey to the hunting-ground; the arm that oft bore you when a child, will carry you over the waters and rocks. Farewell! Oh, my child, my daughter, how could you leave me? Tread softly and slowly, for I will soon leave my lodge of sorrow and see you and clasp you to my heart." There was a pause, a groan of unutterable sorrow escaped his lips, and he sank lifeless upon the grave. Agitated with deep sympathy, Maggie stepped forward and kneeling beside the Indian stroked his head and shoulders as if she had been soothing a child.

"Dinna tak on sae, Hemlock. Sair it is to mourn the loved and lost, but we maun dae our duty in this warl and try to live sae as to meet them in the warl ayont. He that let the stroke fa', alane can heal the hurt. Gin yer daughter is deed, it is only for this life. Her voice will be the first to welcome you when you cross death's threshold."

"I saw her an hour ago. It is your creed that says the dead are not seen again in this life. I got the medicine from my father that melts the scales from our earthly eyes for a while. Last night I saw my child—last night she was in these arms—last night my cheek felt the warmth of her breath—last night my ears joyed in the ripple of her

laughter. Oh, my Spotted Fawn, the joy, the life of my heart, why did you stray from me?" Then, his mood changing, he sprang up with the words, "Cursed be the wolves that hunted you, cursed be the catamount that crept near that he might rend you! I will seek them out, I will track them day by day, until I slay the last of them." Here he ground his teeth and remained absorbed for a minute, then turning sharply, with a wave of the hand, he beckoned Maggie to follow, and led to the verge of the cliff overhanging the Ottawa. "Stay here until I come back," he whispered and, disappeared over the declivity.

The glorious landscape outstretched at her feet soothed, as naught else could, the agitation of Maggie's mind, for Nature's touch is ever gentle and healing. The great expanse of water, here narrowed into a broad river, there swelling into a noble lake, was smooth as a mirror, reflecting hill and tree and rock. Beyond it, was unrolled the forest as a brightly colored carpet, for the glory of Autumn was upon it, and a trail of smoky mist hung on the horizon. An hour might have sped, when Hemlock reappeared, with paint washed off and dressed in his usual attire. Across his back was slung his rifle; at his heel was a gaunt, ill-shaped dog. "Follow," he said, and turning backward a few paces, led to where the bank could be descended without difficulty. At the foot of it, lay waiting a canoe, with a boy in the bow. Maggie

stepped lightly into the centre, and Hemlock grasping the paddle, shot the light skiff swiftly across the stream. When the opposite bank was gained, he sprang ashore and was followed by Maggie. The boy, without a word, paddled back to the village.

Hemlock was in no mood for conversation. The exhaustion following upon his night-vigil was upon him, and he strode forward through the forest without speaking, Maggie following his guidance. Once he halted, on seeing his dog creeping forward on scenting game. Picking up a stick, he stepped lightly after it, and when a covey of partridges rose, threw his missile so successfully that two of the birds dropped. Tying them to his belt, he resumed his monotonous trot, and several miles were passed when the sharp yelps of the dog suddenly arrested their steps. The alarm came from a point to their left. Hemlock, unslinging his rifle, ran in the direction of the dog, whose baying was now intense and continuous, and Maggie, afraid of losing sight of him, hastened after. A short run brought the Indian to the edge of a slough, in a thicket in the centre of which his dog was evidently engaged in mortal combat with some wild animal. Without a moment's hesitation, the Indian started to pick his way across the morass; partially dried by the prolonged drought, and had passed the centre, when there was a crashing of branches and a huge bear burst out, followed by the dog, which was

limping, from a fractured paw. Before he could turn aside, Hemlock was knocked down by the lumbering brute, which gained the solid ground and was hurrying forward, when, seeing Maggie coming, it sprang for a huge beech tree, with the intent of climbing it. Before it was a yard up, the dog overtook it, had fastened its teeth in its hide and pulled it down. The bear, roused to utmost ferocity by being thwarted, easily caught hold of the disabled dog, held it in its forepaws, and standing on its hind feet, with back resting against the tree, was proceeding to hug its victim to death, when Hemlock came up. He had dropped his rifle in the slough, and instead of waiting to pick it up, had rushed forward to rescue his dog. With upraised hatchet he approached the bear, and dealt it so terrific a stroke, that the light weapon stuck in the skull. With a growl of rage and pain, the bear flung the dog down and before Hemlock could recover himself after dealing the blow, fell upon him, too stunned and weak, however, to do more than keep him under. On catching her first glimpse of the bear, Maggie's inclination was to flee, but, the next moment, the instinct of self-preservation gave way to a feeling of sympathy for the disabled dog, followed by absorbing excitement as the contest went on. When Hemlock fell underneath the brute, she gave a shriek, and rushed to where the rifle lay. Snatching it, she ran to the bear, which lay panting with outstretched

tongue and half-closed eyes, and dealt him a blow with the butt. With a groan the unwieldy animal rolled over motionless, and Hemlock sprang to his feet, and drew his knife. It was unnecessary; the bear was dead. Maggie looked wildly at the Indian, strove to speak, tottered, and fell: the reaction from the delirium of excited feeling that had sustained her having set in. Tenderly Hemlock raised her in his arms, and carrying her to the edge of the swamp, scooped up sufficient water to bathe her forehead. A few anxious minutes passed, when the pallor began to pass away, and suddenly opening her eyes, Maggie asked, "What of the dog?"

"Never mind Toga; are you hurt?"

"No; are you?"

"I am as well as ever, and had not my foot slipped after striking the bear, would have spared you what you did."

"That does not matter," said Maggie, simply, "it was God that put it into my silly head to get the gun and it was His strength that gave the blow—not mine."

"I care not for your God," answered Hemlock in a hollow voice, "I have known too many who profess to be His followers to believe in Him."

"Dinna speak sae," pleaded Maggie.

"Yesterday," Hemlock went on, "I met the topped crow that clings to Oka while taking from a squaw her last beaver-skins to say masses for her dead husband, and I cursed him to his teeth as a

deceiver that he may eat the corn and give back to his dupes the cob."

Unheeding his words, Maggie rose and went towards the dog, which was still alive, and began to stroke its head. Its eyes, however, sought not her but his master, and when Hemlock put down his hand, the dying animal feebly tried to lick it. At this sign of affection, the eyes of Hemlock moistened, and falling on his knees he alternately patted the dog and shook his unhurt paw. "My Toga, my old friend, my help in many a hunt, my comrade when we were alone for weeks in the wilderness, are you too going to leave me? You are dying, as the Indian's dog should die, in the fury of the hunt. A claw of the bear I shall wrap in a piece of my wampum belt and put into your mouth, so that Spotted Fawn may know whose dog you were, and you will serve her and follow her until I join you in the happy hunting-ground—and that will not be long."

As if sensible of what he said the dog whimpered, and with a last effort placed its head in his outstretched hands. Then it gave a kick or two, and died.

The Indian rose, and selecting a knoll where spruces grew thickly, kindled a fire. Wrapping the two partridges tightly in wet grass and several folds of green birch bark, he waited until there were embers, on which he placed them, and heaped fresh fuel. Asking Maggie to keep up the fire, he

left and was away for some time. When he came back he had the bear's pelt and several slices of steak, which he proceeded to broil. On lifting the partridges, their bodies came out clean from their covering of feathers, and on tearing them apart the entrails, dried and shrivelled, were easily drawn. Maggie had eaten many a partridge, but a sweeter bite than the breast of one so cooked she had never tasted, and with a piece of the bread in her pocket, she made a light but refreshing dinner. The bear-steak she could not look upon, but like qualms did not interfere with Hemlock's appetite, who ate them with greater relish because part of his late enemy and the slayer of his dog. He had filled his flask with water from a spring near by, and Maggie remarked, if she "only had a pinch o' saut, she couldna have asked for a better dinner." Trimming and scraping the bear's hide, to make it light as possible, Hemlock wrapped it into a bundle, and strapped it on his back. Then looking to the priming of his rifle, he told Maggie he was ready.

"But the puir dowg; will ye no bury him?"

"I have buried him," answered Hemlock, "and poisoned the carcass of the bear that it may sicken the wolves that eat of it."

The tongue of Hemlock was now free, and as they trudged on, he kept up a constant conversation, surprising Maggie by the extent of his information and the shrewdness of his judgment. Becoming conscious that the sun was descending, she

expressed a fear that she could not reach home that night. "No, you cannot, and I do not mean you should, but you will rest safe before sunset. I am taking you to the fort at Coteau-du-lac."

"That is oot o' oor way, Hemlock."

"Not very far; it is necessary I see Colonel Scott as to how to save Morton."

Maggie said no more, for that was reason enough to go a hundred miles out of the way, though she thought with pain of the anxiety her absence for another night would give her parents. "Father will think I did not find Hemlock at Oka and that I am looking for him," she concluded at last, "and will not borrow trouble about me."

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL SCOTT was pacing the walk in front of the battery of the little fort of Coteau-du-lac, viewing alternately lake St Francis, glittering peacefully in the rays of the fast westering sun, and the swift-running river into which it contracted where he stood, with the surges of the rapids farther down. He was tall, and his face was that of a man who had intellect to conceive and will to put his conceptions into force. To the door of a house larger than any of its neighbors, and before which a sentry paced, the Colonel often glanced and when a lady came out, he stepped to meet her. It was his wife, who joined him for an airing before dinner. After admiring, as she had done every day since her arrival, the contrast between the lake and the river, as it went sweeping downwards between forest-covered islands, she asked, "And is there any news? I heard an arrival reported."

"None since the despatch of last night and it said Wilkinson was still at Sackett's Harbor."

"So we may not expect his flotilla of boats this week?"

"No, and were I in Sir George Prevost's place, they would never leave Sackett's Harbor."

“Why, you have told me his Excellency has not sufficient naval force to attack them.”

“I would not attack the flotilla; I would render its purpose abortive. What is the American plan of invasion? I can give it to you in a nutshell, Helen. Wilkinson is to take possession of the St Lawrence with his flotilla and is to meet Hampton at the mouth of the Chateaugay river, when the combined forces will land on the island of Montreal and capture it and the city. Now, to defeat this plan, it is not necessary to destroy the flotilla. If the line of communication between Wilkinson and Hampton is cut, the whole scheme fails.”

“And how would you cut the line?”

“Why, as I have represented time and again to headquarters, by the capture of French Mills. Four hundred men could take and hold that place, and with it in British hands Wilkinson and Hampton would be as completely prevented from acting in concert as if Hampton was back to his slaves in Carolina and Wilkinson to his gally-pots. It provokes me to see the opportunities our forces miss. The war in the time of Washington was a series of blunders on our side and it looks as if the second was going to be a repetition.”

“And you blame his Excellency?”

“Yes and his staff. He is brave personally, and he is active to fussiness, but he is unable to plan a campaign or carry it out. Here we have the flower of the British army arriving by every convoy, yet

our policy is a purely defensive one and changed every day. Out upon such a peddling course of action! I would teach the braggarts who lurk on yonder heights that Canada is not to be invaded with impunity, and that she has hearts to dare and die in defence of her independence."

"Well, Norman, it may prove to be all for the best. So far Canada has repulsed every attempt at invasion."

"It is not for the best. I have made suggestion after suggestion to improve the opportunities presented to me, and every one has been set aside, and I am condemned to a course of inaction that galls and frets me."

Here an orderly approached. "An Indian and a young woman want to speak with you."

"I will go," said Mrs Scott.

"Do not," cried the Colonel, "what tete-a-tete may I not have with the lovely squaw."

"Please, sir," said the orderly, "she is not a squaw. She is white and a Scotchwoman by her speech."

"And young to boot," exclaimed Mrs Scott archly, "I shall certainly stay and keep you from falling into temptation."

"Bring them this way," said the Colonel, and the orderly returned with Hemlock and Maggie.

"In truth an odd-matched pair," whispered the Colonel as he saw them approach.

"Why, it's you, Hemlock. I thought you were raising the war-whoop on the Huntingdon frontier.

And who may your companion be? Too young to be your wife—too fair to be your sweetheart.”

The Indian’s features relaxed into the nearest approach they ever came to a smile, as he answered, “An arrow from another bow than mine has struck the doe.”

“Well, Hemlock, do you bring me news from Hinchinbrook? When is Hampton going to march?”

In reply, Hemlock briefly told how he had been at Oka, was sought out there by Maggie and for what purpose. The Colonel listened with stern expression as he was told of Morton’s peril, and when the Indian had done, he plied Maggie with questions. When she had told all, the Colonel brought his fist down heavily on the cannon beside which he stood as he exclaimed, “I knew these Americans were boasters but I did not think they were capable of such cruelty. Once they hung a gentleman wearing His Majesty’s uniform and were allowed to escape under the belief that, tradesmen and farmers as they were, they knew no better, but if they send a second to the gallows, there is not an officer in Canada who would not consider it his duty to challenge every one concerned in the deed.”

With a glance of apprehension at her husband, Mrs Scott with admirable tact strove to divert him from his vengeful mood by changing the subject. Addressing Maggie she asked, “And what is Mr Morton to you that you should risk the peril of these woods to save him? Is he a brother?”

"He is neither kith nor kin to me," answered Maggie.

"The attraction is of another sort, then. Cupid flies his arrows in these woods as well as the red warrior."

Maggie blushed and the Colonel, forgetting his anger, gallantly came to her rescue. "And if he does, madam, I would say to Master Cupid, give me the maiden who, like our fair Maggie, would dare the dragons of the field and flood to save her lover."

"Oh!" retorted Mrs Scott, "that is as much as to say, I would not do that and more for you. What thankless monsters you men are!"

"Nay, spare me, Helen, and as by what she has told us, she has walked from Oka today, perhaps you will take her with you and play the hostess."

"She has done more than walk from Oka today," said Hemlock, "she killed a bear and saved my life."

"What!" cried Mrs Scott in astonishment, and Hemlock told the story of the encounter. When he had done the Colonel stepped forward and grasping Maggie's hands he said, "I honor you as a brave man honors a brave woman, and if there is any possibility of saving Mr Morton's life, it shall be done"

Maggie was too overcome to reply, and Mrs Scott, slipping her arm into hers, led her away to her husband's quarters, leaving Hemlock and the Colonel

in eager converse, which lasted until daylight had nearly faded and until a servant came with word that dinner was waiting the Colonel. Ordering the servant to call one of the sergeants, the Colonel committed Hemlock to his hospitable care and then entered his own quarters. Maggie spent one of the most delightful evenings of her life in the company of the Colonel and his wife, forgetting her weariness and the excitement she had passed through in the enjoyment of social converse of a brighter and wider scope than she had been accustomed. When bedtime came she was solicitous about being called early so that Hemlock might not be kept waiting, when the Colonel assured her he would take her restoration to her home by the Chateaugay into his own hands. When she made her appearance next day, she found her entertainers seated on the veranda, and was concerned to learn that it was near noon and that Hemlock had left at sunrise. The anxious look that flitted across her face, the Colonel relieved by telling her that Hemlock had chosen a route she could not have followed, across the great swamp that lay between the St Lawrence and the Chateaugay, and that he carried a letter to her father, telling where she was and that she would go home by the first safe opportunity.

"And now, my dear Maggie," said Mrs Scott, "You need not be concerned about those at home but be my companion for a few days. Buried away here in these romantic wilds, you cannot

conceive what a treat it is to me to have your society."

"You are welcome, Miss Forsyth," added the Colonel, "and you will get a chance before long of a convoy to Annfield, for I expect one from Kingston by the end of the week."

"But they may be needing me at home, Colonel; my mother is frail and if the Yankees have crossed she will be sore in need of my help."

"Make yourself easy as to that," said the Colonel with a smile. "General Hampton, as I know for an assured fact, has not crossed the frontier and will not for several days, at least—perhaps never, for he has no heart in the undertaking. As to Wilkinson coming, I wish he would. I am just afraid he is going to deprive me of the pleasure of giving him the warm reception I have gone to so much trouble to prepare. After lunch, or rather your breakfast, we will take the boat and see that everything is in order for him."

A couple of hours later they were seated in the Colonel's long boat, manned by four tars, who, however, were spared the labor of rowing all the way, for the wind was favorable. Heading Grande Isle, they sailed down the south channel of the St Lawrence to a narrow point, where, by means of the trunks of huge trees anchored above where rapids foamed, the passage of boats was made impossible and before these obstructions could be lifted out, the Colonel pointed to his wife and

Maggie how a concealed battery aided by sharpshooters hid among the foliage that lined the river would decimate the occupants of the boats. He considered the southern channel to be so effectually closed that Wilkinson would not attempt it and would, therefore, have to take the northern, where he would have to run the gauntlet of the fire of the fort at Coteau-du-lac. "True it is," added the Colonel, "that that channel is wide and the current swift, yet with a fire from both banks many boats must needs be crippled or sunk, and those that do escape would have to face a similar ordeal at Long Point, opposite the Cedars rapids, where another battery has been placed."

"What if the Americans passed in the dark?" suggested Maggie.

"Yes," added Mrs Scott, "or what if they landed a part of their large force before they came within range of the Coteau batteries and assailed them from the land-side?"

"All that I have considered. Were they to pass in the dark, they would not see to shoot the rapids properly, and their angry waters would be more disastrous than our shot. As to a flank movement, I rely on the Indian scouts to bring me word and, fully warned of their coming, these woods are so dense and cut up by swamps, that, with a hundred men, I would undertake to repulse a thousand."

"So you keep constant watch?" asked Maggie.

"Unceasing," answered the Colonel. "If you

take this telescope you will perceive a sail at the upper end of the lake. It is one of the gunboats on the watch, and which would, on appearance of Wilkinson's flotilla, either make for Coteau or if the wind were unfavorable send a row-boat. Then, on that farthest island there is a guard of regulars, who are likely to give the island a name, for already it is called Grenadier island. To the guard on that island, scouts on the southern shore report daily."

"Surely you have contrived well," exclaimed Maggie, "and I just wish the Yankees would come and get what you have prepared for them."

"Their kail het through the reek, as the Scotch say," laughed the Colonel, "well I am just afraid I will not see them. Along the river, between Prescott and Cornwall, there is such a succession of points of attack, that, from all I learn of him, Wilkinson is not soldier enough to overcome."

In returning, the boat landed the party in a cove on Grande Isle, whence, from under the shade of maples, they scanned the lake, shimmering in the sun, and the islets, heavy with trees richly colored by Autumn's fingers, set in it like gems.

"This is so pleasant," remarked Mrs Scott, "that I do not wonder at people growing to passionately love Canada. Do you prefer Canada to Scotland, Maggie?"

"I never saw Scotland," replied Maggie, "but I dearly love Canada and can find it in my heart to

wish that the Colonel may wring the necks of those who are trying to take it away from us."

"Well said!" shouted the Colonel, "and Canada is so favored by nature in her line of defence and in her climate, that I cannot conceive how, if her people are true, she can ever come under the heel of a conqueror."

The day passed happily and so did several others. Accompanying Mrs Scott, Maggie visited the little canals that enabled the boats, that plied between Montreal and Upper Canada, to overcome the rapids, to see the lockmen and their families, and watch the peculiar class of men who assisted the boats in passing upwards, either by poling and towing or by lightening their load with the help of their diminutive carts and ponies. With the garrison and its daily life she became familiar, and the detachment of blue jackets, drafted from the men-of-war at Quebec, partly engaged in manning the gunboats already afloat and in building others, she never wearied in watching. Each day endeared her more to Mrs Scott, who, she learned, had sacrificed her comfort and safety, by accompanying her husband on duty. Following the regiment, she had been with him in India, Egypt, and Spain, and, when ordered on special service to Canada, had unhesitatingly followed him, leaving their two children with friends in England. Maggie saw that her presence was a help rather than a drag upon the Colonel, whom she assisted and cared for as

only a true woman can and preserved him from many privations he must otherwise have undergone. While most anxious to be at home again, it was not without a pang of regret that Maggie learned one morning that a fleet of the King's bateaux was in sight coming down the lake. An hour afterwards she was on board of one, waving farewell to her friends. Landed at the foot of the Cascade rapids, she walked home before sunset.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE army did not begin a forward movement towards Canada on the day of Morton's interview with Hampton. It was only the first of several abortive starts, and the autumn days were drawing towards an end with the army still encamped at Four Corners. The American public was indignant at its inaction: much had been expected of the army, yet it had accomplished nothing, and the campaigning season was near an end. The denunciations of the Albany and New York newspapers Hampton could not stoop to reply to: those of the Washington authorities he answered by laying the blame upon Wilkinson. He was to move on Montreal in conjunction with that general, and his failure to leave Sackett's Harbor he gave as the cause of his own inaction. To the critics who suggested he had sufficient strength to capture Montreal unaided, he represented that his orders from Washington expressly required him to cooperate with the flotilla that was hugging the shelter of Sackett's Harbor. If he was left free to act by the secretary-of-war, he would show the country what he could do, but he was not free.

There were those who thought his excuses were the offspring of his secret wish, to get out of the campaign without risking any great movement. In all those days of dallying, Morton lay forlorn in the stable, sick of his confinement and of prolonged suspense, until the doctor, taking pity upon him, asked, if the General could be induced to grant him the freedom of the camp on parole, would he accept it? Eager to get out of his dismal prison and hopeless of escape, Morton eagerly embraced the offer, and next day he was told he was at liberty to leave his wretched abode during daylight. The boon proved to be of less advantage than he had anticipated. The officers would not consort with him, professing to believe he had been a party to the disfigurement and murder of their late comrade, and the rank-and-file swore at him as an abettor of the Indians and as a Britisher. The miscarriage of the campaign had soured the tempers of the troops, and they were ready to vent it upon Morton or any other of the enemy who came within reach of their tongues. After a few hours' unpleasant experience, Morton returned to his stable indignant and humiliated. Altho' thus cut off from intercourse with the military, he enjoyed the freedom of moving about. Even lying on the grass and watching the face of nature, was inexpressibly sweet to him. In course of time he scraped acquaintance with a few civilians, and especially with a storekeeper, Douglass, a Scotch-

man, who showed him such kindness as he dared without bringing upon himself the suspicion of disloyalty. The weather, which had been uninterruptedly dry and hot, underwent a sudden change, to wet and cold, and from suspense as to when they would march into Canada the troops began to hope that orders would come from Washington to retire into winter-quarters. One particularly cold, rainy evening, Morton retired to rest in a mood that was in keeping with his dismal surroundings, and courted sleep to give him temporary relief. How long he might have been lost in slumber he was unconscious, when awakened by something lightly passing over his face. "Keep quiet," said a voice: "do not cry or you may attract the guard." The darkness was intense; the patter of the rain on the roof the only sound without. The voice Morton recognized at once as Hemlock's.

"How did you get here? Do you not know they would tear you limb from limb if they found you?"

"I know it all, but an Indian brave counts nothing when he goes to save a friend. Get up and go with me."

A momentary feeling of exultation fluttered in Morton's breast at the prospect of liberty, followed by the depressing recollection that he had given his word not to escape.

"I cannot go with you," he said in a voice of despair.

"Why? You are well of your hurt, and you can

run a mile or two if we are followed. Come, my arm will help you."

"Hemlock, had you come a fortnight ago I would have jumped at your call: I cannot tonight, for I have given my word of honor not to escape. I am a prisoner on parole."

"Honor! Did these Americans treat you as men of honor, when they put the rope round your neck? Your promise is nothing. Come!"

"I cannot, Hemlock. Let them be what they may, it shall never be said that a British officer broke his word. Leave me; get away at once, or you may be caught."

"I will not leave without you. Think of the fair doe that sorrows in secret by the Chateaugay for you and sought me out to bring you. Come, you shall be with her before another sun has set."

Morton was puzzled by this speech, but was too anxious concerning Hemlock's safety to delay by asking what it meant.

"Save yourself, Hemlock; the patrol will be round soon, and if you are discovered you are lost."

"I fear not: they cannot take me alive."

"For my sake, then, go; I will not leave, I will keep the promise I have given. Consider this my friend, if you are found here it is death to me as well as you. Go."

"Not without you; I will carry you on my back, whether you will or not," and he laid his hand upon Morton to grasp hold of him. At that mo-

ment, the sound of the tramp of an approaching detachment of soldiers was heard. "It is the patrol, Hemlock; fly for God's sake."

Hemlock stepped to the door for an instant, then turning to Morton whispered, "they have torches and will see what I have done, and that will give the alarm. Come, go with me."

"I cannot," said Morton decisively.

"Then, give me a token to show her who sent me that I did my duty," said Hemlock. Eager for his escape, Morton plucked the signet-ring from his finger and pressed it into the Indian's hand with a farewell grasp. Noiselessly and swiftly Hemlock glided out, across the open, and was lost to sight. Seeing how near the patrol were, Morton closed the door and lay down upon his bed of straw. He heard the tramp of the troops draw nearer, and then a sharp cry of "Halt!" followed by a shout of horror and a volley of curses. "The damned Indians are about!" a voice cried. "Poor Tom," said another, "he died like a stuck pig." "See to the Britisher," shouted a third, "he must know of it." "Back to your ranks," commanded the officer, "I will see to what is to be done." Sending a messenger to headquarters to report, he detailed three others to approach the stable and bring out Morton. One of the three remonstrated. "The redskin may be hiding there and kill us." "Obey orders," yelled the officer to his men, who had peculiar ideas of military obedience. "Our muskets cover you."

Reluctantly they approached, and two simultaneously burst in the door with a rush, while the third held a torch. Their only discovery was Morton lying in his bed. He was roughly dragged to the captain, who, with his men, stood around something stretched upon the grass.

“What do you know of this, prisoner?” asked the captain, and a soldier waved a torch over the object. Morton, with a shudder, perceived it was the body of a soldier that had been stabbed in the breast, and scalped.

“This body is warm,” said the captain, “the deed has been done within a quarter of an hour: you lay within 20 yards of its perpetration; I demand what you know of the slaughter of this sentry of the United States army.”

Morton hesitated. He had no moral doubt that Hemlock had committed the deed, and that the scalp of the dead man was then dangling from his belt, and in his horror of the act was about to tell all, when he suddenly recollected that by doing so he would show himself ungrateful to Hemlock.

“I neither saw nor heard aught of this foul murder,” answered Morton, but his hesitation in replying was noted by men disposed to suspect him. “Let me put my bayonet through him,” said one of the soldiers with an oath, as he rushed upon Morton. There was a flash from the adjoining bush, the crack of a rifle, and the soldier fell dead, with a bullet in his forehead.

“Out with the lights,” shrieked the captain in a transport of fear, as he struck one torch down with his sword and the others were thrown into the pools of rainwater. For a minute or two they listened with palpitating hearts in the darkness, and then the captain whispered for them to move to headquarters, the lights of which were seen near by. Forgotten by them in their alarm, Morton made his way back to the stable and flung himself down on his pallet of straw, perplexed and agitated. In vain he tried to sleep and the night dragged wearily on. When daylight at last began to dawn upon a scene of sullen rain and sodden fields, the sound of voices told him his captors were on the alert. The door was violently opened and a soldier looked in and reported to his comrades outside, “The varmint is still here,” to which he heard the reply, “That beats me!” An hour later a scout entered lighted a candle, and proceeded to examine the floor of the stable and its contents. When he was done, the door was bolted and, Morton felt assured, a sentry placed outside. Breakfast time passed without his caterer appearing and the forenoon was well advanced before he was disturbed, when a detachment of troops halted and an officer entered. “I have come, Mr Morton, to take you to headquarters.”

Going out, Morton was placed between files and marched to the General’s quarters, where he was shown into a room where several officers were seat-

ed. Motioned to stand at the foot of the table, the presiding officer, a tall, cadaverous man, asked him to tell what he knew of the event of the past night.

"Is this a court-martial and am I on trial?"

"No, it is a committee of enquiry. There ain't no call for trying you, seein' you are already a condemned culprit."

"Then, why should I answer you?"

"Wall, if you make a clean breast of it, we mought recommend the General to commute your sentence."

"And should I not see fit to answer this irregular tribunal?"

"I ain't going to knock round the bush with you. At home, everybody knows Major Spooner as up-and-down, frank and square, and I tell you, if you don't spit out all you know, the rope won't be taken off your neck a second time."

"What I know of last night's shocking event I am ready to communicate to any gentleman who approaches me in an honorable manner, but I scorn to say a word under threats."

The officers here exchanged nods and winks, and one said: "I knew Mister President, he wouldn't tell—he dassn't. He had a hand in killing Jackson—gagged his mouth, mebbe, while the redskin drew his knife."

Morton, stung to the quick, turned indignantly to the speaker, "Sir, if I had my sword you would either take back your words or know what cold steel is."

"Pshaw," was the contemptuous retort, "I don't care for anything in the shape of a Britisher."

"That's so, and you know first-rate how to rile one," exclaimed the presiding officer approvingly. Then addressing Morton, he added, "We ain't afeared of your threats, young man, and won't lose time with you—yes or no, are you going to give evidence?"

"No," answered Morton firmly.

"That will do: withdraw the prisoner."

"Excuse me, Major Spooner," said a voice behind. Morton turned and saw standing by the door an officer whose bearing indicated he was a soldier by profession and not one of a few months' standing. "I came in after the examination had begun and therefore did not take my seat at the board. If you will allow me, I will endeavor to represent to the accused how matters stand."

"Sartainly, Colonel Vanderberg; yer ken try him."

"Then, Mr Morton, the case stands thus: last night one of our men on guard, posted near where you slept, was stabbed and scalped. I need not say, I do not believe for a moment you had any hand in that deed. However, this morning experts were sent to discover the trail of the perpetrator, and they, favored by the softness of the soil, traced the steps of the moccasined feet of an Indian to where the guard stood, thence to your lodging-place and finally from it to the bush whence came the shot that killed one of the patrol,

More than all this, I may tell you the footmarks of the Indian are plain inside the stable and beside the place in it where you slept are marks caused by drops of blood. It is thus beyond all question that the Indian visited you, and, with a view to discovering him and so checking a system of barbarous warfare repulsive to all true soldiers, we ask you to tell us what you know of him—ask you, not under threats or taking advantage of your unfortunate position, but as a gentleman and a soldier to assist us by telling what you know of the mysterious affair.”

Morton bowed to the Colonel and replied he had no hesitation in telling him what he knew, and he recounted briefly how he had been awakened during the night by an Indian and urged to fly with him. He was prepared to take oath that he knew not of his slaying the guard, and the drops of blood upon the straw that formed his bed must have dripped from the scalp as the Indian stooped over him and urged him to accompany him. Morton mentioned no name, and none of his questioners seemed to think he could have known the Indian. At any rate their incredulity of his story, verging on disgust, rendered cross-questioning superfluous, Major Spooner said he could not swallow the yarn, and another officer remarked it would be easier for him to go without his bitters for a month than believe a Britisher would not run away when he had a chance, to which the others agreed.

"What!" exclaimed Morton, "do you think, after giving my word of honor to your General that I would not attempt to escape, that I would do so?"

"That is just what we do think, and that there was something we don't know of that kept you from running away with the Indian."

Morton's anger again rose and he was about to say something rash, when Colonel Vanderberg gave his shoulder a monitory touch. "If none of you object, I will take charge of Mr Morton."

"Yer welkim to the critter," remarked Major Spooner, at which the others expectorated in order to laugh. "He is under sentence of death, and it lies with the General to say when it shall be carried out. If he is willing you should undertake the provost-marshal's duty, this committee of enquiry offer you their congratulations."

To this raillery Colonel Vanderberg said naught, and taking Morton by the arm led him into a vacant room. "Stay here for a minute," he said. On re-entering he grasped Morton by the hand, while he informed him "the General has given me permission to take you with me, and will you ride with me to Fort Hickory?"

"With all my heart," answered Morton, and going to the door found several troopers waiting the Colonel, who pointed to Morton to get on the back of one of three spare horses. He did so and they galloped out of the village.

CHAPTER IX.

MAGGIE was busy with household duties when Hemlock entered and sat down near the table at which she stood.

"All away?" he asked.

"All except mother, who is having her afternoon nap."

Casting a suspicious glance round, the Indian drew something out of his pouch. "Do you know that?"

It was a ring. Maggie examined it and as she recognized whose it was, blushed.

"Is he alive?" she asked, in a low earnest tone, as if fearful that it was a memorial gift.

"Yes; I was with him and spoke to him night before last."

"Where?"

"At Four Corners."

"Tell me all?" entreated Maggie, and Hemlock recounted his visit, closing with the remark, "If he had come with me, he would have been here now."

"But he would have broken his word to the Yankees," urged Maggie in his defence.

"And perhaps they will break his neck," answered

Hemlock with a grunt. "Major Stovin told me that Hampton's answer to his letter was that he could allow no interference from outside in his disposal of spies."

"Morton is not a spy," exclaimed Maggie indignantly.

"They will punish him all the same unless I give myself up," said Hemlock, "and I mean to."

"Oh, Hemlock, they would kill you."

"Maybe, but Indian would save his friend."

"He may get off when our men beat them."

The Indian's lip curled. "The owls are telling the eagles what to do. When the order came to the Indian bands not to fight but just watch, I left. We would have hung to their sides like wasps on a deer, and marked every mile they marched with deeds that would have caused widows to raise the funeral song from Champlain to the Ohio, but our arms are held fast."

"You did not tell me how you came by this ring?" faltered Maggie, as she shyly tried it on her fingers.

"I asked him for a token, and he gave me that."

"A token for whom, Hemlock?"

"For you."

"For me!" gasped Maggie, with beaming eyes, while her color came and went.

Hemlock nodded and said no more. Turning her head away from him, Maggie pressed the token to her lips. On the Indian's rising to go, she en-

treated him to stay. Her brothers were at the camp, but her father was only at the rear end of the lot stooking corn, and he might go and see him. Hemlock, who had the dislike of his race to manual labor, said he would wait, and catching up the fishing-rod of her younger brother, prepared it to beguile the denizens of the river that flowed past the shanty, and continued fishing until the old man returned, who sat down beside Hemlock and got into an engrossing conversation, which was ended by Maggie's calling them to supper. When the meal was fairly under way, the father said:

"Hemlock wants us to leave. He says the Americans will be here in a day or two. He offers to bring Indians with enough of canoes to take you and Maggie to Montreal."

"Leave my hame for thae Yankees!" exclaimed Mrs Forsyth; "no a step will I gang oot o' my way for the deils."

"Hemlock says they may burn down the house and insult you, an' ye wad be better oot o' their way."

"I wad like to see the Yankee loon that wad try to set a low to oor bit biggin; I wad ding some dacency into his heid."

"Think o' Maggie, guid wife."

Before her mother could speak, Maggie declared "she wasna fear't an' wad bide wi' her mither, thankin' Hemlock a' the same."

"You see, Hemlock, hoo wi' Scotch bodies stick

by our hames. Down to the women and bairns, we will fecht to the last gasp to haud them."

Hemlock said nothing and helped himself to another piece of johnny-cake. The subject, however, had excited Mrs Forsyth, who mingled denunciations of the invaders with regrets at leaving Scotland.

"Toots, woman, Canada is a better country for the puir man than Scotlan."

"I am no denyin' that, but eh, there was a couthie security there that's no here, an' for a sicht o' its bonnie howes an' glens I'd gie onything. The first an' the last sicht each day frae my faither's door was the Pentlands, an' no trees, trees, wi' snaw an' ice hauf the year."

"Ye wadna gae back, mithers, for a' that."

"Deed would I, gin we a' went the gither."

"But ye have aften tell't me ye wad never cross the sea again, ye were so sick in coming."

"Na, neither I wad; nae boatie for me."

"Then, ye canna gang."

"Hoot, lass, what are ye sayin'; is that a' ye ken? We could walk roun'."

"Providence, dear wife, has cast oor lot here an' it's oor duty to be content. Please God, we will help to mak o' Canada a country oor children will be proud o', an as for thae Yankees, wha come to rob us o' oor liberty, I am sure their conceit will lead to their fa' an' that their designs upon us will come to naething."

Hemlock rose and prepared to leave. "I will go

with you," said Forsyth, "and hear what is the news in the camp."

Getting into the canoe they arrived at the forks in due time, and found great activity in erecting buildings, while carts were arriving every few minutes from the Basin with supplies or leaving empty to reload. In every direction were soldiers encamped, and the evening being cold their fires crackled and blazed along the lines. The soldiers were of all kinds, from habitants in homespun blouses and blue tuques to regulars of the line. The noisiest were the volunteer regiments, composed of young men, lumbermen and city tradesmen, whose exuberant animal spirits the discomforts and privations of camp failed to tame, and where they were, screams, laughter, and singing resounded. Hemlock led the way to a large, white house, the home of an American settler, named Baker, but taken possession of for headquarters, and passing the guard as a privileged character, told the orderly he wanted to see the General. On enquiry, the two visitors were admitted into a good-sized room, in the centre of which was a large table, at which sat a thick-set officer of foreign aspect, Gen. deWatteville, his secretary, and Major Henry, who had succeeded Stovin as local commander. They were evidently engaged in examining regimental reports.

"Hemlock, so you have got back? What news from the lines?" asked the Major.

"Yankees will break camp tomorrow."

"How do you know? Have you any despatches from our spies?"

"No, but I saw a waggon loaded with axes arrive at Fort Hickory."

"Well, what about that?"

"The advance camp, nearest to here, is called Fort Hickory: the axes are to chop a road from there to our outposts on the Chateaugay."

DeWatteville became all attention. "How long would the road be?"

"Three leagues," answered Hemlock.

"Pooh," remarked the General, relapsing into indifference, "they cannot cut a road that long through the woods."

"You don't know Yankee axemen," said Hemlock, "they will do it in a day and turn your flank."

The General simply waved his hand contemptuously. Major Henry, knowing from past acquaintance, Hemlock's worth and intelligence, asked in a respectful tone, "What do you advise?"

"Send me with all the Indians and we will cut them off."

DeWatteville could not withhold a gesture of horror. "You would fall upon these axemen, you say are coming, butcher them with your hatchets and scalp them. Eh?"

"Every one of them," answered Hemlock in an exultant voice.

"Faugh, that is not war; that is murder," said

the General, "we will fight the Americans in no such way."

"It is how they would deal with you," said Hemlock, "but if you do not want the Indian to fight in the way of his fathers, he will leave you."

Henry here leant over and whispered into the General's ear; who answered aloud, "No, I will not hear of it: I will fight as a soldier and will have no savagery." The Major was evidently disconcerted, and changed the subject by asking Hemlock what led him so far from the lines as to visit Fort Hickory.

"I followed Morton."

"Ha!" exclaimed the General, "poor fellow, what of him?"

"They were going to hang him, when Colonel Vanderberg took him from Four Corners."

"You see, General," said Major Henry with a smile, "the savagery of the invader against whom you would not use the services of Hemlock and his braves in self-defence."

The General twirled his heavy grey mustache and bit it nervously. "If they hang him, I will let every redskin in the country loose upon them."

"It would serve Morton better to do so before the rope does its work," suggested the Major. "Our remonstrances addressed to General Hampton have been met with combined equivocation and insolence. 'Give up,' he says, 'the murderer of Major Slocum and I will set Morton at liberty.' As much as to

say we screen the murderer—a man I know nothing of and for whose deed His Majesty's service is not accountable."

Hemlock said, "Read that again?"

Taking up General Hampton's despatch in answer to that regarding Morton's treatment, the Major read it in full. The Indian listened intently and made no comment, but Forsyth said quietly, he was sure Mr Morton had no hand in murdering anybody.

"We all know that," answered Major Henry, "a more humane and yet a more gallant officer the King has not got. And now, Forsyth, what are you and the settlers going to do when the Americans cross the frontier?"

"Ye'll excuse me for saying so, but that is a silly question to ask o' men wha hae gien their sons to serve as sogers and placed their horses, and a' their barns and cellars contain at your service."

"You don't understand me. I mean do you intend staying in your houses should the enemy come, or will you seek safety in Montreal?"

"It wad be hard to gie up to the destroyer all we hae and that we hae gaithered wi' sic pains in years gane by. My ain mind is, and my neebors agree, that we will stand by our property an' tak chances."

"It is the resolve of brave men," remarked the General, "but it may be in the interest of the campaign to waste the country and leave neither supplies nor shelter for the enemy."

"Gin sic should prove the case," answered the farmer, "there's no an Auld Countryman on the river that wadna pit the fire to his biggin wi' his ain hand. Gear is guid, but independence is sweet."

"I hope you will not be asked to make such a sacrifice," said the Major, "we have reports here of reinforcements on the way that, if they arrive in time, will enable us to meet the enemy."

The General here intimated to them to retire. Hemlock started as if from a reverie. Going close to the General, he stretched out his right hand after the manner of Indian orators. "You meet the Yankees as soldier meets soldier. The red man meets them as the robbers of his lands, the destroyers of his villages, the slayers of his race. The land was ours, and they have driven us to the setting sun and left us not even standing-room for our lodges. You have called us savages. Who made us savages? The Indian forgets no kindness and forgives no wrong. The hand that has despoiled and struck at us, we will seek late and early, in light and dark, to smite. Our enemy for generations, the enemy we are always at war with, is your enemy today. You may make peace with him tomorrow. We never will. When the Indian dies, he gives his hatchet to his sons. We offer you our help. Tell me to go and do what I will, and the Americans will not drink of the St Lawrence. Ten score Iroquois will keep up the war-whoop along the frontier until they turn."

The General seemed annoyed and said sharply, "We take you as scouts, not as comrades-in-arms. I will have no barbarian warfare."

Hemlock drew himself up with dignity as he said: "We are your allies, not your hirelings. Our tribes declared war against the Americans before you did, and if you will not accept our aid we withdraw this night from your camp and shall fight on our own hand."

Major Henry perceived the mistake made by the General and hastened to undo it. "King George," he said, "is true to the treaty made with his Indian allies and I am sure you will stand by it too. The General is preparing his plans for receiving the Americans and the Indians will have their place in it."

Without apparently heeding these words, Hemlock approached close to the General. "I warn you," he said, "if you reject our aid, great soldier as you may be across the sea, in the warfare of these woods your light will go out like this," and with a wave of his hand he put out the light of one of the two candles on the table. Turning on his heel, he walked with stately stride out of the room. That night he and his band left the camp and ceased to receive orders from headquarters.

CHAPTER X.

"WELL, Morton, our days of inglorious idleness are ended," exclaimed Col. Vanderberg. "I return from headquarters with orders for an immediate advance."

"Thank heavens!" ejaculated Morton.

"What! Do you rejoice at an attack on your country? Come, my good friend, I see your judgment is overcoming your feelings, and you are going to cast in your lot with us—the latest convert from monarchism to republicanism."

"No, no: you need not banter me. What I rejoice at is the ending of a policy of inaction that has kept you, my friend, and your humble prisoner alike in wearisome suspense."

"It is ended: the die is cast, whatever the result may be. After dinner squads of men begin to chop out a road from Smith's, and tomorrow Izard comes with reinforcements and under him we bear the banner of the United States into Canada."

"And what do you propose doing with me when you advance?" asked Morton.

"Hum! To leave you behind means your being returned to Four Corners, with a chance of meeting

the fate you twice escaped. It is against all military rule, but you must go with us. I will not risk you in the hands of these legal Sons of Mars—Spooner et al.”

“Thank you, Colonel; again you have placed me under an obligation I can never repay.”

“I hope not,” answered the Colonel with a smile, “I’d rather not be His Majesty’s prisoner even with Lieutenant Morton as my custodian.”

“No, never; I wish to pay my debt of gratitude in no such way.”

“Say no more, Morton, on that score. The happiest days I have spent this summer have been since I made your acquaintance. If I did you a good turn, I have had compensation. And now to work: there comes a waggon creaking under its load of chopping axes.”

The conversation took place at an outpost of Hampton’s army, close upon the frontier, styled Douglas camp in official documents but known familiarly among the soldiers as Fort Hickory, from the character of the trees that prevailed at this spot. Colonel Vanderberg, instead of placing Morton in custody as he half anticipated, when he dismounted after his ride from Four Corners, took him into the house where he was quartered, and told him in few words he was again on parole and his guest. Without further allusion to the humiliating and perilous position from which he had snatched him, Col. Vanderberg made him his friend

and associate and each passing day strengthened the bond between them. Each had experiences of interest to the other. The Colonel had tales of peril on the Pennsylvania and Ohio frontiers in protecting the settlements from Indian attacks, and Morton, in return, gratified his curiosity as to the organization and character of the British army and English life and habits.

The following morning they had breakfast by candle-light, and on going out, found the camp in a flurry of preparation, troopers ready to mount, engineers with their tools over their shoulders, and a large squad of brawny fellows in flannel shirts with axe in hand, drafted from the various corps and hired from among the surrounding farmers to clear a road to the Chateaugay. All was life, bustle, and confusion. Jumping on horseback, the Colonel speedily got each man into his place, and by the time this was effected, the drum-taps, by which they kept step, of Izard's column were heard, and that officer gave the word to advance. Preceded by a squad of scouts and sharpshooters to cover them, the engineers and axemen moved on, then a body of infantry, followed by the troopers, a few commissariat wagons bringing up the rear. The Colonel and Morton were with the troopers. As the long and picturesque cavalcade scrambled over the brow of a hill, the sun had gained the ascendancy, and the frost that had whitened everything now sparkled on every stem and leaf as it

melted in the sunbeams. The atmosphere was clear and crisp, and the very odor that rose from the fallen leaves added to its exhilarating quality. When the summit of the ascent was reached, the declivity was abrupt enough to afford a lookout over the tree-tops, and Canada lay outstretched a vast plain at their feet. Far in the distance, could be seen a gleaming line, like a rapier flung across a brown cloak. It was the St Lawrence. The Colonel drew his horse to one side of the road, to permit the troops to pass, while he scanned the inspiring scene.

"All looks peaceful," he said to Morton, "no sign that under the cover of these woods an enemy awaits us."

"It is a grand view of a noble country," replied Morton, "and you may rely on it, there are men awaiting you who will shed the last drop of their blood in its defence."

The Colonel, drawing his bridle, joined in the march and the glimpse of Canada was lost under overhanging vistas of trees. "Do you know, Morton," he said, "it seems strange to me that our armies should meet resistance from the Canadians. We speak the same language; we are of the same stock. Why should they fight to the death against uniting with us as equal partners in a free government?"

"You forget, Colonel, that speech and origin are not the strongest elements in national sentiment.

You meet a woman with a big man supporting her and bearing himself as if he were proud of her, and you wonder at it, and say the man could find plenty whose faces are pleasanter to look upon and which indicate more intelligence. The man will admit all that, but he tells you the woman is his mother, and to him she is better and more beautiful than all the women in the world beside. In the same way, the British government may be inferior in some points to your new Republic, may have made mistakes in the past, and might be better in some regards, but then she is the mother of the Canadians, and they will not desert her for bouncing Miss Columbia."

"That won't do, Morton; you forget that the British government was once, as you term it, our mother also."

"I did not forget that, and I hope I will not offend you, Colonel, by saying that for that very cause the Canadians dislike Americans. You turned upon your mother, you strove to compass her humiliation; the very base of your patriotic feeling is hatred of her."

"That is putting it strong, Morton."

"I think not; the preamble of your declaration of independence is a tirade of gratuitous charges against Great Britain."

"Then you think Canada will never unite with the Republic?"

"I certainly think so, and those who live to see

it, will find two great English-speaking communities on this continent, with this radical difference between them, that one reviles and seeks to injure the mother-land from which they sprung and the other succors and honors her."

A commotion in front stopped the conversation and two scouts were seen dragging an old man between them towards the Colonel.

"What's this?" he asked sharply.

"We have taken a prisoner!" cried one of the men in an exulting voice.

"The devil take you," interrupted the old man with contentious manner. "Yees had no business wid me."

"We found him hiding behind some brush watching our men. He is a spy," said the scout.

"Behind some brush! An' whose brush was it? Me own, bedad."

"You had no business there."

"No business to be on my own farrum! Bad seran to ye, if I had yees in Wixford I'd get the constable to arrist every man o' yees for trispass."

"Come, hold your tongue," said a scout roughly.

"Hould yer own whisht. Ye havn't mended yer manners since I saw yer backs at Brandywine."

Col. Vanderberg smiled as he said to the scouts, "I am afraid you have been too hasty. We are now in Canada and must not molest its inhabitants. The old man is a non-combatant, and, as he declares, was on his own farm when taken."

"If you had seen him kick and scratch and wriggle when we put hands upon him, you wouldn't say he was a non-combatant, Colonel. He swore at the United States and said he kept one of our flags for his pocket-handkerchief."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the Colonel, "we have not come to fight old men; let him go."

"Ye'd betther," remarked the old man with a grin, "or I'll make ye sorry."

"Now, what could you do?" asked the Colonel with an amused smile.

The old man sidled up beside the bridle of the Colonel's horse, and in a tone of mock solemnity, while his eyes sparkled with fun, whispered, "I'd put the curse of Cramwell an ye."

"Say, friend," said Morton, "there is something about you that tells me you are an old soldier. Were you ever in the army?"

"Yis, but not in yer riffraff that ye's call an army."

"You are mistaken in me," replied Morton, and drawing aside his cloak showed the scarlet coat of the British service.

"An' how did ye fall in wid dem rebels? A prisoner are ye, God save us! You'll be Leftenant Morton that was to be hanged, as I heard tell. Well, well, since ye wern't born to be hanged, it is drowned ye may be. Av coorse I was in the army an' got me discharge an' a grant of land from King George, an' may the divil catch a hould o' dem that don't wish him well."

"Are all your neighbors of the same mind?" asked the Colonel.

"They are that same. Come wid me to my shanty an' while I sind for 'im, you will have an illigant dinner of praties an' milk. There is not wan on the frontier that does not say with Capt. Barron, God bless the King an' canfound his inimies."

"Thank you," answered the Colonel, "but I have other fish to fry today. Tell me this, old man, What difference would it make to you and your neighbors that you should eat your potatoes and milk under the Stars and Stripes instead of the Union Jack?"

"Sure, that's aisy answered. The differ between atin' in an ininy's house an' aitin' in yer awn."

"Come, Morton, we lose time. Good - bye, old man," and putting spurs to his horse the Colonel galloped to regain his place in the column, followed by Morton.

By noon the scouts had reached the Chateaugay, which they forded without hesitation and advancing on a shanty that stood on the bank, surprised its inmates, a party of Canadian volunteers on outpost duty, while taking an afternoon nap. This capture was of advantage to the Americans, for it delayed by several hours intelligence of their invasion being received at the British headquarters. Shortly afterwards Col. Vanderberg arrived, who, without halting for refreshment, accompanied Gen. Izard down the river some distance, examining the

country. On returning, men were set to work to prepare a camp for the main army, which he knew was on the march. A thorough soldier, well trained in bush fighting, the Colonel made his arrangements with an acumen and decision that increased Morton's regard for him. Before sunset a line of scouts was established across the valley, a strongly fortified post established, tents pitched, and a messenger sent with a despatch to Hampton informing him all was ready. Not until then, did the Colonel divest himself of his long-boots and draw up beside the log-fire of the shanty of one Spears to discuss the fare his servant had provided.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the morning after the events narrated in preceding chapter, General Hampton left his quarters at Four Corners for the new camp. Escorted by 20 cavalrymen, he and his staff rode rapidly over the newly-cut road, and by noon reached the Chateaugay. Halting on the bluff that overlooks the junction of the Outard with that river, and whence he had full view of the camp in busy preparation on the other side of the river, he awaited the arrival of his tents. A stout man and well-advanced in years, the exertion of the journey had fatigued him, and he sat, or rather reclined, on a log in front of a blazing fire, for the day was chilly, and grouped around him were the officers of his staff. At the foot of the bank and in the near distance, were the troopers tending their horses and the officers' servants preparing dinner.

From his elevated position, the General had a full view of the opposite bank and he watched with complacency the arrival at the new camp, with flutter of flag and tuck of drum, of frequent detachments.

“Everything bodes favorably for our enterprise,”

he remarked, "the despatches that awaited me tell of unprecedented success. At every point attempted our battalions have entered the enemy's territory unopposed and advanced unmolested. The Rubicon has been crossed and terror-stricken the foe flies before us. This afternoon a special messenger shall bear to Albany, New York and Washington the tidings of our triumphant progress—of our undisputed taking possession of this country to which the British authorities make a pretended claim."

"Your despatch will cause great rejoicing," said an officer.

"Yes, it will be hailed with loud acclaim, and my enemies who clamored against me, will now perceive that what they stigmatized as inaction was the profoundest strategy. Sixteen miles have we marched into the enemy's territory and not a hostile bayonet has been seen. Ha, who is this? Draw your swords."

All eyes turned in the direction of the General's, and a tall Indian was seen standing immovably beside a giant pine. It was Hemlock. As he remained motionless with folded arms, and was apparently unarmed, the officers got over their alarm, and those who had laid their hands upon their swords, dropped them.

"Sirrah, what do you here? How passed you our guards?" shouted the General.

"I have come to speak with you. You are ten

to one; your escort is within hail of you, will you listen to me?"

"Go on," said Hampton.

"You have a British officer held as prisoner. You wrote to Major Stovin that you would set him free if the Indian who killed Slocum were given in exchange. Do you stand by that offer?"

"Morton goes free when the Indian is sent in."

"Give me an order for his release; the Indian goes to your camp at once."

"That will not do, Mr Redskin. The exchange must be effected through the British commander. Let him send an accredited officer with a flag of truce and we will treat with him."

"Before that can be done, Morton may be dead. If you get the Indian what care you for else? The Indian who killed Slocum passes into your hands the moment Morton is given liberty."

"This is altogether irregular," remarked an officer, "General Hampton cannot deal with an irresponsible redskin, who, for all he knows, has come here on some scheme of deviltry. See here, was it you that murdered Slocum?"

"I never murdered any man," answered Hemlock proudly, "but I have killed many in war. Had you the Indian who slew him, what would you do to him?"

"Well, I guess, if the General let us have our way, we would hand him to the men of Slocum's old regiment and they'd make him wish he had never been born."

"The Indian might have had good cause for dealing with Slocum as he did?"

"No, you red devil, he could have no cause. He carved him up out of pure deviltry."

"You are tired, General," said Hemlock, with a courteous wave of the hand, "and while you rest, will you listen to me, for I have heard that Indian's story? In the Mohawk valley lived an English family when you Americans rose against King George. A neighbor, who had come from Massachusetts, envied their farm, and, on the Englishman refusing to forswear his allegiance, had it confiscated and took possession. The Englishman had to fly and went through the woods, many days' journey to Canada, guided by a band of loyal Oneidas. When they reached Canada, a young warrior of that band stayed with them and helped them to find food in the wilderness until crops grew. That Indian gave up his tribe, and lived with them and a daughter came to love him, and they were married and were happy many years, until the mist rose from the lake and she sickened and died. The Indian so loved her that he would have killed himself to follow her to the spirit land, had she not left a daughter, who was his joy and life. When she grew up, the Indian said, She shall be the equal of the best, and he took her to Albany to be taught all ladies learn. A young man saw her, met her, learned of the Indian blood in her veins, and doomed her as his

spoil. He was aided by a companion in deceiving her by a false marriage, she lived with him for a while, was cast off, and her deceiver married the governor's daughter. The Indian had gone on a far journey; he went to seek for furs in the West to get money for his daughter. In two years he came to Montreal with many canoe-loads, he sold them, he went to Albany, and found his child dying of a broken heart. He took her away with him, he nursed her by the Ottawa—he buried her there. He went back to Albany, and was told the law could not punish Slocum or his friend, who had gone away. Then he sought Slocum and twenty times he could have killed him, but he would not. In his heart he said, Slocum must die not by the knife or bullet, but by torture, and the chance came not until a moon ago, when he met Slocum face to face in the Chateaugay woods about to stab Morton. The Indian took Slocum, and for hours he made him feel part of the pain he had caused him and his child—only a part, for you who are fathers can guess what that Indian and his daughter suffered. Was that Indian to blame? Did he do more to him than he deserved? Will you give the father over to Slocum's soldiers to be abused and killed?"

"A good yarn," remarked an officer, "and a true one, for I lived at Albany then and saw the girl; pretty as a picture and simple as a baby. If Major Slocum had not got his hand in first, some other

fellow would and she would have been made a fool of anyway."

"We will have nigger fathers running after us next," sneered another officer.

"Did you know Slocum?" asked Hemlock of the first who had spoken, with a quaver in his voice he could not control.

"Guess I did. Slocum and Spooner were chums in those days, and by ——, I believe you are the father of the young squaw you make such a bother about. Won't we hold him, General?" So saying he rose, as if waiting his assent to seize Hemlock. Before he could take a second step, Hemlock, with a quick motion, snatched his tomahawk, which he had concealed in his bosom, threw it, and leapt into the bush, where he was lost to sight in a moment. The officer, without uttering a word, fell on his back; the head of the tomahawk buried in his forehead. Stunned by the event, the officers lost a few minutes in giving the alarm. When search was made, it was in vain; Hemlock had not left a trace behind him.

* * * * *

The evening set in dismal and rainy, with a raw east wind that made the soldiers seek every available shelter. In the Forsyth household there was the alarm natural to the knowledge that the invaders were within a short distance, but the daily routine of duty was not interrupted and everything had gone on as usual. All had retired to rest ex-

cept Maggie, who sat before the fire, building castles in the flickering flames and dying embers. While so engaged, the door, never fastened, opened softly, and Hemlock stepped in. Regardless of his sodden garments, he crouched beside the girl, without uttering a word. "Do you bring news of the coming of the enemy?" she whispered.

"No: they are shivering in their tents."

"It is a cruel night to be out of doors."

The Indian nodded assent, and relapsed into silence. "Maggie," he said suddenly, "I may have to leave Morton to your care."

"Dear me, Hemlock, what can I do?"

"I have done everything," he went on to say, "that I could. I gave him a chance to escape from his prison and today I offered Hampton to surrender the Indian they want in exchange for him and he refused. He will treat with the British General alone."

"That is surely easy, Hemlock. When the Yankees say they will give up Mr Morton for the Indian they blame for murdering their officer, our General will be glad to give up the Indian, provided he can be got."

"No: our General refuses, saying it would be an unheard of thing for the British to give up an ally for an act of warfare, and he will not listen to the Yankee demand."

"May be he says that because he cannot get the Indian," suggested Maggie.

"I am the Indian," said Hemlock curtly, "and I asked him to bind me and send me to the American camp with a flag of truce, and all he said was, 'He would sooner hear of Morton being hung than be guilty of such treachery to a faithful ally.'"

"My, Hemlock! What made you be so cruel? That you have a feeling heart I know, for I have seen you cry over your daughter's——"

With a quick gesture Hemlock stopped her.

"Speak no more of that. It was because of my love for my child that I tortured the wretch to death." Here he paused, his features working with emotions that cast them into frightful contortions. "Oh, Maggie, I thought if I could have my revenge I'd be happy. I had my heart's wish on the spoiler of my child and today I brained the villain that helped him, and I am more miserable than ever. My vengeance has done me no good. My child, my daughter, oh come to me!"

The heart of Maggie melted with sympathy. She rose and resting one hand on his shoulder sought his with the other. "Take it not," he said in a whisper, "it is the hand of blood."

"Hemlock, I dinna judge you as I would ane o' oor ain folk, for the nature born with you is no like oors, let alane your upbringing, but I ken you to be an honest, and wronged man, with a kindly heart, and I would share your sorrow that I may lichten it."

The Indian was evidently touched. Grasping her

hand he bent over it and pressed it to his lips. After a long pause, Maggie added: "If you would give up your heathen ways and turn to the Lord, your path would become clear."

"I once followed the Lord," said Hemlock, "I learned of Him from my wife, and I taught my daughter to love Jesus, but when the cloud came and its darkness blinded me, I put away the white man's God and went back to the ways of my fathers."

"Leave them again?" entreated Maggie.

"Too late: I die as I am."

"But you are no going to die, Hemlock. You've many years to live."

"I die before the new moon comes; my oki told me so in a dream last night, and that is why I have come to talk with you about Morton. You love him?"

Too honest to utter the "no" that came to her faltering tongue, Maggie's head drooped and her face flushed.

"I know you do," Hemlock went on, "and I know he loves you, tho' his heart has not told his head yet. I know not where he is; if I did, we would attack his guard and rescue him this night. They took him away from Fort Hickory and I have not got his track yet. When they find where he is I want you to give orders to my men when I am gone."

"This is beyond me, Hemlock."

"Listen: I have told my Indians they must save him and to obey you."

"Tell my brothers or my father."

"The Indians would not obey them: they believe what I told them, that I have given you my medicine. If Morton is not saved this week, he dies."

"If our men beat the Yankees will they not rescue him?"

"Yankees would shoot him before they would let him escape, and they will hang him if they retreat. They have let him live hoping to get me; when they know they cannot, they will kill him."

Maggie shuddered. "And what am I to do?"

Hemlock answered: "The Indian has a good hand but a poor head. When they come and tell you they have found where Morton is kept, you will order them when and how to make the attack and into the messenger's hand you will press this medicine, and tell him it will make success sure." Here he took a pouch from his breast and selected a small package—something sewed up in a bit of bird's skin.

"I hope you will live to save your friend yourself," said Maggie.

Hemlock gloomily shook his head, and rising walked towards the door, which he opened and stepped out into the cheerless night. Maggie followed and looked out. She could see nothing: he was gone. That night she rested all the more comfortably, from knowing that within hail was a faithful band of Indians.

CHAPTER XII.

Two days later Henlock was one of a group standing on the north bank of the river, where it broke into a short rapid, named from the settler whose shanty overlooked it, Morrison's rapid. The group included representatives of the different corps that had been gathered together, with several settlers. They were watching, in the fading twilight, a thin line of moving red, emerging from the bush. It was a battalion of the Canadian Fencibles that had come from Kingston to reinforce deWatteville. The newcomers were soon among them, brawny Highlanders from Glengarry, French Canadian lumbermen, and a number of farmers from the English settlements in the east. They were greeted with the earnestness men in peril welcome help, and assistance was given in preparing such food as was available, while many sought rest after their exhausting journey in the outbuildings of Morrison and in the sheds that had been prepared for them. Their commander, Col. Macdonell, a thin, wiry man, with a fair complexion that gave him the name of Macdonell the Red, having seen his men disposed of, moved to the house. At the door Morrison,

himself a Highlander, bade his guest welcome in the purest of Argyllshire Gaelic, and produced his bottle. After the glass had passed round, Macdonell said, "We have come far to have a tilt with the Yankees: will we be sure to meet them?"

"That you will," answered Morrison, "they are within four miles of you and will pay us a visit, maybe, the morn."

"Ha! That news does me more good than your dram. When there is fighting to be done, a Highlandman's blood runs faster. Get us some supper ready, and while we wait I'll find out what has been done. Is there none of the General's staff here?"

"Not an officer: they are all busy at the making of barricades; but here is an Indian with a longer head than any of them, and who can speak good English, which, however, is not to be compared with our mother-language."

Resuming the use of the despised tongue—for he scorned to give English the name of language—Morrison introduced Hemlock, and drawing him to a corner of the hearth, Macdonell plied him with questions. The Indian, using the ramrod of his musket, drew a plan of the country in the ashes at their feet, explaining how the Americans were encamped a few miles farther up the river and that to get to Montreal they must go down the road that followed its north bank. To prevent him, General deWatteville had caused the numerous

gullies of creeks where they emptied into the Chateaugay, to be protected by breastworks of fallen trees, behind which the British would contest their advance. Six of these gullies had been so prepared. In rear of them, was the main line of defence, placed where the ground was favorable, and strengthened by breastworks and two small cannon.

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Macdonell, "all very well if the Americans keep to the road: but what are we to do should they try to flank us?"

The Indian's face darkened as he whispered, "de Watteville is a good man but he is an Old World soldier who knows nothing about bush-fighting. He would not believe me, when I told them there were bush-whackers in the Yankee army who could march to his rear through the woods."

"That they could!" agreed the Colonel, "and where would he be then? And what good would his six lines of barricades be? My own lads today came over ground where regulars would have been bogged. Then the river can be forded opposite this house. Could the Yankees get to this ford?"

Hemlock said they could, when Macdonell answered he would see to it that preparations were made to checkmate such a move. Finding Hemlock acute and thoroughly acquainted with the field of operations, the Highlander's heart warmed to him as one of like soldierly instincts as his own. Uncontaminated by the prejudice of race common

to old residents, he had no feeling against the red-men, and when supper was ready he insisted on Hemlock's sitting beside him, and in treating him as his equal. As the evening wore on, officers from the neighboring encampments dropped in to exchange greetings with the new-comers, and an orderly brought instructions from the General. When Hemlock left to join his band in their vigils along the enemy's lines, he felt he had not passed so happy an evening for a dozen of years.

The night passed quietly and in the morning the enemy showed no disposition to move, so that the preparations for their reception went on, and the troops worked all day, the woods re-echoing the sound of their axes as they felled trees to roll into heaps to form rude breastworks. In the afternoon General de Watteville rode up and carefully inspected all that had been done, and returned to his quarters satisfied, and altogether unwitting that the attack was to be made from another direction in a few hours.

The day had been cloudy, cheerless, and cold, and as it faded, rain began to fall. The men sought such cover and warmth as they could find and the officers assembled to spend the night in carousing. So raw, dark, and uninviting was it that not one in the British camp supposed the enemy would be astir. But they were. At sunset, 1500 men left the American camp, marched down to the river, forded the rapids, and began their

march down the south bank with the intent of capturing the ford at Morrison's at daylight.

Next morning, the eventful 26th October, 1813, the Forsyths, unsuspecting of what was passing under the woods around them, were at breakfast, when the door was dashed in and Hemlock appeared, dripping wet. "I want a messenger to go to Macdonell to tell him the Americans are on their way to him," he shouted.

"Confound them," exclaimed Forsyth, "I'll gang at ance."

"An' leave us twa women bodies oor lane?" complained his wife, "No, no, you maun bide, an' proteck us."

Hemlock was disconcerted. "Maggie," he appealed, "won't you go? Take the canoe and you will be at the ford in a few minutes."

"Yes," she responded, with quiet decision, "and what am I to say?"

"Tell the Colonel that the Americans in strength are marching through the woods on this side of the river, intending to surprise him and capture his position. Their advance will be on him in half an hour. Say to him, to send over men to meet them and I will join with my band. I go to watch them." Without another word, he left and rushed back into the forest.

Maggie stepped lightly to where the canoe was moored, loosened the rope, and paddled down the river with all the strength she had. When it

struck the bank at Morrison's she was glad to see so many astir and hastened to the door. "You, Maggie, at this early hour," cried Mrs Morrison, "naething wrang I hope?"

"I must see the Colonel," she said, catching for breath.

"There he is," said Mrs Morrison, pointing to an officer engaged in reading a letter by the fire.

Maggie repeated Hemlock's message. Macdonell listened with sparkling eyes, and when she had done said, "Thank you, my bonnie lass, you have done the King a service, and when the Yankees come they will find us ready to gie their lang nebs a smell o' oor claymores."

Hastening out, he gave his orders in quick succession, and with surprising alacrity for a volunteer force, the men fell in. Two companies were soon complete. "Now, Captain Bruyère, if your men do as well as you will yourself all will be well; and for you, Captain Daly, I know by long experience what a loyal Irishman is. Hold your ground until I get up to you with the other companies."

The men quietly descended the bank and plunged into the river, which took them nearly to the middle, for owing to the recent rains it was deep. Gaining the opposite bank, they were swallowed up in the woods. Gazing over the tree-tops, which looked peaceful in the calm of a dull, moist, autumnal day, Maggie wondered what was going on beneath their cover—wished she could see the advancing Ameri-

cans and the men who had just gone to meet them. There was an interval of suspense. Then, suddenly, there was a sharp volley and the quiet air became filled with shouts, and yells, and cries of frightened men. All at once there burst from the bush on to the river bank, a good way up, a string of habitants, flying in terror, their blue tuques streaming behind them, and few of them having muskets, for they had thrown them away to aid their flight. "The cowardly loons," muttered Macdonell, "it would serve them right to give them a taste of shot." On reaching the ford, they tumultuously dashed in. As the foremost came up the bank the Colonel demanded an explanation. They had been surprised by the unexpected appearance of a great host of Americans and ran to save themselves. Attention, however, was now attracted from the fugitives by the recommencement of the firing, which was sharp and continuous, relieved by the yells and whoops of the Indians.

"Hasten!" shouted Macdonell to the troops who were lining up, "do you not hear the firing? Our comrades need us."

The head of the column had reached the water's edge, when there was a burst of cheering. "That's our lads," said the Colonel, "they must have won the day. Halt! We will not seek to share the credit of their victory." In a few minutes a body of the Fencibles reappeared, with several prisoners and bearing a few wounded men. Their report

was that they had encountered the advance guard of the American brigade, which, although elated at the rout of the outpost of habitants, fled at the first fire. The Colonel ordered the men to retire and wait behind the breastworks that commanded the ford. "It is not likely," he remarked to his adjutant, "that the Americans will now attack us, seeing their design to surprise us has miscarried." Half an hour later, Hemlock arrived with his braves, at whose girdles hung several fresh scalps. He told Macdonell that the Americans had given up their intention of gaining the ford and had gone into camp nearly two miles above, in a grove beside the river. Seeing how slight was the prospect of more fighting on that side of the river, he was going to join the main-body. On hearing this reassuring news, Maggie slipped away to her canoe and paddled homewards.

On coming in sight of the shanty she was amazed and alarmed by the change that had taken place in her short absence. American soldiers were clustered around it, and a few horses picketed. Fearing the worst, she drew near. Seated by the fire were several officers warming themselves and drying their clothes, and with whom her mother was in altercation.

"Come to free us, say ye? What wad ye free us frae?"

"From the tyranny of European monarchy," answered an officer with a smile.

"It maun be a licht yoke that we never felt. Mak us free, dootless, like that blackamoor servant that's cooking yer breakfast."

"Waal, no," said another officer, "yer a furriner, ye know, but yer white."

"A foreigner!" exclaimed Mrs Forsyth, "hae I lived to be ca'ed in my ain house, a foreigner! I belang to nae sic trash. Manners maun be scarce whaur you come frae, my man."

"That's all right, old woman; the old man will understand how it is. We have come to make you independent."

"Auld man! Auld woman! God forgie you for haein' nae respeck for grey hairs. My guid man, sir, taks nae stock in ye or your fine words. Nicht and mornin' does he pray for King George an' that his throne may be preserved. You're a set o' land-louppers, wha hae nae business here an' its my howp afore nicht you may be fleein' back to whaur ye cam frae."

"Canada folk are not all like you."

"Ay, that they are. There's no an' Auld Country family from here to the Basin that winna gie you the back o' their hand, an' no ane that wadna suner lose a' than come unner yer rule."

Afraid that further controversy might result unpleasantly, Maggie left her attitude of listening outside the door and entered. One or two of the younger officers rose and bowed; the others stared.

"Oh, Maggie, I wish you had stayed where you were," said her mother, "you have come into the lion's den, for your father is no maister here."

"I am sure, mother, these gentlemen will not harm us."

"Not at all," interrupted one of the strangers, "and in a few hours we will leave you alone again."

"The sicht o' your backs will be maist welcome," remarked Mrs Forsyth.

"Where is father?"

"Helpin' thae Yankees to get a haud o' his ain property. They took him oot to get fodder for their horses."

There was a bustle outside and presently two soldiers carried in a young lad, in lieutenant's uniform, whose white face told that he had been wounded. They were about to lay him down in front of the fire, when Mrs Forsyth darted forward: "No, na; dinna pit the puir chiel on the floor; tak him to my ain bed," and she helped to place him there. Two surgeons took off his coat and shirt, when the wound appeared; a bullet had gone through the fleshy part beneath the arm-pit, causing some loss of blood without doing serious injury. When the surgeons said he would recover, Mrs Forsyth's face beamed and she bustled about to get the requisites needed to clean and dress the wound, while, under her orders, Maggie made gruel to revive his strength. While thus engaged, officers came and went, and the house was never without

several of them. There came a tall, square-built man, whose shoulder-straps indicated high rank, and his quiet, resolute face one accustomed to command. He advanced to the bed where the wounded lad lay, asked a few questions, and spoke encouragingly to the sufferer.

"It is too bad that Dingley, of all our corps, should have had this luck," remarked an officer.

"Yes, and to no purpose. I fear the miscarriage of our plan to surprise the ford will lead to the abandonment of the purpose to capture Montreal."

"There is not a man in the army that does not wish we were in winter-quarters. To fight in such a country at this season is more than flesh and blood can stand."

"Yet to go back will disgrace us," said the superior officer, who withdrew.

"Who is that?" asked Maggie of one of the surgeons.

"That is Col. Purdy, and if he had been in command we would not have spent all summer doing nothing and come here in the end of October."

"Yet he failed in capturing the ford," remarked Maggie, with a sparkle in her eye.

"He could not help the weather and the dark night that kept us standing in the woods until daybreak. After all, we would have surprised the guard and taken the ford had it not been for somebody, perhaps a traitor among ourselves, who carried word of our coming."

"Maybe," said Maggie demurely, "but you did not get the ford and what can you do now?"

"Nothing, I am afraid. The failure of our brigade to carry the key of the enemy's position may cause the General to give up the enterprise."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON leaving Morrison's, Hemlock hurried to the front, followed by his braves. As he reached each successive line of defence he paused briefly to scan it, but when he came to that which had been entrusted to the Indians, and which was within sight of the front, he halted to fraternize with his brethren and share their fare, for it was now noon. The urgent requests of the chiefs, that he should stay with them and aid in the threatened conflict, he declined, saying he wanted to be with the first line, and his dusky comrades afterwards recalled that he parted with more than usual ceremony and that when he and his small band gained the eminence on the other side of the ravine, he looked back and waved his hand in farewell. A tramp of a few minutes brought him to the advance line, where he found men still busy felling and rolling trees to strengthen the abattis. Inquiring for the officer in command he came upon him, a short, broad-shouldered man, engaged in swearing at one of his men for neglect of duty. On seeing the Indians he turned, and with hearty gesture grasped Hemlock's extended hand. "Ha, bon camarado, have you come to help?"

"Will there be a fight?" asked Hemlock.

"Yes, yes; stand on this stump and you can see for yourself."

With cautious movement Hemlock scanned the scene. In front of the abattis there was a narrow clearing that skirted the river bank as far as the view extended. On the road and adjoining fields were masses of American troops, with the smoke rising from the fires at which they were cooking dinner. "You see, Hemlock," said Colonel deSalaberry, "they may make an attack any minute. Those mounted officers looking at us from the road are the General and his staff."

Hemlock gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Where will we stand?" he asked.

"Get into the woods and cover our flank," deSalaberry replied. Without another word, Hemlock motioned to his men and led the way to where the line of defence ended in the bush. Here he spread out his men and awaited the onset. Half an hour passed when the roll of drums was heard, and Hemlock saw a brigade falling into rank on the road. When all were in place, the column moved slowly, for the road was a canal of mud intersected by pools of water. As they approached with in range the order to deploy was shouted, and the men streamed on to the clearing until a line the length of the field was formed. Then they faced round, and Hemlock heard the command to advance, when the Americans came on, a solid wall

of humanity, moving with slow and steady step. Instantly, the bushy abattis, behind which the British lay, silent as the grave until now, became alive with the puffs of musket-shots and the shouts of those who fired them. On the Americans came with even step until well within blank range, when they were halted and the order given to fire by platoons. The regular roll of musketry that ensued spoke well for their nerve and discipline. The shower of bullets they sent streaming into the bush in front of them had no effect in checking the opposing fire, which was irregular but lively. It soon became apparent that firing by platoons was a waste of ammunition, a mere flinging of bullets into the tree-tops, and there was a movement in the companies in the column next the woods, which were swung forward, in order that they might gain a position which would enable them to pour a cross-fire into the British position. The men moved steadily, all the while pouring in volleys, that caused the defenders of the upper end of the British line to leave and go lower down. It was a critical moment. The British line was in danger of being flanked, and Hemlock saw its peril. He with his band were concealed in the woods that edged the clearing, and so far had not fired a shot, for Hemlock, who knew the futility of irregular troops engaging in a musketry duel with a disciplined force, had determined not to show where they were until the Americans came to close quar-

ters. Now he saw his opportunity. Signing to his men to follow, he stealthily crept until he was close behind the American companies that were edging to flank the British line. When near upon the unsuspecting Americans, he sprang to his feet, gave the war-whoop, and fired his musket, his followers doing likewise. The Americans looked round in terrified astonishment, and saw the Indians leaping towards them with ear-piercing yells and brandishing their tomahawks. They wavered, broke rank, and fled towards their supports, who were a short distance behind. Hemlock bounded among the fleeing men and two had fallen under his hand, when a volley of bullets from the supporting column came shrieking through the air. All save one passed harmlessly over the heads of the red-men—that one struck Hemlock in the breast, and he sank upon his right knee. Alarmed at his fall, his men desisted from following the fleeing enemy, and seizing hold of him hurried into the shelter of the woods. They laid him down and were about to loosen his jacket, for he was in a faint, when there rose a burst of cheering from the British line, on seeing the success of the Indians' diversion. The sound caught the ear of the dying chief. His eyes opened as from slumber, rolled wildly for a moment, and his breast heaved convulsively. He staggered to his feet, and lifting aloft his tomahawk, dripping with the blood of its last victim, he raised the war-whoop, suddenly stopped short,

rolled unsteadily, and then fell as a pine-tree falls. An Indian knelt down beside him and raised his head while he pressed his hand on his forehead. There was no responsive throb. Hemlock was dead.

* * * * *

“I would swear that was Hemlock’s whoop,” said Morton to himself. He stood amid a group of cavalrymen who were watching intently what was going on from a field within easy view. He had followed the engagement with intelligent interest; had noted how the American infantry had advanced, deployed, formed line, and opened fire on the British position. What followed provoked him. When he saw how ineffectual the British fire was upon the American ranks, though standing in the open and within easy range, he ground his teeth in vexation. “Those militiamen could not hit a barn; a hundred regulars would have decimated the American column with half the ammunition that has been spent,” he muttered to himself. When the upper end of the American line swung forward, his thoughts changed. “Ah, they are going to fix bayonets and carry our position by assault. God help our lads.” He was mistaken; the movement was to gain a point whence to rake the British position with an enfilading fire. As he saw the Americans move forward unopposed and the British fire slacken from the bush opposite, his heart sank. “The day is lost: in five minutes the Americans will have possession of the far end of

that bushy entrenchment, and it will be untenable." Suddenly the war-whoop of the Indians was heard, then came their wild assault, and the flight of the Americans. "Well done, Hemlock!" exulted Morton, "no other lungs than yours could have raised that shriek and your timely move has certainly checked the attempt to flank the British position. What next?" Having ascertained so unpleasantly that the wood to their left was held by Indians, the Americans did not try again to turn the British position, and the companies that had broken in disorder were reformed and placed in rear, while the battalions in line continued to pour volleys into the bush heaps in front of them. Hampton and his staff were on horseback, watching the progress of the contest from a bit of rising ground by the river. At this juncture Morton observed him signal with his hand to some one on the other side of the river, and from that quarter, soon after, came the rattle of musketry. It did not last long and when it died away, an orderly was detached from the General's staff and came galloping to deliver a message to Izard, who instantly gave the order to cease firing. The column fell back a few paces and the men stood in rank, awaiting orders. To Morton's surprise, firing from the British line also ceased, and the two combatants simply looked at one another. "Can it be," asked Morton, "that our General does not want to provoke an engagement and would be content to see the Americans leave?" The brief

October day was drawing to an end, and still the American brigade stood immovable and there was not a sign of life along the British line. When the grey clouds began to be tinged by the setting sun, and it was apparent nothing more could be done that day, Izard received the order to fall back. As if on parade, the evolutions requisite were gone through and the column began its march to the camp, three miles in rear.

"Hillo, Morton, you seem stupefied. Lost in amaze at the gallantry of your comrades-in-arms permitting a brigade to file off under their nose without an attempt to molest them. Eh?" The voice was that of Colonel Vanderberg.

"I confess you interpret my thoughts," answered Morton. "I am glad to see you back."

"I have had a fatiguing day's duty and am not yet done. I have just left the General, who instructed me to go over and see Purdy and arrange for the withdrawal of his force. Will you come with me?"

"That I will; I am tired of standing here."

As they approached the river, Morton noted that the bank was strongly picketed by infantry and that a body of cavalry were bivouaced in a field beside the road. Stepping upon a raft that had been extemporized to form a ferry with the other side, the Colonel and Morton were landed in the midst of Purdy's men, who were making themselves as comfortable as possible before their camp-

fires. They looked tired and dejected. The Colonel was told Purdy had gone to remain until morning with his outposts, as a night attack upon them was looked for. Accompanied by a soldier to show them the way they went on, now floundering thru' marshy spots and again jumping little creeks, alternating with bits of dry bank and scrubby brush, until they emerged into a clearing. Morton caught his breath with astonishment. In front was the shanty of the Forsyths! He had had no idea it was so near. The door was open and he could see it was full of officers. Around the house were resting a strong body of troops. Col. Vanderberg pushed in and was soon in earnest conversation with Purdy, who sat smoking by the fire. Morton remained at the door and scanned the interior, which was filled by a cloud of tobacco-smoke and reeked with the odor of cooking and of steaming wet clothes. In the corner, where the bed stood, he saw Maggie leaning over a recumbent youth, whose white face and bandaged shoulder told of a wound. Morton's heart jumped at sight of her and his lips twitched. The next moment, as he saw how gently she soothed the sufferer, a pang of jealousy succeeded, and he clenched his teeth. Pulling his cloak more tightly around him he entered and drew up behind Colonel Vanderberg, who was saying, "Then I am to tell the General from you, that you will not join him tonight."

"Yes, tell him I cannot; that the river is too deep

to ford and too wide to bridge and that it is out of the question to cross 1500 men on rafts. At daylight we will march back the way we came and join him at Spears."

"It will be an unwelcome message, for he counted on your rejoining him tonight."

"I care not," bluffly retorted Purdy, "I am a soldier and know a soldier's duty and have to think of those under me. I'll risk no lives to humor his whims."

"He fears a night assault upon your brigade."

"So do I," replied Purdy, blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke, "and would fear it more if assailed while on the march through these woods or in the endeavor to cross the river. The General should have ordered us to retire while there was daylight."

"Ah, well, I have delivered my message and must go back with my answer. Come, Morton."

At the sound of the familiar name Maggie looked round, and when her eyes fell on Morton, she blushed deeply. To hide her confusion from the roomful of men, she turned her back and bowed her head close to the pillow whereon lay the head of the patient. More nettled than ever, Morton started to move quickly away, when there appeared at the doorway the frail form of Mrs Forsyth. "God be gude to us, if this is no Morton. Oh but I'm gled to see you and sae will the gudeman. I went out to look for him, an' hav'na found him, but he'll sune be here an', onyway, you're going to bide wi' us."

"I am sorry that I cannot."

"But ye maun. Ye dinna ken hoo yer takin' awa' concerned us and pit us about."

"You forget I am a prisoner."

"Prisoner! You are nae prisoner. You're noo in oor hoose an' you'll just bide here an' let thae Yankees gae awa'."

"I am afraid they would insist on taking me with them."

"Hoots, man, I'll haud ye. Maggie, do you ken Morton's come?"

"Yes, mother; I saw him."

"Weel, come ower and mak him stay an' no gang back to be bullyragged by a when Yankees."

Maggie made no reply, but turned to avoid the gaze of the Americans attracted by the scene at the door and her mother's words. Morton also felt mortified at the situation. "Thank you, Mrs Forsyth, but I must go, and tell your husband and sons I have never forgot them and never will." Eluding her grasp he followed Colonel Vanderberg, who stood outside the door with laughing countenance. He had not gone far when a swift step was heard behind and his name was uttered. Turning he saw Maggie, who held out her right hand. "Take this," she said, "I may not see you—again." There was a sob as she uttered the last word. He grasped what she held to him and before he could say a word she had turned and fled back to the house. Morton held the object up to the light

of the nearest camp-fire. It was his signet-ring.

More perplexed than ever, angry with Maggie and angry with himself, he braced himself and followed the Colonel in silence until the camp was reached. Supper awaited them, and that disposed of, the Colonel, wearied with his day's exertion, flung himself on the ground and fell asleep. Morton tried in vain to do likewise.

At daybreak the army was astir and the expectation of the men was an order to renew the assault upon the British position. No such order came, and it was wearing well into the forenoon when the commanding-officers were summoned to attend at the General's tent to hold a council-of-war. Among others Colonel Vanderberg went. Morton watched eagerly his return, and when he came his questioning eyes told what his tongue, from courtesy, would not ask. "Well, Morton, you would like to know what has been decided upon, and as it is no secret, I will tell you. The campaign has been abandoned and the army goes back to the States to go into winter-quarters. We marched into Canada to co-operate with Wilkinson. Last night the General received a despatch that he had not yet left Sackett's Harbor, while we supposed he was now steering his triumphant way down the St Lawrence, and might even be at the mouth of the Chateaugay waiting for us. It was argued that, as Wilkinson had not moved, and it was uncertain if he would, nothing was to be gained by

our army going on, for, without the flotilla, we could not cross the St Lawrence to take Montreal."

"And what of the disgrace of retiring before an enemy whom you have burnt powder with for an afternoon?"

"There you have us, Morton. I urged that, before we fell back, the honor of our flag required our routing the enemy in front of us, but the General showed that he has had all along complete information of its position and strength, obtained from spies and deserters—that there are six lines of wooden breastworks, held by Indians and light troops, and that only after storming them would we come in face of the main position, where the regulars are entrenched with cannon and commanded by Sir George Prevost in person. When there was nothing to be gained, it was asked, what was the use of further fighting? The miscarriage of the attempt under Purdy to flank the enemy's position discouraged our officers, who, altho' they do not say it, want to get away from this miserable condition of cold and wet and mud."

"So we go back whence we came?" remarked Morton moodily, as he thought of the stable at Chateaugay.

"My dear fellow, bear up; I will do my best to have you exchanged."

Morton shook his head as he said, "I am not held as a prisoner of war."

The Colonel bit his lip. "I have not told you all.

The carrying of the decision of the council to Wilkinson was entrusted to me."

"And so you leave me!" exclaimed Morton sadly.

"I start after dinner, and cheer up, man; we will have a good one as a farewell feast." Then, with evident hesitation, the Colonel went on, as delicately as possible, to show Morton that he had better withdraw his parole and go again under a guard. Removed from his protection, it would not be safe to move among men soured by an unfortunate campaign. Morton assented and expressed his thanks for advice he knew it pained the Colonel to give. Dinner over, the Colonel's horse was brought, and with a warm grasp of the hand he bade Morton good-bye, leapt into the saddle, and galloped out of sight. Morton saw him not again.

In a despondent mood Morton turned away and sought the guard-tent, when he gave himself up to the officer-of-the-day, who accepted his surrender as a matter of course. The soldiers took little notice of him, being in high spirits at the prospect of going back to the States and busily engaged in the preparations to leave. That afternoon part of the baggage-train left and went floundering along the muddy road to Four Corners. As evening drew nigh, the rain, accompanied by a raw east wind, recommenced, flooding the level clearances upon which the tents were pitched and making everybody miserable. The captain of the guard sought shelter from the blast and the water by causing

the tents he controlled to be pitched on the slope of a hollow scooped out by a creek, and in one of them Morton lay down along with seven soldiers. Sleep soon came to relieve him of his depression in mind and discomfort of body, and the hours sped while he was so unconscious that he did not hear when his companions left to take their turn on duty and those they relieved took their places in the tent. His first deep sleep was over when he felt that some furtive hand was being passed over the canvas to find the opening. When the flap was drawn aside, so dark was it that he could not distinguish who stood there. He supposed it was some belated private seeking cover from the pelting rain and he was about to turn and resume his slumber when a flint was struck and the tent was lit for a moment by its sparks. Somebody lighting a pipe, he said, too drowsy to look. A minute afterwards he felt that the curtain of the tent where his head lay was being cautiously lifted and soon a hand reached in, touched his face, and then catching the collar of his coat began pulling. He made a motion to resist, when a voice whispered, "Hemlock." In a flash he realized he was about to be rescued, and, guided by the hand that grasped him, slowly crept out. No sooner was he upon his feet, than he felt men were gliding past him into the tent. All at once there was a sound of striking, as of knives being driven into the bodies of the sleeping inmates, a slight commotion, a few

groans, and then all was still. Morton's flesh crept, as he guessed at the horrid work in which the Indians were engaged. So intensely dark was it, that he could see nothing. There was a slight shuffling of feet and he was grasped by the arm on either side and hurried forward. He knew they were following the course of the ravine, for he could hear the wash of the creek. Suddenly his conductors came to a halt and there was a pause, until a faint chirrup was heard. Then the bank was climbed and, emerging on a clearance, Morton saw the tents of the American camp some distance to his left, lit up by the smoldering fires that burned dimly between the rows. Looking round, he for the first time saw his companions, who were, as he suspected, a band of Indians. Taking advantage of every available cover the Indians glided, in single file, across the bit of open that intervened between where they stood and the bush. When its shelter was gained, they halted on a dry knoll, and squatted, when they began to giggle and to chatter in their native tongue, plainly exulting over the success of their raid. Morton tried to communicate with them, but found they could not speak English, and the only word they uttered which he recognized was "Hemlock," altho' that great chief was not among them. One of them could speak a little French, which, however, Morton did not understand. When daylight began to creep in upon the darkness, they became alert, and

as soon as it was clear enough to see where they were going they started; Morton had no idea in what direction. All he knew was, that their course led them over a swampy country intersected by stony ridges, and that had it not been that the leaders of the file broke a path he could never have followed. The exertion was exhausting and he would have succumbed at the end of the first hour had it not been that the spirit of freedom elated him, and the knowledge that every mile he overtook increased the distance between him and the hated bondage from which he had escaped spurred him on. On the edge of an apparently limitless swamp they paused before entering upon it to have a smoke. It was apparent that they carried no food. Morton sank upon a pile of leaves that had drifted against a log and stretched his wearied legs. Refreshed by the rest, he faced the swamp with courage, soon finding, however, that, without the help of the Indians, he could have made little headway. With the light step and agility of cats they stepped over quaking surfaces and sprang from log to log until solid land was reached, and with it came the sound of rushing water. Escaping from the brush, a broad river, dashing impetuously over a rocky channel, burst in view. Following its bank in single file, Morton saw it grew wider, until it expanded into a lake, when he knew it was the St Lawrence. On coming opposite the promontory that marked the inlet

of the river from the lake, the Indians eagerly scrutinized it. Gathering some damp leaves they made a smoke. The signal was seen by those opposite, for a long-boat was launched from under the trees and rapidly approached them. Morton's heart leapt with joy when he distinguished that the steersman had a red-coat on, and as the boat drew nearer and he could make out the ruddy countenances of the crew, frank and open in expression, and catch the sound of their hearty English speech, he could not resist the impulse to swing his hat and wake the echoes with a lusty cheer. The Indians grinned and one clapped him on the back in high approval.

The corporal in charge of the boat informed Morton that he belonged to the garrison of Coteau-du-lac and was, for the week, with the party on the point, to guard the south channel. There were so many Indians that the boat had to leave part for a second trip. On landing at the point Morton was warmly welcomed by the officer in charge, and given the best he had, which proved to be fried pork and biscuit. At noon the boat that daily brought supplies from Coteau arrived, and in it Morton with the Indians embarked. As soon as he stepped ashore, he made for the commander's quarters and was shown into the presence of Col. Lethbridge. On announcing who he was, the Colonel welcomed him as one from the dead and impatiently demanded to hear when and how he had escaped.

When he came to tell of the exploit of the preceding night, and that the Indians who had performed in it were waiting in the barrack-yard, the Colonel thumped the table and swore each man of them would take home all the tobacco and pork he could carry. Going out to see them before they left, Morton learned through an interpreter of Hemlock's death and that his rescue was in fulfilment of an order he had left. They were going to Oka to join the party who were on the way from the Chateaugay with his body, to bury it beside that of his daughter, and hold a funeral lodge. Morton was deeply moved. "Faithful soul," he exclaimed, "would to heaven he had lived that I might have shown him my gratitude." Applying to the paymaster he obtained an advance, and in parting with the Indians pressed a big Mexican dollar into the hand of each of them.

Colonel Lethbridge insisted on Morton's being his guest, and after leaving him in his bedroom sent his servant to wait upon him, and who brought a fresh suit of clothes. Morton was the hero of the garrison, and when he appeared at the mess-table, so many complimentary speeches were made, so many songs sung, and so many toasts drank that it was nigh midnight when he got to bed. He rose next morning intent on entering harness again, and over a late breakfast discussed with Col. Lethbridge as to how he could rejoin his regiment, which had been called to the Niagara frontier, and it was

agreed he should go by the next convoy, always provided Wilkinson did not come, which, after what Morton reported of Hampton's army returning to the States, Lethbridge doubted. Each day tidings of Wilkinson's leaving the shelter of Sackett's Harbor had been looked for, and the feeling was that unless he left within a week he would not come at all, for the season was now well-advanced, and already on several mornings had ice formed round boats while lying at Coteau. Col. Scott had been sent to Cornwall to superintend the preparations there, and Lethbridge had taken his place at the less important point. The following week the unexpected happened—late one afternoon a gunboat came down the lake under press of canvas, with word that Wilkinson had started—was descending the river with a flotilla of 300 boats bearing 7000 men. A few days of excitement and wearing suspense succeeded, and then came word of the battle of Crystler's Farm—how a strong brigade of Americans had landed at the head of the Long Sault rapids to clear the north bank of the batteries the British had planted to prevent the flotilla descending and been routed by General Boyd. Treading upon the heels of the news of that decisive victory came the announcement that Wilkinson had abandoned his undertaking and had gone back to the United States by sailing into Salmon river with his beaten army. The campaign was ended for the season, and troops

were ordered into winter-quarters. The day the news reached Coteau of Wilkinson's flight to French Mills, a string of boats came up loaded with military stores for Upper Canada and a few troops. To Morton's astonishment, among them was the detachment he had conducted to the Chateaugay. The camp there having been broken up, they were on their way to join the regiment, and hoped to reach it before navigation closed. Gladly Morton resumed command and six days later reported at Niagara.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER a night of excitement from wild alarms, the Americans left the Forsyth household at daylight, leaving not one behind, for even the wounded officer they carried with them in a litter. Utterly worn out the family sought rest, and it was late in the day when the father arose, and leaving the others, sleeping, went out to see what of his property had been left. The more closely he examined the more fully the unwelcome fact was forced upon him, that he was left destitute, and when he came upon the black head of his cow, which the soldiers had slaughtered for beef, he sat down in a despairing mood. "It's no for mysel' I'm troubled," he exclaimed, "but for my ailin' wife and puir Maggie! To face a Canadian winter wi' a bare loof is awfu." And he gave way to a fit of despondency. "This winna do," he said with a rueful look at the devastation around him, "a stout heart to a stey brae, and wi' God's help, I'll mak the best o't" When Maggie sometime afterwards appeared at the door he was industriously laboring to bring his surroundings into order. "Weel, lass, an' hoo are ye after oor big pairty?"

"No so ill; but, father, what are we to do, there's no a bite in the house? The cellar is rookit as clean as if a pack of wolves had visited it."

The old man approached and taking his daughter by the hand drew her to the seat by the door-step. "Maggie, I ken ye hae a brave spirit and can bear the worst. I am a ruined man. The Yankees have eaten us oot o' house an' hold. The very boards o' the byre hae been torn awa' to licht their fires. Oor coo, the young beasts, the pigs, hae a' been eaten. There's no even a chuckie left."

"O but there is," interrupted Maggie, "see to Jenny Tapknot over there," pointing smilingly thro' tears to a favorite chicken that had eluded the soldiers and was eyeing them from a branch.

"Weel, weel, we hae one leevin' thing left us. O' a' oor crop there is naething to the fore but the unthreshed wheat, an' mickle o't is useless from the sojers using it to lie on."

"Was it right, father, for them to take your property without paying you?"

"Pay me! The thocht o' paying a subject o' the King never entered their heids. Micht is richt wi' them. What we are to do is no just clear to me yet, but we'll trust in Him wha has never failed to supply oor bite an' sup. Only, Maggie, ye maun for yer mither's sake put a cheerfu' face on't an' mak the best o't."

"Hoot, father, what gars ye doot me? We hae aye been provided for an' sae will we yet, says the

auld sang. You take the canoe an' go down to Morrison's an' see what you can get there to keep us going until the morn, an' while you're away I'll red the house an' hae a' ready for supper gin mither wakens."

With brightened face and hopeful step the old man did as asked and did not return empty-handed. Over the frugal meal the situation was discussed and both the husband and daughter were glad to see that the calamity that had overtaken them so far from overwhelming Mrs Forsyth, roused her, and revived the active and hopeful spirit that had been a feature in her character before ailments and age had overtaken her. Long and earnest was the consultation by the fireside that night, and many a plan proposed to tide over the long' months that must intervene before another harvest could be reaped. As bed-time drew near, the father lifted down the book, and after they had sung the 23rd psalm, he read the 17th chapter of First Kings, and poured out his heart in thanksgiving for the unnumbered blessings bestowed upon him and his, and, above all, for the departure of the invader.

Two days afterwards, when it had become assured that Hampton was in leisurely retreat whence he came, those of the militia, at Baker's camp, who wished were given leave to go to their homes, and the Forsyth lads returned. They were much exasperated at the plundered state of their home, and more provoked than before at the policy which

permitted the enemy to journey back over 24 miles of Canadian territory without attempt to harass him. Leaving the scanty pay they had received as soldiers, it was arranged they should go lumbering for the winter, their wages to be sent home as they got them. The winter proved a hard one. The presence of so large a body of troops had consumed much of the produce the settlers needed for themselves, and although they had been paid what they considered at the time good prices they now found it difficult to procure what they wanted from Montreal. The result to the Forsyths was, that their neighbors were unable to give them much help and had it not been that the miller at the Basin gave credit, they would have been sometimes in actual want. Despite the bareness of the cupboard, the winter was a happy one: the very effort to endure and make the best of their hard lot conducing to cheerfulness. When the snow began to melt, the sons returned, and the new clearing at which the father had worked all winter was made ready for seed, so that more land than before was put under a crop. The pinch was worst in July and until the potatoes were fit to eat. After that there was rude plenty and an abundant harvest was reaped.

With returning comfort Mrs Forsyth began to fail. Whether it was the effects of the lack of usual food, or the strain to help the family having been beyond her strength, signified little. With

the coming of the snow she began to lose strength and, as her husband saw with deep sorrow, "to dwine awa." She accepted her lot uncomplainingly, studying how to give least trouble, and spending her days between her bed and the easy chair by the fireside, generally knitting, for she said she hoped to leave them a pair of stockings apiece. The New Year had passed and the days were lengthening when it was plain her rest was near.

It was a beautiful day when she asked that her chair be moved so that she could see out at the window. The brilliant sunlight fell on the snow that shrouded the winding course of the Chateaugay and flecked the trees, while a blue haze hung in the distance that prophesied of coming spring. "A bonnie day," she remarked.

"Ay," replied Maggie, "warm enough to be a sugar day."

"It's ower fine to last and there will be storms and hard frost afore the trees can be tapped," said Mrs Forsyth, "an' I'll no be here to help."

"Dinna say that, mither; the spring weather will bring you round."

"Na, na, my bairn. The robin's lilt will no wauken me, nor will my een again see the swelling bud, but through the mercy o' my God I trust they will be lookin' on the everlasting spring o' the bidin' place o' his people."

"Oh, mither: I canna bear the thocht o' parting wi' you."

“It's natural to feel sae; my ain heart-strings were wrung when my mither deed, an' yet I see noo it was for the best. I have become a cumberer o' the grund, unable to labor even for an hour a day in the vineyard, and sae the Maister o't is goin' to gie me the rest o' which, lang since, I got frae His hand the arles. Ae thing ye maun promise me, Maggie, and that is ye maun never leev your faither.”

“What makes you think sae o' me, mother? I hav'na even a thocht o' leevin' him.”

“I ken ye hav'na a thocht the noo o' sic a thing, but the day will come when you nicht—when your love for anither would incline you to forget your duty. Sweet the drawing o' heart to heart in the spring o' youth, an' the upspringing, when you least expec' it, o' the flow'r o' love. The peety is, sae mony are content with the flow'r an' pu' it an' let the stem wither. Your faither an' I werna o' that mind. The flow'r grew into a bauld stalk in the simmer o' affection, an' noo we reap the harvest. It's no like Scotch folk to open their mous on sic maitters, but I may tell you, my lassie, that sweet an' warm as was oor love when your faither cam a coortin', it's nae mair to be compared to oor love since syne an' to this minute, than the licht o' lightnin' is to the sunshine. I thocht to hae tended him in his last days, to hae closed his een, an' placed the last kiss on his cauld lips, but it's no to be, an' ye maun promise me to perform what your mither wad hae dune had she lived.”

"I promise, mother; I promise never to leave him."

"Weel does he deserve a' you can dae for him; he's puir, he's hamely in looks, he's no sae quick in thoecht or speech as mony; but he is what mony great an' rich an' smairt men are not—an honest man, wha strives in a quiet way to do his duty by his fellowman an' his Maker."

"What makes you speak so, mother? I am sure I never gave you cause to think I'd leave the family."

"Your brothers will gang their ain gate by-and-by an' their wives micht na want to hae the auld man at their ingle; only o' you may I ask that whither you go he shall go an' drink o' your eup an' eat o' your bread. Dinna marry ony man unless sure he will be kind to your faither an' let you do a dochter's duty by him."

"I hav'na met ony man, mother, that will hae me, except auld Milne."

"Dinna mak fun o' me, Maggie; you ken what I mean. The lad Morton will come some day—"

"Wheesht, mother: he's nothing to me."

"I ken different: you loe him deep an' true an' he loes you. Whether he will pit pride o' family an' station aside to ask you to be his wife some wad doot, but I div'na. He'll be baek, an' when he does dinna forget what I have said."

The heavy step of the father was here heard outside; the door opened and he came in. Drawing

a chair beside his wife he sat down, and, without uttering a word, surveyed her wasted and furrowed face with tender gaze. She returned his affectionate look and placed her hand in his. As she looked at them, sitting in the afternoon sunshine with clasped hands, and that radiant expression of mutual love, Maggie's heart, already full, was like to burst. She hastened out and falling beneath a tree wept bitterly.

* * * * *

Next morning when they awoke the sad truth became apparent, that the mother of the family had had a change for the worse in her sleep. Her mind wandered and her strength had completely left. The only one she recognized was her husband, and when he spoke she smiled. The spells of unconsciousness grew longer as the day wore on and towards evening it could be seen her last was near. As often happens in the Canadian winter, a pet day had been followed by a storm. A piercing blast from the west filled the air with drift and sent the frozen snow rattling on the window-panes. They were all gathered round her bed, when she woke, and her eyes wonderingly looked upon them, tried to make out what it all meant, and gave it up as hopeless. "Eh, sirs, a bonnie day," she said, as if speaking to herself, "the westlin win' blaws saft frae the sea an' the bit lammies rin after their mithers on the hill-side. Sune the kye will be comin' hame an' after milkin' I'll snod mysel', for

somebody's comin' to see somebody, an' we'll dauner doun e'e the gloamin' by the burn. Isna he a comely lad! Stracht an' supple, and an e'e in his heid that a bairn wad trust. Tak him? I'd gang tae the warl's end wi' him...What's that! The kirk bell. I didna think it was sae late. Sure eneuch, there's the folk strachlin' ower the muir an' the laird riding on his powny...Surely it's growin' mirk. Mither, tak me in your airms an' pit me to sleep. What will you sing to me? The Flowers o' the Forest, the nicht, mither. Kiss me noo, I'll be a better bairn the morn an' dae what you tell me...Na, na, pick yer ain flowers: this poesy is for my baby brither...Faither, dinna lift your haun' to me: I'm sorry. I'll no dae it again. Whaur am I?...Faither, dinna you hear me? Oh come quick an' save me, the tide is lowpin' fast ower the rock. There's the boatie rowin' to us: it'll be here enow an' we'll be saved...Did you hear that? It's Sandy the piper come to the toun. Let's rin an' meet him...I'm tired o' daffin' an wad hae a rest. Let's creep into the kirk-yaird an' sit doun by granfaither's grave. Hoo sweet the merle sings, an' tak tent to the corn-craik ower yonner...Weel, weel, I canna understan' it. His ways are no oor ways, but I'll lippen to Him tae the end. Maggie, Maggie, whaur are ye? I'm gaun awa', an' I want you to rin an' tell the goodman o' the hoose to hae a chamber ready for me. What am I saying? God forgie me, my mind wanders; he's had ane waitin'

for me this mony a day...I see you noo, my bairns.
Guid nicht, tae we meet again."

There was a long silence. The father rose, and closed the drooping eyelids that would never be lifted and laid down the weary head which would never move again.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE July morning Mr Forsyth was working in the field beside the river when he saw a canoe shoot in sight. It drew up to the bank and its occupant walked towards him.

"Man, it is you!" he exclaimed, grasping the extended hand. "At the first look I didna ken you. Hoo ye hae changed since last I saw you."

"I know I have," answered Morton, "the months since we parted have aged me more than half as many years would in ordinary course of life. The hardships of war, the strife between life and death on the battle-field, develop fast what is good or bad in a man."

"Ye'll hae had your share o' the fechtin'?"

"Yes; our regiment took part in all the movements in the Niagara district, and during the campaigning season there was not a week we did not exchange shots with the enemy or have to endure a toilsome march to check his plans."

"And were you hurt at a'?"

"Nothing to speak of; scratches that did not keep me off duty over a few days. I may be thankful

to have got off so well, for many a pretty fellow will never see home again."

"War's a gruesome trade."

"It is that: I have seen scenes of horror that I try to banish from my memory. The carnage at Lundy's Lane was sickening, and the cries of the wounded for help heart-breaking, for, from the darkness and the enemy's pressing us, we could not reach them."

"That brither should butcher brither is awfu' proof o' total depravity. After a', thae Yankees, though their ways are not oor ways, are flesh o' oor flesh, an' we should live aside ane anither in peace."

"In this war, at least, Mr Forsyth, they are to blame. They declared it and if ever war is justifiable it is surely one like that we have fought and won, where a people rise to defend their native land against the invader."

"I dinna dispute you, but as I creep near to my end, my heart softens to my fellow-men o' a' creeds and races and I wish to see peace and good-fellowship the world ower."

"So do I, but sure and permanent peace is not to be won by surrender of right. It is better for all that the best blood of Canada and Britain has soaked the fields within the sound of the roar of Niagara, than that Canada should have become a conquered addition to the United States."

"You're richt in thât: the sacrifice is sair, but

trial bitter, but a country's independence maun be maintained. Canadians will think mair o' their country when they see what it has cost to defend it. Noo that the war is ended, you'll be leaving Canada?"

"That depends on what your daughter says. My regiment sails from Quebec by the end of the month."

"What mean ye, sir, by Maggie hae'in' aucht to dae wi' your going?"

"Simply this, that if she will take me as her husband and you will give your consent, I shall sell my commission and remain in Canada."

"You are surely no in earnest? What has the dochter o' a backwoods farmer t' dae wi' an officer?"

"Since I landed in Canada I have had many false notions rudely torn away, and one of them is, that there is any connection between worth and station in life. I have found more to admire in the shanty than I ever did in the parlors of the Old Country."

"That's repeatin' what Rabbie Burns wrote, the rank is but the guinea stamp."

"I have proved it true: for the first time in my life I have become intimate with those whose living depends upon the labor of their hands, and my Old World notions have melted away, when I found them better than those whose boast it is they never soiled their fingers with manual toil."

"Aye, aye; nae guid comes o' tryin' to escape the

first command to fallen man, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

"What say you?" asked Morton.

"To your asking Maggie? Oh, dinna speak o't. She's my ae ewe lamb and I canna pairt wi' her."

"I do not mean you should; we would go to Upper Canada together."

The old man paused and leant upon his hoe and Morton stood respectfully behind him. After long silence he raised his head. "I canna answer you. It's no for me to put my ain selfish will against her good; gang and let her choose for hersel'."

"Thank you," said Morton with emotion.

"We have had a backward spring; frost every week a maist to the middle o' June, an' sic cauld winds since syne that naething grows. We hae sown in hope, but I'm fearfu' there will be little to reap. Sic a spring the auldest settler canna mind o'. Look at thae tatties! What poor spindly things they are, an' this the first week o' July."

"It has not been so bad in the west."

"I'm glad to hear it. Weel, this being the first real warm day we've had, I tell't Maggie to busk hersel' and gang and veesit the neebors, for she's been in a sad and sorrowfu' way since her mither deed. She said she had nae heart to veesit, but wad tak a walk along the river and be back to mak my denner. Her brithers we expect hame every day from takin' rafts to Montreal."

"I'll go and seek her," remarked Morton, as he

turned, and the old man went on hoeing. Morton had gone about a mile, when his eye caught the flutter of the linen kerchief Maggie had pinned round her neck. She did not see him and as she sauntered before him, he marked her graceful carriage, and muttered to himself, "A woman worthy to woo and win." Unwilling to startle her by going too near, he cried "Miss Forsyth."

She paused, turned in astonishment, and as her color came and went said, "Is it you?"

"Yes, and surely you will not shrink from me as you did when last we met."

She held out her hand and as he pressed it, simply said, "I'm glad you're safe and well."

"Have you no warmer greeting for me?"

"What warmer do you deserve?"

"My deservings are nothing, but your own kind heart might plead for me."

"Oh, dear: the conceit of some men, who think they can pick up hearts on the banks of the Chateaugay as they would acorns."

"And what of women who pitch back rings as if they stung them?"

Maggie laughed and replied, "The gift is measured with the giver."

"When a gift is a token of the hour of peril, what then, my lady? Is it a thing to be scorned?"

"Something to be restored to the sender when he gets out of the trap, that he may bestow it on somebody else."

"I swear I never cared for anybody else."

"Who asked you? If you must needs confess, you should have visited the fathers at the Basin on your way here."

"I'm Puritan enough to desire to confess direct to the one I have offended."

"So you have offended me?"

"You know I care for you."

"How should I? From your many messages these last twenty months?"

Morton felt vexed and Maggie observed and enjoyed his perplexity. "Come," she said, "it is wearing on to dinner-time and I know what soldiers' appetites are. We had some soldier visitors who left us nothing. We will go home."

"Not until I have said what I want to tell you," he said warmly.

"Oh, you have something to tell me! You must have. Soldiers and hunters have always long stories to tell about themselves. Keep them until you have had some of our backwoods fare."

"Tease me no more, Maggie; my heart is yours whether you accept it or not. That I have been neglectful and ungrateful I confess. How much I owe you I did not know until some months after I saw you."

"You owe me nothing."

"I owe you my life."

"You owe it to Hemlock; not to me."

"I know all, brave heart. I met Mrs Scott at

Kingston and she told me of your journey to Oka, but for which Hemlock would never have known of my peril. As she spoke, the smouldering love I had for you burst into flame and your image has never been absent from my mind an hour since. When my comrades caroused and spoke loosely, I thought of you and turned away and tried to live worthily of you."

"You know how to praise yourself."

"No, no, my Maggie: I speak it not in praise of myself but in proof of my devotion, for how can a man show his love for a woman better than by forcing himself to live as he knows she would wish him to do?"

"And if you so loved this somebody of yours, why did you not write her?"

"You forget a soldier's life is uncertain; I knew not the hour when I might fall. I said to myself a thousand times, if my life is spared I will seek her I love and plead my cause. When the bugle sounded the call to prepare for action I never failed to breathe an ardent prayer that Heaven's blessing might rest upon you. I have been spared, the supreme hour in my life has come, and I await your answer."

Maggie stood still. Her eyes fell to the ground and her fingers unconsciously plucked to pieces the flowers they held.

"Will you not speak?" pleaded Morton.

In a low voice she replied, "I cannot marry."

"Why?"

"I will never leave my father."

"I do not ask you should. I value his honest worth, and he shall be my father too, for I never saw my own, he died when I was a child. Say you will make me the happiest man on the Chateaugay and we will never part."

"I say it is time to go and get dinner ready. Father, poor man, will be starving. Mr Morton, did you ever hoe potatoes for a forenoon?"

"Nonsense; speak the word and end my anxiety."

"Oh, I'm not anxious. If you had hoed for half a day you would know what hunger was."

"My hunger today is of another sort."

"Ah, well, boys ought to learn to restrain their appetites."

"Play with me no more. Let me know my fate. Give me my answer."

"Won't it be time enough when the minister asks?"

* * * * *

It was not much of a dinner that Maggie cooked, for she boiled the potatoes without salt and fried the pork to a crisp. It did not much matter, however, for of the three the father was the only one who had an appetite, and he did not complain. When done, he left to resume his task, and the young couple were alone. At supper he was told all, when he quietly rose, gripped Morton by the hand and said nothing. Next day the two sons

arrived, and, on learning the news, by way of congratulation, slapped Maggie on the back until she declared it was sore. There were long discussions over Morton's plans. He told them he had obtained promotion after Lundy's Lane, and as captain his commission was worth a good deal; he would sell it, and then, as a retired officer, he would be entitled to a grant of land in Upper Canada. He proposed they should all leave and go with him. To this father and sons were much inclined, for the fact that the place they occupied was subject to seigniorial rent they did not like. It was arranged Morton should go to Quebec and sell his commission and by the time he returned they would be ready to join him.

Four days after he had left, Maggie received a letter from him, enclosing one from Mrs Scott. He said he found that Colonel Scott had arrived in Montreal, and, after winding up some ordnance business there, meant to sail for England with the Fall fleet. Mrs Scott sent a pressing invitation to Maggie to come and stay with her until Morton returned from Quebec. Maggie went, expecting to stay ten days or so, but her visit lengthened out to the end of August. They were happy weeks, spent in enjoyable society and in the delightful task of the preparation that is the prelude to a happy marriage. Morton at last got back, and had not merely the money obtained for his commission, but a patent for a large tract of land on the shore

of Lake Ontario, obtained by him in a personal interview with Sir George Prevost, the gallant Gordon Drummond, his old commander, accompanying him and pressing his claim to generous recognition. Leaving Maggie in Montreal, he went again to the Chateaugay to tell all was ready. While there, he took a run up to Four Corners, his business being to visit the poor widow whose only son had been slain in the skirmish that led to his imprisonment. He found her and not only made sure she would be cared for but instituted steps to secure a pension, for congress was considering the question of relief to those who had suffered by the war. During his stay at Four Corners, he lived with Mr Douglass, and repaid with earnest gratitude the advances he had made him while living in misery in the stable, which sad abode he looked into with a swelling heart. On the morning after his return, they were ready to embark in the three canoes that were in waiting to convey them and their belongings, when the old man was missed. Morton, guessing where he was, went to seek him, and found him kneeling by the grave of his wife. Reverently approaching, he whispered the boatmen were anxious to start, assisted him to rise, and, leaning heavily on his arm, led him to the canoe where he was to sit. One last look at the shanty his hands had built and the fields they had cleared, and a bend in the river shut them out from his sight forever. Resuming his wonted contented cheerfulness, he adapted

himself to the change, and rose still higher in Morton's esteem. When they reached the Basin, the wind was favorable for the bateau that was waiting to leave on her trip to Lachine, and there they arrived late in the evening. The following morning Morton left for Montreal with Mr Forsyth, the sons remaining to stow away the outfit in the bateau, which done, they also journeyed to the same place. That evening there was a quiet little party at Colonel Scott's quarters, and next morning a larger assemblage, for every officer off duty in the town was present, to see the army chaplain unite the happy pair. When all was over and Maggie had gone to prepare for the journey, Morton received congratulations that he knew were sincere. "Why," said Major Fitzjames, "she is fit to be a Duchess."

"She is fit for a more difficult position," interjected Colonel Scott, "she has a mother-wit that stands her well alike in the circles of polished society and in the hour of danger and hardship."

"Who is this that is such a paragon?" asked Mrs Scott, who had just come in.

"Mrs Morton."

"Oh, say she is a true woman, and you say all. Mr Morton you have got a treasure."

"I know it," he replied, "and I will try to be worthy of her. She will be the benediction of the life I owe her."

The day was fine and, for a wonder, the road

was good, so that a large party, many of them on horseback, escorted the newly-married pair to Lachine. As they drove past King's Posts Morton recalled his first visit to it, the spy, and all the painful complications that had ensued, and now so happily ended. As they stood on the narrow deck of the bateau, and the wind, filling the huge sail, bore them away, a cheer rose, led by Colonel Scott. It was answered from the receding boat, and Maggie waved her handkerchief.

The journey was tedious and toilsome, but when they sailed into the bay on which Morton's land was situated, saw its quality and fine situation, they felt they had been rewarded for coming so far. That Maggie proved an admirable help-mate need hardly be told, but what was remarkable is, that Morton became a successful farmer. Willing to put his hand to whatever there was to do, under his father-in-law's tuition, he quickly became proficient, and when there was work to be done he did not say to his helpers "Go" but "Come," and set them an example of cheerful and persevering exertion. Having land and enough to spare, he induced a good class of immigrants to buy from him, so that, before twenty years, his settlement was known as one of the most prosperous on Lake Ontario. Influential and public-spirited, Morton, as his circumstances grew easy and did not exact the same close attention to his personal affairs, took a leading part in laying the commercial and

political foundations of Upper Canada, and Maggie was widely known in its best society. That they were a happy couple everybody knew, and their descendants are among the most prominent subjects of the Dominion.

ARCHANGE AND MARIE.

I.—THEIR DISAPPEARANCE.

DURING the revolutionary war a number of Acadians left the New England States for Canada, preferring monarchic to republican rule. The British authorities provided for these twice-exiled refugees with liberality, giving them free grants of lands and the necessary tools and implements, also supplying them from the nearest military posts with provisions for three years, by which time they would be self-sustaining. Some half dozen families asked for and received lots in the county of Huntingdon and settled together on the shore of the St Lawrence. Accustomed to boating and lumbering in their old Acadian homes, they found profitable exercise in both pursuits in their new, and after making small clearances left their cultivation to the women, while they floated rafts to Montreal or manned the bateaux which carried on the traffic between that place and Upper Canada. The shanty of one of these Acadians, that of Joseph

Caza, occupied a point that ran into the great river near the mouth of the LaGuerre.

It was a sunny afternoon towards the end of September and the lake-like expanse of the river, an unruffled sheet of glassy blue, was set in a frame of forest already showing the rich dyes of autumn. It was a scene of intense solitude, for, save the clearance of the hardy settler, no indication of human life met the gaze. There was the lonely stretch of water and the all-embracing forest, and that was all. Playing around the shanty were two sisters, whose gleeful shouts evoked solemn echoes from the depths of the forest, for they were engaged in a game of hide-and-seek amid the rows of tall corn, fast ripening in the sunshine. They were alone, for their father and brothers were away boating and their mother had gone to the beaver-meadow where the cows pastured. Breathless with their play the children sat down to rest, the head of the younger falling naturally into the lap of the older.

"Archange, I know something you don't."

"What is it?"

"What we are to have for supper. Mother whispered it to me when she went to milk. Guess?"

"Oh, tell me; I won't guess."

"Wheat flour pancakes. I wish she would come; I'm hungry."

"Let us go and meet her."

The children skipped along the footpath that led through the forest from the clearance to the pas-

ture and had gone a considerable distance before their mother came in sight, bearing a pail.

"Come to meet your mother, my doves! Ah, I have been long. The calves have broken the fence and I looked for them but did not find them. Archange, you will have to go or they may be lost. Marie, my love, you will come home with me."

"No, mother, do let me go with sister."

"No, you will get tired; take my hand. Remember the pancakes."

"I won't be tired; I want to go with Archange."

"Ah, well; the calves may not have strayed far; you may go. But haste, Archange, and find them, for the sun will soon set."

The children danced onwards and the mother listened with a smile to their shouts and chatter until the sounds were lost in the distance. On entering the house she stirred up the fire and set about preparing supper.

The sun set, leaving a trail of golden glory on the water, and she was still alone. The day's work was done and the simple meal was ready. The mother walked to the end of the clearance and gazed and listened; neither sight nor sound rewarded her. She shouted their names at the highest pitch of her voice. There was no response, save that a heron, scared from its roost, flapped its great wings above her head and sailed over the darkening waters for a quieter place of refuge.

"It is impossible anything can have befallen

them," she said to herself; "the calves could not have gone far and the path is plain. No, they must be safe, and I am foolish to be the least anxious. Holy mother, shield them from evil!"

Returning to the house, she threw a fresh log on the fire, and placing the food where it would keep warm she closed the door, casting one disconsolate look across the dark water at the western sky, from which the faintest glow had departed. Taking the path that led to the pasture, she hastened with hurried step to seek her children. She gained the pasture. The cows were quietly grazing; there was no other sign of life. Her heart sank within her. She shouted, and her cries pierced the dew-laden air. There was no response. She sank upon her knees and her prayer, oft repeated, was, "Mother of pity, have compassion on a mother's sorrow and give me back my little ones!"

The thought suddenly seized her that the children had failed to find the calves and, in returning, had not taken the path, but sought the house by a nigh cut through the woods. She sprang to her feet and hastened back. Alas! the door had not been opened, and everything was as she left it.

"My God!" she cried in the bitterness of her disappointment, "I fear me the wolf garou has met and devoured my children. What shall I do? Marie, my pretty one, wilt thou not again nestle in thy mother's bosom nor press thy cheek to mine? Holy Virgin, thou who hadst a babe of thine own,

look on me with compassion and give back to me my innocent lambs."

Again she sought the pasture, and even ventured, at her peril, to thread in the darkness the woods that surrounded it, shouting, in a voice shrill with agony, the names of the missing ones, but no answering sound came. Heedless of her garments wet with dew, of her weariness, her need of food and sleep, she spent the night wandering back and forth between house and pasture, hoping to find them at either place, and always disappointed. The stars melted away one by one, the twitter of the birds was heard, the tree-tops reddened, and the sun again looked down upon her. She resumed the search with renewed hope, for now she could see. With the native confidence of one born in the bush she traversed the leafy aisles, but her search was in vain. There was only a strip of bush to be examined, for a great swamp bounded it on one side as the St Lawrence did on the other, and into the swamp she deemed it impossible the children could have gone. She was more convinced than before that a wild beast had killed them and dragged their bodies to its lair in the swamp. Stunned by this awful conjecture, to which all the circumstances pointed, her strength left her, and in deep anguish of spirit she tottered homewards. On coming in sight of the shanty she marked with surprise smoke rising from the chimney. Her heart gave a great leap. "They

have returned!" she said joyfully. She hastened to the door. A glance brought back her sorrow. She saw only her husband and her eldest son."

"What ails thee? Your face is white as Christmas snow. We came from Coteau this morning and found nobody here. What is wrong?"

"Joseph," she replied in a hollow voice, "the wolf garou hath devoured our children."

"Never! Thou art mad. There is no wolf garou."

"I leave it all with the good God: I wish there was no wolf garou." Then she told him of the disappearance of the children and of her vain search. Husband and son listened attentively.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Caza, "they are not lost forever to us. Get us breakfast and Jean and I will track them and have them back to thee before long. You do not know how to find and follow a trail."

An hour later, shouldering their rifles, they set forth. The day passed painfully for the poor mother, and it was long after sunset when they returned. They had found no trace of the wanderers. They had met the calves, which, from the mud that covered them, had evidently been in the swamp and floundered there long before they got back to solid land at a point distant from the pasture. The father's idea was that the children had been stolen by Indians. Next day the search was resumed, the neighbors joining in it. At nightfall all returned baffled, perplexed and disheartened; Caza

more confident than before that the Indians were to blame. After a night's rest, he set off early for St Regis, where he got no information. Leaving there, he scoured the forest along Trout River and the Chateaugay, finding a few hunting-camps, whose dusky inmates denied all knowledge of the missing girls. He pursued his toilsome way to Caughnawaga and came back by the river St Louis without discovering anything to throw light on the fate of his children. The grief of the mother who had been buoying herself with the expectation that he would bring back the truants, is not to be described; and she declared it would be a satisfaction to her to be assured of their death rather than longer endure the burden of suspense. Again the father left to scour the wilderness that lies between the St Lawrence and the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, hoping to find in some wigwam buried in forest-depths the objects of his eager quest. On reaching Lake Champlain he became convinced that the captors were beyond his reach, and, footsore and broken-hearted, he sought his home, to make the doleful report that he had not found the slightest trace.

The leaves fluttered from the trees, the snow came in flurries from the north, the nights grew longer and colder, and, at last, winter set in. When the wind came howling across the icy plain into which the St Lawrence had been transformed, and the trees around their shanty groaned and wailed,

the simple couple drew closer to the blazing logs and thought sadly of their loved ones, pinched with cold and hunger, in the far-away wigwams of their heartless captors.

"They will grow up heathens," murmured the mother.

"Nay, they were baptized," suggested the father, "and that saves their souls. I hope they are dead rather than living to be abused by the savages."

"Say not that, my husband; they can never forget us, and will watch a chance to come back. Archangel will sit on thy knee again, and I will once more clasp my Marie to my bosom."

When bedtime came they knelt side by side, and in their devotions the wanderers were not forgotten.

Time rolled on, and Caza and his wife became old people. Each year added some frailty, until, at a good old age, the eyes of the mother were closed without having seen what she longed for—the return of her children. The husband tarried a while longer, and when he was laid to rest the sad and strange trial of their lives grew fainter and fainter in the memories of those who succeeded them, until it became a tradition known to few—as a mystery that had never been solved.

II.—THEIR FATE.

Archangel, holding Marie by the hand, on reaching the pasture, followed the fence to find where

the calves had broken out, and then traced their footprints, which led to the edge of the swamp. Here she hesitated. "Marie, you stay here until I come back."

"No, no; I will go with you; I can jump the wet places, you know."

"Yes, and get tired before you go far. Wait; I'll not be long in turning the calves back."

Marie, however, would not part from her sister, and followed her steps as she picked her way over the swamp; now walking a fallen tree and anon leaping from one mossy tussock to another. The calves were soon sighted, but the silly creatures, after the manner of their kind, half in play and half in fright, waited until the children drew near, when they tossed up their heels and ran. In vain Archange tried to head them. Cumbered by Marie, who cried when she attempted to leave her, she could not go fast enough, and when it became so dark that it was difficult to see the sportive animals, she awakened to the fact that she must desist.

"Marie, we will go home and leave the calves until morning."

"But if we don't get them they will have no supper."

"Neither will you; let us haste home or we will not see to get out of the swamp."

"There is no hurry; I am tired," and with these words Marie sat down on a log, and, pouting at her sister's remonstrances, waited until the deepening

gloom alarmed Archange, who, grasping the little hand, began, as she supposed, to retrace the way they had come. Marie was tired, and it now being dark, she slipped repeatedly into the water, until, exhausted and fretful, she flung herself on the broad trunk of a fallen hemlock and burst into tears. Archange was now dreadfully alarmed at their situation, yet it was some time before she was able to persuade her sister to resume their journey. They moved on with difficulty, and, after a while, the sight of solid green bush rising before them gladdened their strained eyes. "We have passed the swamp!" joyfully exclaimed Archange. They reached the ridge and scrambled up its side. The heart of the elder sister sank within her for she failed to recognize, in the starlight, a single familiar landmark. Could it be that, in the darkness, she had pursued the reverse way, and, instead of going towards home, had wandered farther away and crossed an arm of the swamp?

"Are we near home, Archange? I'm hungry."

"My darling, I fear we will have to stay here until daylight. We've lost our way."

"No, no; mother is waiting for us and supper is ready; let us go."

"I wish I knew where to go, but I don't. We are lost, Marie."

"Will we have no supper?"

"Not tonight, but a nice breakfast in the morning."

"And sleep here?"

"Yes, I will clasp you and keep you warm."

"I want my own bed, Archange," and the child broke down and softly wept.

Finding a dry hemlock knoll, Archange plucked some cedar brush, and lying down upon it, folded Marie in her arms, who, wearied and faint, fell asleep. It was broad daylight when they awoke, chilled and hungry. Comforting her sister as best she could, Archange descended to the swamp, confident that they would soon be home. She had not gone far, until she was bewildered. The treacherous morass retained no mark of their footprints of the night before, and she knew not whither to go. Long and painfully they struggled without meeting an indication of home, and the fear grew in Archange's breast that they were going farther and farther away from it. Noon had passed when they struck another long, narrow, stony ridge, which rose in the swamp like an island. Gladly they made for it, and seeking an open space, where the sunshine streamed through the interlacing foliage, enjoyed the heat, as it dried their wet garments and soothed their wearied limbs.

"If we only had something to eat," said Marie, wistfully.

"Oh, we will get plenty of nuts here. See, yonder is a butternut tree," and running to it Archange returned with a lapful, which she broke with a stone as Marie ate them. They satisfied her craving, and laying her head on the sunny bank she

fell asleep from fatigue. As soon as her breathing showed that she was sleeping soundly her sister stole from her side to explore the ridge and try to discover some trace of the way home. She found everything strange, and the conviction settled upon her mind that they were lost and that their sole hope of escape was in the searching-party, which she knew must be out, finding them. Little did she know that the morass their light steps had crossed would not bear the weight of a man, and that they were hopelessly lost and doomed to perish in the wilderness. Had she been alone she would have broken down; the care of her sister sustained her. For her she would bear up. On returning, she found her still asleep, and as she bent over her tear-stained face and lightly kissed it, she murmured, "I will take care of Marie and be her little mother."

The thought of home and mother nigh overcame her. Repressing the rising lump in her throat, she busied herself against her sister's waking. She increased her store of butternuts, adding beechnuts and acorns as well and broke them and arranged the kernels on basswood leaves, as on plates. She drew several big branches together and covered them with boughs which she tore from the surrounding cedars, and when the bower was complete she strewed its floor with dried ferns. She had finished and was sitting beside Marie when the little eyes opened and were greeted with a smile.

"Oh, I have been waiting ever so long for you, Marie. We are going to have a party. I have built a bower and laid out such a nice supper. We will play at keeping house."

The child laughed gleefully on seeing the arrangements, and the forest rang with their mirth as the hours sped on. When evening approached Marie grew wistful; she wanted her mother; she wanted to go home, and Archange soothed her with patient care.

"Look at the bower, Marie! See what a nice bed; won't you lie down on it? And what stories you will have to tell mother of our happy time here!"

The child, charmed by the novelty, crept in, and laying down her curly head fell asleep to the crooning of her sister. The stars as they hung over the tree-tops gazed downwards in pity on the little girls clasped in each others' arms in the sleep of innocence, and the soft south wind sighed as it swept by, sorrowing that it could not save them. A murmuring was heard in the pine-tops.

"Must they perish?" asked the guardian angel.

"They must; no help can reach them," answered Nature with a sigh. "Unwittingly they have strayed from the fold into the wilderness, these poor, helpless lambs, and must suffer. Only to man is given the power to help in such extremity."

"Can you do nothing?" pleaded the angel.

"Yes; I shall lighten their last hours, give them

a speedy death, and prevent the tooth of ravenous beast or crawling worm touching their pure bodies. Think me not cruel. I cannot perform the acts allotted to mankind, but am not, therefore, as some deem me, cruel and stolid; my spirit is tender, and what is in my power I'll do."

Sad of countenance the angel turned and glided to the side of the sleeping children. Stooping over them he whispered in their ears, and they smiled in their sleep and dreamt of home, of dancing on their father's knee, of being tossed to the rafters by their brothers, and they felt the touch of their mother's hand and heard the sound of her voice, and they were very happy.

* * * * *

When they awoke the song of a belated greybird, perched overhead, greeted them, and they lay and listened and watched the movements of a brilliantly colored woodpecker, as it circled the trunk of a spruce. Looking into the face of her sister, Archange saw that it was pale and pinched and that her smile was wan and feeble.

"Will father be here today?"

"I hope so, Marie; are you tired of me?"

"Oh, no; I do love you so, but I do want mother and—and—a drink of warm milk and a piece of bread."

"Well, perhaps you will get them soon, and we will be happy until they come."

They rose and Archange busied herself in setting

forth breakfast, but both, though very hungry, now loathed the sight of nuts. Wandering, hand in hand, to find something more acceptable, they found in a raspberry thicket a bush with a scant crop of second-growth berries. Making a little basket of the bark of the white birch they nearly filled it, and returning to their bower, sat down to enjoy them, fashioning out of reeds make-believe spoons and asking each other if they would have cream and sugar. The play went on and faint laughter was heard. When the last berry was gone, the gnawing hunger re-awoke and the feverish heat of tongue and palate, which the acid juice had allayed, returned. Marie would not be comforted. She wanted to go home; she wanted her mother; she wanted food, and burying her face in her sister's lap sobbed as if her heart would break and she would not be comforted. Archange felt as if she must give way to despair, but she repressed the feeling and bore up bravely. The trials and responsibilities of the past thirty-six hours had aged her, and, child as she was in years, she acted like a woman towards her sister, whom she alternately soothed and tried to divert. While leaning over her, in affected sportive mood, something soft brushed past her face and crept between them. It was a grey squirrel. Marie opened her weeping eyes, looked wonderingly for a moment, and then, with delighted gesture, grasped the little creature, and beaming with joy, pressed it to her lips.

"It is Mignon; my own dear little Mignon! What caused you to run away from me, you naughty boy?"

It was a tame squirrel, Marie's pet, which, a week before, had scampered off to the woods. There was no doubt as to his identity, for beside its evident recognition of Marie, it retained the collar of colored yarn she had braided and tied round his neck. Hunger, home and mother were forgotten in the delight of recovering her pet, for whom she busied herself in getting breakfast, and he was soon sitting before her gravely disposing of the nuts she handed him, one by one.

"Cannot Mignon guide us home?" she suddenly asked.

"Oh, yes; Mignon knows the way; but we would have to follow him over the trees. I am afraid you could not jump from branch to branch; I know I could not."

"Oh, I will tie a string to him and make him walk before us," and with pretty prattle she entered into a conversation with the squirrel, telling him how they were lost and he was to guide them home, for she wanted to take dinner with mother. Mignon gravely listened and nodded his head as if he understood it all. Then he ran up a tree or two by way of exercise, frisked with another squirrel, peeped at Marie from all sorts of unexpected places, and ended his capers by jumping on to her shoulder when she was not expecting him, and pretended he was going to nibble her chin. Marie was delighted;

Mignon had diverted her mind from her sufferings and Archange assisted by suggesting they should make a little house for him. Of sticks and reeds they framed it and plucking from the swamp lapfuls of ripe cat-tails they lined it with them, making a nest soft as velvet. This done, they had to fill a larder for him, and had a great hunting for all manner of nuts, and in this part of their work Mignon took great interest and pretended to assist, tho', despite all warnings from Marie, he persisted in clasping in his forepaws the biggest butternuts and running away to bury them in out-of-the-way places. When she became tired with her exertions, Marie took a nap and Mignon curled himself up on her breast and snoozed with one eye open.

Weak in strength and sick from hunger, Archange, no longer requiring to keep up appearances, flung herself down near by and wept bitterly. Why did not father come? Were they to die there alone and from want of food? Should she not try again to find the way home? She stood up, as if to consider which way to try, when her head grew dizzy and she sank down and knew no more until she was aroused by Marie climbing over her and kissing her. She knew by the sun that it was late in the day, and rising, the sisters walked slowly and unsteadily seeking berries. They found a few only and they again tried to eat nuts. They could not. Tracing the edge of the swamp they looked for blueberries, but their season was past. Suddenly

a low bush, dotted with red berries, caught their sight. They found the berries small and of so peculiar a taste that, had they not been ravenous for food, they could not have eaten them. They picked the bush bare and went to their bower, where they ate them. A feeling of satisfaction followed, and Marie grew quiet and contented.

"Sing to me, Archange: do?" and the little maid laid her down to rest and listen. Her sister sang one after another the chansons her parents had brought with them from Acadia. She ceased and marked the satisfied expression that had overspread Marie's countenance. Her eyes were closed and her hands folded. "Sing the Cedars' song?" she whispered, in the voice of one about to sleep. By that name was meant a hymn Archange had heard at Christmas tide, when for the first time to her knowledge she had been in a church, having accompanied her father to the small village of the Cedars. She knew not the words of the hymn, but had carried away the tune. High and clear rose in the air and floated far away across the desolate swamp the song in which so many generations of believers have expressed their love for the Holy Babe—the ancient Latin hymn, *Adeste Fideles*. She sang the strain over and over again until a strange torpor crept upon her, and her voice grew fainter until it ceased and her head sank beside that of Marie's.

All nature was hushed. The remains of trees, long since burned, now gaunt and white, stood in the swamp as sentinels to guard the sleeping babes, and the giant pines, beneath whose cover they rested, seemed to lift up their hands to Heaven in silent pleading. Slowly yet surely the berries of the dread ground-hemlock did their work; stealthily as juice of mandrake or of poppy. The leaden hours of the long September night passed and inky clouds blotting out the stars, and when the sun rose he shot out a shaft of purplish light, which revealed the faces of the sisters, calm and cold in death, with Mignon whisking his head against the whitened cheek of his sweet mistress.

There was a roll of distant thunder; nearer and nearer it came; it grew darker and the air was hot and stifling. The forest groaned, and then there was an appalling crash and a blaze of lightning clad the scene in dazzling sheen. There was the red glow of fire; the bolt had struck a dead pine and instantly the surrounding trees, covered with withered leaves, that caught like tinder, were in a blaze. The storm shrieked, the thunder made the earth tremble, the rain fell in torrents, but higher and higher mounted the flames. It was the funeral pyre of Archange and Marie, and when it died out not a vestige of them was to be found.

THE SETTLER'S FIRST GRIST.

CHAPTER I.

LATE in the fall of 1817 seven families of immigrants settled on the banks of the St Lawrence in Dundee, close to the St Anicet line and nearly opposite the village of Lancaster. With one exception, they had come from the Isle of Skye, and they named their settlement after their Scottish birthplace, which was not altogether inappropriate, for the strip of territory they had taken possession of was so surrounded on the land side by swamps as to be, in a sense, an island. Apart from two or three of their number who knew a little English, they spoke Gaelic and Gaelic only. They brought naught beyond strong arms and great endurance of privation, for their training as crofters and fishermen was of little use in their new surroundings. An untrodden wilderness of forest hemmed in their shanties, which were placed on the bank of the St Lawrence, and on the other side of the great river, which here ex-

pands into a lake two miles in width, were their nearest neighbors, who had shown them the greatest kindness. Highlanders like themselves, the people on the Glengarry side of the river had taken a lively interest in the newcomers, had made bees to give them a fresh start in life; crossed over the river to show them how to fell trees, build shanties, and make potash, and when spring came had, with true Highland generosity, lent them seed and assisted in brushing it in or planting it amid the stumps of their clearings. In the black mould of the virgin soil the potatoes grew with an abundance that surprised the Skyemen, though their astonishment was greater at the luxuriance of the Indian corn, which they saw for the first time, and at the excellence of the wheat. When the latter was threshed the next step was to get it ground. Their nearest mill was at Williamstown, in the county of Glengarry, and to reach it involved a fatiguing journey. It was a bright morning in the first week of October, 1818, that one of the settlers placed a bag of wheat in a canoe to take to this mill. It was his first grist—the first in his life of wheat—and he looked at the bag, as he deposited it carefully in the bottom of the canoe, with satisfaction not unmingled with honest pride, which was shared in by his wife and children, who came to the water's edge to see him off. Assisted by his son, a handsome young fellow,

the paddles were dipped, and the boat was soon skimming lake St Francis, for so the expansion of the St Lawrence between Cornwall and Coteau is named. When half-way across they paused to rest, and as they viewed the noble sheet of water, embedded in a setting of bush whose bright colors glowed in the shimmering sunshine of a true Canadian fall day, they thought they had never seen anything more beautiful. "And the best of it is, Allan, that the water is fresh and not salt, and," fixing his gaze on his shanty, which he could discern beneath the trees, "the land is our own, and there will be no rent to pay at Martinmas."

When they got to the mill they found there were other customers before them, and having to wait their turn, it was nearly dark when their canoe passed out of the river Raisin into lake St Francis on their homeward journey. The sun had set behind a cloud, and the lake, though calm, had an oily appearance—both signs of a coming change. They had gone far enough to lose sight of the shore they had left, when a slight swell of the waters was noticed, and immediately afterwards the hollow sound of approaching wind. Both practised boatmen of the Old World, they knew what these signs meant. "Had we our old boat, Allan," said the father, "I would not care for the squall that's coming, but this cockle-shell will not stand a rough sea. It may soon blow over. Yonder I think I see the light your mother has

set in the window to guide us. We will hurry before the waves get big." Urged by their strong arms, the canoe flew over the lake, but swifter came the storm, and before many minutes a violent gust of wind, accompanied by pelting rain, burst upon them. Like all shallow sheets of fresh water, the lake was quickly beaten into a fury, and before long waves large enough not merely to toss the boat but to drench its occupants were coursing over it. The danger of swamping was imminent when the father's skill averted it. Directing his son to stretch himself full length in the bottom of the canoe, using the bag of flour as a pillow, it steadied under the living ballast. Then, taking his place at one end, the father brought the other bow-on the wind and skilfully kept it, by vigorous use of the paddle, in a line with the waves, so that the canoe breasted and slipped over them, hardly shipping a drop of water. The fury of the squall soon passed, and was succeeded by a gale which blew steadily from the west. With that fine respect for parents which characterizes Highlanders, Allan had offered no suggestion, obediently doing what his father ordered. When he heard him say to himself "My God, we are lost!" he exclaimed: "No, father, the storm will blow by, and we will then make our way home this night yet."

"Yes, the storm will blow over, but where will we be then? You forget, my poor boy, that the

lake ends in rapids, and we are hurrying towards them as fast as wind and wave can drive us. Your mother and your sisters and brothers will have sore hearts tomorrow."

Allan had not thought of the rapids. On their way from Montreal he had seen them, watched their foaming surges, and knew their canoe could not live a moment among them. The thought of death was bitter to him, and as the hours passed and they went drifting downwards, amid the storm and darkness, towards the jaws of the dreaded danger, his heart was filled with anguish, not alone for his mother, his brothers and sisters, but for her with whom he had secretly plighted troth.

"Allan, I will shout to you when I see the rapids. Jump and try to make the shore, for it may be near; do not trouble with me, or we both may be lost. Be a good lad to your mother, and tell her and your brothers and sisters my last thoughts were of them."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs McDonald had tidied up the one and only room of the shanty, and was expecting momentarily the arrival of her husband and son, when she was terror-struck by the unlooked for sound of the squall among the trees. Hurrying from the house, she stood on the beach, on which the

waves were beginning to break, but the darkness and rain prevented her seeing many yards. In her agony of apprehension she shouted, in the hope that the missing ones were near: from the stormy waters came no reply. Bidding her children, who had followed her, to go and alarm the neighbors, very soon every soul in the settlement was by her side, talking rapidly in Gaelic and excitedly suggesting what ought to be done. They were all agreed that if the canoe was on the lake when the storm burst she was lost, and their sole hope was she had not left the other shore. The only other canoe they had was no larger than the one that was gone, and to launch it in order to search the lake, would be to add to the calamity. All that could be done was to build a bonfire on the most prominent point, to guide the missing canoe if within sight, and hope for the best. Laying his hand on Mrs McDonald's arm, as she stood wistfully gazing on the now foaming waters of the lake, the oldest man of the settlement said, "Come with us out of the cold and wet; we can do no good here." Gathered in the shanty, the fire was replenished until it roared in the ample chimney, and the neighbors talked hopefully to the family and despondently among themselves. When the hope that the storm was only a passing squall was dissipated by its settling into a gale, under the influence of which the waves lashed the sandy beach with a roar so appalling that it stifled

the groanings of the forest, the men agreed among themselves that McDonald and his son were at the bottom of the lake, and their hearts grew sore for those whom they believed to be widowed and orphaned by the calamity. Fighting with her fears, Mrs McDonald tried to persuade herself all would come right, and assumed a complacency she was far from feeling. "Often," she remarked, "has my husband been out worse nights than this in Scotland, and surely he who could fight the Atlantic is not going to be drowned in a bit fresh-water loch in Canada. To be sure there was a winding-sheet in the candle last night, but that did not signify, seeing that it was made from the fat of a wild deer, and not from that of a Christian sheep. Not one of my family, and it goes far back, Mrs McGillis, ever died without the wraith of Ian Ban, our forbear, who was laird of Glenish, being seen, and it is not to be said he failed to warn me when my husband and oldest son were near their end. I am not afraid of them. They will be here tomorrow—Donald, like a good man, go and see that the fire is blazing on the point—and we must keep our composure. What is that?"

Close to the dwelling rose a prolonged howl, beginning at a low pitch and rising to a piercing climax, the sound of which blanched every face. Those nearest the door opened it; none ventured out. Every ear was strained. In a few minutes

the howl was repeated. "Pooh!" said a young man, "it is only a wolf."

The incident broke the tension of suspense, and one after another began telling stories of their old life in Skye, having more or less bearing on the situation of those they waited for. Thus the hours wore away, and it was noted with satisfaction that at the turn of the night the gale broke and speedily died away. The waves still ran too high for the canoe to be launched to attempt to gain the other side of the lake and make enquiries, but they were falling fast. When it was agreed it would be safe to go, the settlers again gathered on the beach, which was reddened by the beacon fire that still blazed. There was unexpected delay; a paddle was found to be broken, and another had to be made, and ere all was ready a faint whitening of the eastern sky told of the coming day. It was now a beautiful night, calm and still, the glassy swells of the lake reflecting the sparkle of the stars. Many a searching glance was cast across the broad lake for the missing boat, and dreadful apprehensions filled each bosom as to the secret its dark waters kept. The canoe was about to start, the two men going with her had dipped their paddles, and the group on the beach clustered closer to see her off, when, faint and from afar, came over the surface of the lake a plaintive murmur. Not a word was uttered, but every ear was strained to catch the

sound. It came again fitfully. Neighbor looked with agony into the blanched face of neighbor. The one idea possessed them, that it was the dirge of the spirits of their departed friends as they were journeying to the place of souls. The mother impulsively sprang forward until the water laved her feet and cried, "My Allan, my first-born, is it you that is calling? Oh speak to me and tell where in the cold deep I will find you."

There was a shriek behind her which froze every heart. A young woman, the winsome daughter of one of the settlers, had fallen senseless on the sand.

The patriarch of the settlement who, at the first sound, had knelt and placed his ear close to the lake, soon rose in stern reproof. "Is it thus you welcome God's mercy? Your son, Mrs McDonald, and your lover, Flora, for so you have just revealed to us he is, is alive and well. It is his voice singing the boat-song of the Isle of Mist, and I hear the splash of oars." And so it was, for now clear and strong came from the lake the words of the song, and soon keen eyes could see the approaching canoe. There was a shout of joy, and tears streamed from every cheek. A few minutes more and the lost were among them.

When they had re-entered the shanty and the cup of rejoicing had gone round, Mr McDonald told his story. As time passed, and the canoe drifted farther down the lake, he had given up

all hope and expected every moment to feel it caught in the strong current that leads to the rapids, and to hear their dreadful sound. "I was praying for you in my heart," he said, "when I heard the sound of breaking water. Allan, I shouted, here they are at last; make ready to jump and swim for your life. No sooner said than my paddle struck bottom and I saw trees before me. Quick, Allan, jump and we will drag the canoe ashore. We both sprang out at the same time, and catching hold of the canoe ran her through the breakers and high on to the bank. We were wet and so cold, but, oh, we were thankful that we were saved. After a while we got up and moved round to see if a house was near, when we found that we were on one of the small islands that lie at the head of the rapids. A few rods one way or the other and we would have swept past it and been lost. It was God's own hand that had steered our canoe. Well, we waited patiently till the gale went down, and as soon as we dared we launched out again and paddled homeward. And a long pull we had, but it warmed us."

The bag of flour was opened. The water had caked the outside layer, leaving the interior quite dry. The flour was examined with interest, being the first from wheat grown in the settlement.

"Well," exclaimed the patriarch, "it is time we were in our beds, though it be now good daylight,

and we will go to sleep with thankful hearts that our good neighbor is with us and not at the bottom of the lake. And you, Mrs McDonald, we wish well to, for you have this morning found not only the son that was lost, but a daughter you knew not of, and a good girl she is too. There is plenty of land here for all, and we will build them a house and hold our New Year in it, and, please God, we will not again risk life in these French cobbles of canoes, but build a big boat."

And so it came to pass. The New Year beheld Flora and Allan made one with a merry-making that became a tradition in the settlement, their Glengarry friends driving over the icy bosom of the lake to it in a drove, and bringing two pipers to supply the music, and when spring came a boat, large enough to carry half a dozen bags of flour, built after the best Isle of Skye design, was launched in the creek beside the shanty of William McPhee, and served the settlement many a long year.

ABNER'S DEVICE.

"ABNER, I want you to go a message for me after breakfast."

"Yes, mother. Is it to Four Corners?"

"No; you are to go to the Blands, with a basket for old Mrs Whiting."

"Why, that's in Canada, and they're our enemies."

"Our governments are at war, but we old neighbors are not."

"But the Indian guard may catch me."

"If they do, they'll not harm a boy like you."

"Yes, they would, mother. They'd scalp anything that's Yankee, and I hate them and every Britisher. I don't see why you want to do a good turn to those who've been trying these two years to cut our throats and burn our houses."

"Abner!" exclaimed Mrs Smith reproachfully.

"I want to hit them every time, mother, and if I have got to go, you'll let me take father's rifle."

"No, Abner; you'll go as you are, and if the Indian guard fall in with you, their captain will let you go when you tell your errand. If congress

want to fight king George, that's not to say we are to hate and hurt those we have lived beside so long and who've done us many a kindness."

This conversation took place in the log shanty of a first settler in northern New York in the fall of 1813. War was then in progress, and a few days before General Hampton had returned from his attempt to reach Montreal, and with his withdrawal to winter quarters the settlers along the frontier supposed hostilities were ended for the season. When war had been declared the settlers on the American side of the lines were in terror of being visited by the Indians, whom the British government had enrolled to watch the frontier, but as time proved their apprehensions groundless, they were little affected by the contest that was being waged, beyond having their intercourse with the settlers on the Canadian side restricted, and that intercourse had been close and frequent, for the difference in allegiance had not affected their friendship. In the bush distance goes for little, and though five miles apart, the Blands were Mrs Smith's nearest neighbors to the north, and their relation had been of the warmest kind. Unable, owing to the presence of Hampton's camp at Four Corners, to do their trading there, Mrs Smith knew that the Blands must be without groceries and even flour, and, at this, the first opportunity, she was eager to send them some little comforts to vary their coarse fare, especially

for Mrs Whiting, the grandmother of the household, who was often bedridden from rheumatism.

The basket was ready for Abner by the time he had finished breakfast. His imagination had been fired by seeing the soldiers at fort Hickory and at Four Corners, and to carry the basket in the usual way was out of the question. Securing thin withe-ropes, made from the bark of the moosewood, he slung the basket on his shoulders like a knapsack, and catching up a cedar pole he grasped it as if it were a musket, and shouting to himself the order, "Eyes front; right foot forward; quick march!" off he set, fancying himself one of Colonel Purdy's crack brigade. Mrs Smith as, from the door, she watched her boy depart on his errand, while she smiled at his wayward fancy, could not help feeling a thrill of pride in his lithe, active figure, giving promise of a handsome man. That he was shrewd and quick-witted, as well as tall and strong, for his years, she well knew.

The weather had been extremely wet for the season; the ground was soaked and the leaves had long ago been washed from all the trees except the beech. During the night the rain had ceased, and the morning, dull and hazy, gave promise of a dry day. Once out of his father's clearance, Abner's way lay through the bush. There was a foot-track that led to the Blands, but now it was so hidden by the litter of leaves that it was indiscernible. That did not signify. Born in the

woods, they were so familiar that Abner could find his way in any direction he chose, with as much ease as the dwellers in cities traverse their intricacies of streets and lanes. As he threaded his way among the trees, the chatter of the chipmunk, the whirr of the partridge, and the tapping of a belated woodpecker were the only sounds that fell on his ear, and no sight more unusual than an occasional grey-squirrel or troop of deer. When he had crossed the line that divides Chateaugay from Hinchinbrook, and was fairly on Canadian territory, he became more circumspect, and his fancy changed. He was no longer the right-hand man of a file of soldiers, but a scout, sent into the enemy's country to get information. Keeping under every cover that offered, looking furtively around before venturing to cross any open that came in his way, treading on the hardest ground he could find, and doubling on his track where the soil treacherously retained his footprints, he found playing at Abner the spy much more exciting than that of Abner the soldier. Suddenly a crackling sound arrested his footsteps. It was, he knew, no noise made by any denizen of the forest, and he turned towards whence it came. Soon he caught the faint odor of smoke, and then he knew there was a fire near—probably the camp-fire of the British guard. Prudence whispered to him to turn away and pass on; curiosity, to go and have a peep at the camp.

He was only a boy of fourteen, and curiosity carried the day. Slowly he stole towards the point whence the crackling sound of blazing branches came, and so noiselessly that even the squirrels failed to start at his approach until he passed their perch. Now he could see the smoke, and next the glare of the embers. He thought he saw the figure of a man, but as, when he looked again, the shape was gone, he thought he had been mistaken. He paused to listen. There was no sound save the drumming of a partridge behind him. Redoubling his caution, he crawled towards the spot whence the smoke rose, and when he slowly lifted his head from behind a thicket, he was startled to find himself looking into a camp of the dreaded Indian guard, of whom he had so often heard but never seen. There they were, 21 in number, lying prostrate in sleep in a circle around the fire and the pale autumn sunshine streaming down upon them. Uncouth looking men they were, with daubs of paint on their faces that made them hideous. Beside each one lay his musket, and some even, in their sleep, grasped their hatchets, prepared, if surprised, for immediate combat. Their captain Abner recognized from his being white and wearing the sword and crimson sash of a British officer. With eager eye Abner scanned the unexpected scene, and when the first feeling of fear died away, he grew bold and thought of what he might have accomplished

had his mother allowed him to take his father's rifle with him. The exploits of Robert Rogers and Ethan Allen floated before his mind's eye and he planned how, had he been armed, he might have shot the captain through the heart and have disappeared before any of the sleeping group knew what had happened. Satisfied with the sight, he moved to withdraw and resume his journey. At the first attempt to turn around, his arms were seized with a grasp of iron, and, looking up, he saw he was in the hands of an Indian, whose painted visage glared with ferocity. Appalled for a moment, Abner stood still, then he made a wrench to get away. It was in vain. Drawing the boy's arms together, the Indian grasped them by the wrists with his left hand, and when the right hand was thus released he thrust it into the folds of his belt of wampum. Abner's eyes followed the movement, and when the hand was withdrawn grasping a short, thick knife, which he recognized as the scalping-knife he had heard so much of, a paroxysm of terror smote him, and he gave a piercing shriek. With a diabolical grin, as if he enjoyed the boy's terror, the Indian passed the knife before Abner's eyes and tried its edge on his soft chubby cheek, then flourished it before plunging into his scalp. As he made the motion, a billet of wood came hurtling past, and striking the Indian on the head, he fell, dragging Abner down with him. He was

lifted up by the captain, whom Abner had seen asleep a minute before, and as he passed his hand over him to make sure he was unhurt, he poured forth a torrent of angry words, in his own language, at the Indian, who gave no sign that the knockdown blow he had received had hurt him. As the captain led Abner into the circle of Indians, who had been awakened by his shriek, he told him he had been scolding his assailant for attempting to scalp him, and said in apology that he was a heathen Indian of the far west, a Black-foot who had strayed to the Ottawa, and joined a band of the Iroquois. "I do not allow my men to be cruel; my orders be to watch the frontier to prevent invasion by your soldier, and not to hurt anybody." Then he asked Abner who he was and why he had come nigh their camp, and was answered frankly.

"Ah, my leetle man," said the captain, who spoke with a French accent, "if you tell me true you get away; but I'm afraid you carry letter,—despatch—eh!" Taking the basket from his back, the captain lifted out its contents, among which were half-a-dozen apples, then a luxury in the new settlement, where the few fruit trees planted had not begun to bear. An Indian snatched up one and took a bite, laughingly saying, "Yankee apple better nor Yankee bullet." The other contents were of as innocent a description: a few little luxuries that might tempt an invalid, a

small bag of flour, and a bottle of liniment. The captain, satisfied there was no letter in the basket, carefully replaced its contents, and then examined Abner's clothing, making him even take off his shoes. While thus engaged an Indian slouched up beside the captain and, throwing down his musket, began to speak to him, and Abner listened to the guttural sounds with awe.

"Dis man," said the captain, "tell me he see you leave clearance and follow you. He say, when you come to Canada side you act as 'fraid, hide behind bush, and walk ve-ray fooney. Why you no want to be seen?"

Abner blushed at this description of his enacting the role of Indian scout and perceived how his conduct could be misconstrued. He remembered, also, his mother's repeated injunction that truth is better under any circumstances, and, with a shamed smile on his face, he told what he was doing. The captain grinned as he listened and patting Abner on the back said: "I know; boy once myself and now fadder of four; you play one leetle game of Indian spy, not tinkin' real Indian watch you. You one good, honest-faced boy. Pity you Yankee."

The Indian who had tracked him, smiled as the captain spoke, showing he understood English, and, like all his race, enjoyed banter. "You smell smoke, eh?" he said, "hold up nose and go on. Then you hear partridge drum (here he imitated

the sound) me partridge and signal to Joe; Joe steal up behind, catch arms, pull out knife, you —squeal,” and here, as if overcome by the ludicrousness of the scene, the Indian grinned from ear to ear without emitting a single sound of laughter, and poked Abner in the side.

“You make big mistake tink you come to Indian camp without we know,” remarked the captain, “when we sleep, sentinel all round like fox.” Changing the subject, the captain tried to get from Abner what he knew of the movements and whereabouts of the American army, particularly of the number still in camp at Four Corners, which Abner admitted he had visited the day before. It was without avail. The boy realized the information he would give might be used against his countrymen, and he answered evasively. “Ah, well,” exclaimed the captain, “it no matter; we’ve our spies in your camp so well as in de bush.”

The Indians were now busily preparing breakfast, and Abner watched them with curious eyes as they placed potatoes and pieces of pork to cook upon the hot embers, while a copper-kettle with tea was slung on a crooked stick. Their duties required them to be on the patrol along the frontier during the night, which accounted for their sleeping so late.

“Vell,” said the captain, “what you tink of dese Indian? Yankee able to catch ’em? Eh? You

tell, when you get home, what great fellow Indians be. Now you may go, and give Mrs Bland de compliment of Captain de Versailles and say he will do her de honor of taking supper with her."

Thus permitted to resume his journey, Abner struck into the bush, and in half an hour had reached the house of the Blands. He was hailed with an uproarious welcome from every member of the large household, for there was the delight not only of resuming long-suspended friendly intercourse, but the proof in his appearance that the warfare waged between the two governments had not lessened the goodwill of their neighbors. Unpacking the basket, it was found to contain a little of everything they had been so long deprived from being shut out from the American stores. On the cork being drawn from the bottle of liniment, granny declared that the very smell had done her rheumatics good. As the contents of the basket lay spread on the table, a sudden thought seemed to strike Mrs Bland, which she communicated in a whisper to her husband. There was a quiet consultation, and then she addressed Abner.

"We have something strange to tell you, and mum's the word. Night before last, when we were asleep, a knock came to the door and then it was pushed open. Father rose, stirred the fire, and got a light, when we saw it was an American

soldier. He was drenched to the skin, for it was pouring rain, and, oh, what a pale, thin ghost he looked! He crept up to the fire and sank in a heap beside it, muttering, 'Thank God.' I saw he was perishing, and got some hot drink for him, and after a while he told his story. He had been with Hampton's army in the battle, where he had received a flesh wound in the side, and when Purdy's brigade fell back he was unable to keep up with them, got separated from his company, and, in the dark, lost his way. Next morning he tried to find the trail of the army, but failed, and then, guided by the sun, struck south, knowing he would in time reach the States. Too weak to carry them, he threw away his musket and ammunition, and crawled, rather than walked. When the last biscuit in his haversack was eaten, he had to trust to beech and butter nuts, though he was not hungry, for his wound fevered him. Often he lay down, thinking he would never rise again, but he was young and strong, and when he revived a little he pushed on, until, to his great joy, he struck our clearing. He thought he was in the States, and when we told him our house was on the Canada side he was dreadful afraid we would give him up, and he would be sent to Montreal as a prisoner. We soon eased him on that score; our big trouble was to hide him from the Indian guard until we could get him sent across the lines."

"Yes, mother," interrupted one of her sons, "they came to our house the next day, and are close by yet." Abner shivered.

"Well," resumed Mrs Bland, "I made the poor Yank take off his wet clothes and lie down in our warm bed. I dressed his wound for the first time, and it was raw and nasty, I can tell you, and then he fell asleep like a baby, poor fellow. I cleaned and set his clothes to dry, and as I sat mending them next morning father and I consulted. To keep him in the house was to give him up to the Indians, and he was too weak to travel farther. Where to hide him until he was able to leave bothered us, when, all of a sudden, father thought of the big platform that stands near the spring in the bush, two acres back, which the Indians raised last year for still hunting. It was late in the day when he awoke, and he found himself weak as water but the fever had left him. We told him what we intended, and, after he had eaten something, father and the boys carried him to the platform, rolled him in a blanket and covered him with elm bark and cedar brush. We have taken him victuals after dark, and last night, seeing it was wet, we fetched him over and gave him a night's rest in bed. He eats little, for his stomach is turned against our common food, and he'll be glad of what your mother has sent. Now, Ab, can't you think of some plan to get this poor fellow across the lines?"

He could not think of any, for the woods were full of Indians, but he would like to visit the wounded soldier. Preparing as tasty a repast as she could out of the victuals sent by Mrs Smith, Abner and Mrs Bland started for his place of concealment. As is their custom, the Indians had raised the platform in a thicket, which commanded a runway, and was therefore well concealed, and, what was of equal consequence at that season, sheltered from the wind. On coming beneath it, Mrs Bland spoke, when there was a movement above, and a face, so ashy pale and wasted that Abner felt a creeping feeling pass over him, peered from beyond the edge. "Here's a boy from Yankeetown and a dinner cooked from the provisions he has brought."

"He's welcome," faintly whispered the soldier. "I wish I could go back with him."

Taking the basket in one hand, Abner climbed up to the platform with the agility of a squirrel, and helped the soldier to raise himself and arrange the food. When he saw the wheaten bread, he said it put him in mind of home, and he fell to and made the best meal he had partaken of since the fatal day on the Chateaugay. His strength returned with the grateful food and he asked Abner many questions, what Hampton had done after the battle, where he was now, were many killed, did the British follow him up, and were there many Indians in the woods. When he

heard of Abner's encountering the Indians that morning, he shuddered, and Abner could not help thinking of what his fate would be did one of them ferret out his retreat, a reflection that increased his desire to save him. Leaving the soldier in a cheerful and hopeful mood, he slipped back to the Blands, puzzling his head to devise some plan of rescuing his countryman.

After dinner, which consisted of corn boiled in milk, and potatoes with fried venison, the Bland boys proposed to go partridge shooting, and Abner agreed, as he was in no hurry to return home. So off they went. In beating the woods, a coon was started, and it supplied the idea Abner had been seeking for. Before they returned home he had worked it out and determined to submit it to Mrs Bland. On approaching the door they heard peals of laughter, when one of the boys remarked, "The captain has come; he's a jolly one with the girls," and on entering, they found that personage entertaining the family in his liveliest style. Abner bit his lip and saw he must bide his time. Supper is an early meal in the backwoods, and after enjoying it to the full, and diverting and flattering each of the household, Captain Versailles, with many apologies for duty requiring him to leave such delightful company, left to return to his Indians. No sooner had he gone, than Abner asked abruptly, "These moonlight nights don't you go coon-hunting?"

"Don't we, Ab, answered one of the boys, "think you'd say so if you saw the skins nailed on the barn-door."

"Well, then, I've a plan to get the soldier away with me," which he proceeded to lay before them. Briefly it was, that the boys should go with their guns a mile or so east and close to the boundary-line, when they would begin firing and shouting. The Indians, thinking it was an attack from Fort Hickory, would hurry to meet the invaders, leaving the western part of the frontier unguarded, and let Abner slip across with the soldier.

"It's feasible," said Mr Bland, "the trouble is the poor fellow isn't able to walk a rod, let alone five miles."

"He'll die from cold if left out longer," remarked his wife; "we must run some risk. He might be able to keep on the back of the old white mare."

"That's so," answered her husband, "we'll try Ab's plan."

As no time was to be lost, it being essential to make the diversion before the Indians were detailed by Captain Versailles to their posts for the night, the boys caught up their guns and left, while Abner and Mr Bland slipped over to the hiding-place of the soldier, told him what was intended, and helped him down from his perch. The prospect of speedy escape gave him unwonted strength, and leaning on his friends he managed to walk to the house, where Mrs Bland, after

dressing his wound, insisted on washing his face and tidying him up. "For sure," she said, "you're going home to your friends, and you mustn't give Canada a bad name."

"That I never will," murmured the grateful soldier, "God has anointed the hearts of both peoples with the same oil of kindness, and it's only the politicians and big men on both sides that make trouble between us."

The evening was calm and mild for the season, and Mr Bland sat listening by the open door. Presently, there burst from a remote corner of the woods, a sharp volley, followed by such shouts and cries as would lead the listener to fancy a fierce fight was in progress. "There they are!" exclaimed Mr Bland, while the shots and uproar continued to increase, "let 'em keep that up for five minutes, and there won't be an Indian within earshot who won't be running to the spot.

The noise did continue that long and longer too, while, with skilful imitation, it subsided and increased, and passed from one part of the woods to another, the cheers of soldiers mingling with equally good imitations of Indian yells, giving the impression of a running fight between a detachment of the American garrison and the Indian guard. When Mr Bland considered all the Indians had left for the neighborhood of the supposed fight, the old mare was brought to the door, which the soldier was helped to mount, and,

Abner, grasping the bridle, led the way. By this time the moon was high enough to be pouring down its rays through the tree-tops, and though its light was useful in showing him how to avoid obstacles and to go much faster than they otherwise could have done, Abner would have dispensed with it for fear of its revealing their presence to the Indians. His fear was groundless. His device was a complete success. Not an Indian was met, the woods were traversed in safety, and Abner exulted in the thought how he had tricked the Indians, and almost laughed right out when he pictured to himself their disgust, on reaching the scene of the supposed fight, to find it to be only a coon-hunt. If they had trapped him in the morning, he had outwitted them in the evening. When the light of his father's house was discerned, Abner relieved his feelings by a great shout of exultation, that drew his parents to the door.

"Well, Abner, you see the Indians did not catch you?"

"Didn't they mother! I feel the clutch of one of 'em at my scalp yet. Won't you help the stranger down, father? He is a soldier and wounded."

"Wounded! Poor critter, I must get the bed ready," and Mrs Smith darted indoors.

Stiff and sore from the exertion and cold, the poor soldier was like to fall when they helped him off the mare, and, gently, father and son carried him to the bed.

"Poor man, ain't he tuckered out!" exclaimed Mrs Smith, as she approached him when his head had been laid on the pillow. Shading the candle she glanced at him, started, looked again, and crying out, "Blessed if it ben't my own brother Bill from Varmont!" she fell on his neck in a paroxysm of hysterical sobs. And so it turned out to be. He had been among those last drafted to reinforce Hampton, and had been unconscious that his sister lived so near the camp at Four Corners. Abner was the hero of the night when the soldier told how he had been the means of saving him. "No," said the lad modestly, "it was mother's sending me against my will to the Blands that saved you."

"That's so, Abner, and you never forget it, that blood is thicker than water, and in doing a kind deed to those you considered an enemy we were serving ourselves."

WHAT A SETTLER TOLD ME.

AFTER the stifling heat and blinding glare of a Canadian summer day, it is most refreshing to walk forth as the sun, shorn of its strength, sinks, a glowing ball of fire, behind the forest that edges the landscape. Vegetation, wilted by the day's glaring heat, revives with the dewy coolness of the hour, and from the neighboring bush comes the song of the greybird. As the glow fades from the sky, nowhere else in the world of tenderer blue or more translucent depth, the stars drop into sight, and should Venus be in the ascendant, she burns with a white flame unknown at any other season. Generally, with the setting of the sun, a light breeze springs up from the west or northwest, refreshing to the farmers who toiled throughout the sultry day, and swaying the heads of timothy until the meadows seem to be swept by billows. The eye of the saunterer takes in the scene, passing over the great flat fields of grain and grass, until ended by the recurring belt of bush; the snug farm-houses set amid shade-trees and orchards; the pond-like reaches of the

Chateaugay, sleeping peacefully in the hollows of its rounded banks, unruffled save as the wing of one of the swallows, that skim its glassy surface, frets it for a moment, or from the leap of an inhabitant of its clear waters; and, in the finished beauty of the picture, he finds it hard to realize that he is looking upon the results of the labor of scarce half a century, that underneath a few of the roofs before him still live men and women who saw the country when a wilderness of forest and swamp, and who are survivors of the generation who wrought the wondrous change—men and women who underwent privations the most painful and labors the most exhausting in making the country what it is. To give those who have inherited the fruits of their sacrifices some idea of what the first settlers underwent, I here submit the narrative of one of them, as nearly as may be in the words I was told it:

You have driven a long way to see me, sir, and I am afraid I can tell you little worth the hearing. It is strange you should go to so much trouble to gather these old-time stories, but if I can tell you anything that will be of use to you I am willing. You want me to begin with our leaving the Old Country and go on in order, as you can recollect best that way. Very well, only you will have to come and see me again, for it is a long story, and if you print any of it, you are to change it so that nobody will know who told

you. I don't mind myself, but some of my children might not like it.

We belonged to the Border, and the first sight that met my eyes every morning was the Eildon hills. My husband was a shepherd and we lived well enough until our family began to grow large, and then we thought it would be well for their sake to try Canada. We had a little saved and that, with what we got from the roup of our furniture, paid our passage and plenishing. We sailed from the Solway, into which a big ship from Liverpool called for a party of emigrants. We were rowed out in small boats, and when I got on to her deck my heart failed me, for such dirt and confusion I never saw the like, crowded as she was with 242 emigrants from county Kerry, who had gone on board at Liverpool. This we never expected, but it was too late now, and we had to make the best of it. The sight below was worse than above, and I turned fairly sick when I went down the ladder to our berths; the noise was bad enough but the smell was just awful. The mate, a swearing character, was not without a show of decency, and did the great favor of allotting to us Border folks, who numbered an even six dozen, the row of berths aft the main hatchway, so that we were kept together. We slipped out of the firth that night with the tide, and next morning, which was a most beautiful day, we kept tacking off and on the coast of the

North of Ireland. As we got out on the ocean I grew sea-sick, and for a few days I was just in misery; having to attend the children yet hardly able to raise my head. The ship's provisions were scanty and very bad, which did not matter much to us, for we had taken a good deal with us, but the poor Irish, who had brought nothing, were always wanting to borrow, and as we, not having more than enough to serve ourselves, had to refuse, they abused us for being proud, and tried to pick quarrels, but both the Scotch and English of us kept our tempers and gave them no offence. Their jealousy and ill-feeling grew, and one morning they banded together to prevent our getting hot water at the galley. This we could not stand, for the water was bad and only fit to drink when boiled and made into tea or gruel. The captain refused to interfere, being afraid, we thought, of having trouble with the Kerry men, and when we told the mate he only swore at our lads for a cowardly lot of sheep-tenders. When dinner-time came, our men got out their crooks, and, going quietly on deck, formed in a column and, laying about them right and left, cleared a road to the galley. There were fearful threats made, but nothing came of them, and after that we were respected and left alone.

The ship made little headway owing to the wind keeping in the west, and it was on the eighth day of our voyage that it became known to us that a

woman, who had been sick for some time, was ill of the fever. On that day she got delirious and her people could not hide the truth longer. Four of the oldest men of our party were sent to tell the captain. He made light of their news and said they were mistaken about the disease, but he refused to come and see the woman or to erect a partition across the hold to separate us from the rest of the passengers. We took his treatment sore to heart. When ship-owners get his passage-money, they don't care what becomes of the poor emigrant, and would just as soon he would die on the voyage as land him. We went to sleep that night sad and frightened, for we knew, by reading the papers, what ship-fever meant. Well, next day the woman was worse, and on the evening of the third she died. We were all anxious that the corpse should be buried at once, so that the infection might not be spread by it, and two of our folk, taking some things that might be useful in preparing the body, went over to where it lay to advise that that be done. The poor creatures got angry at once, and drove them back, and cursed us for a set of heretics, who would put the decent woman out of sight without waking her. They laid the corpse on top of some chests in the centre of the ship, surrounded it by candles, and then the keening began, which drove me nearly into hysterics. The captain, hearing what was going on, sent down a keg of rum, and

made matters worse. Towards morning, when the drink had taken effect, they began to quarrel, and the noise and confusion was terrible. There being no partition, we could see the whole length of the hold, with the rows of berths on either side, and towards the far end, in the middle of the ship, was the white heap formed by the corpse and lighted by candles, with the women sitting around it, wailing in the most unearthly way, and taking no heed of the men and children who swarmed outside of them, talking, shouting, pushing, and fighting. A candle was knocked down and there was a cry of fire, but an old woman smothered it with her cloak. As we could not sleep, and were afraid they might come to our end of the ship and give us trouble, we went on deck to wait till all was over. It was a cold, raw morning, with not enough of wind to keep the ship from pitching, but anything was better than being below. When the eight o'clock bell struck, the Irish came swarming up, bearing the corpse. They rested it awhile by the bulwarks, when all, even to the smallest child, fell on their knees in prayer. Then it was lifted over and let drop into the ocean. The sailors would not help, keeping by themselves on the fore-castle, for they were afraid of the infection. As four days passed without a new case, we were beginning to hope the danger was passed, but on the fifth three children took ill, and before the week was done

there were 17 down. After that the disease had its own way, and deaths became so frequent that it was impossible to hold wakes. We pitied the poor creatures, and gave more than we could spare to help them. The worst want of the sick was water and though it smelt so that a horse would not have touched it and not worth the saving, for there was plenty on board such as it was, the captain would not order that the allowance be increased, but he encouraged the steward to sell liquor, in the profit of which he shared. I cannot begin to tell you of the scenes we had to endure; it was of God's mercy that they did not take away our senses. If the ship was dirty before the fever broke out, it was worse now, and the smell, as you stepped from the deck, was like to knock you down. None of our folk, with one sorrowful exception, took the disease, which was not considered strange by the Irish, for they accounted the taking away of the sick, especially of the young, as a sign of favor by the saints, who carried them to glory. The exception was my husband. When about to raise a tin of tea to his lips one morning, he saw a child looking at him from her berth with such entreating eyes, that he went over and held the vessel to the girl's mouth. When she was satisfied, he drank what was left. Three days after he complained of a racking headache, which was followed by a chill, after that the fever set in. Just because he was

such a lusty man the disease went hard with him, and on the tenth day of his illness I saw there was no hope. It was in the afternoon as I sat by him, listening to his ravings, that he suddenly sat up, and pointing to the shaft of sunshine that poured down the hatchway into the dark and loathsome hold, he said, "It fa's on the Cheviots and glints on the Tweed e'noo; let me bask in't once mair." We carried him over and laid him in the sunlight. The delirium left him, and a sweet smile came to his face. "Hae ye onything to say?" I whispered in his ear. "No, Mailie," he answered softly, "I am quite happy an' feel the grip o' my Saviour's han': God will be wi' you and the bairns." He never opened his een mair, but the smile lingered on his lips until the sun began to sink, and as he felt the glow leave his cheek, he muttered, 'It's growin' late and the nicht will be ower cauld for the lammies; I'll ca' the ewes frae the knowes," and so saying he slipped awa wi' the Great Shepherd o' the Sheep to the lown valley and the still waters. Though my sorrow was like to rive my head, I kept my composure, for there was work to be done, and nothing can excuse neglect of duty. I prepared him for burial, and when all was ready, an old friend, a brother shepherd of my husband from a boy, gave out the 90th psalm, and when it had been sung, he read the 14th chapter of John, and offered up a most soul-striving prayer, so that, when the corpse was

lifted, there was not a dry cheek. We followed as it was carried to the deck. The ship was on the banks of Newfoundland, and the ocean was a dead calm, the new moon lighting up the thin haze of mist that lay upon it. I had wrapped my husband in his plaid, and thrust his crook lengthways through the outer fold. Holding each an end of it, two of the strongest of our men swung the body well out from the ship's side. As it disappeared I felt that my love for man as wife had gone with it, and such a sense of desolation came over me as words cannot tell.

Five days after we came to quarantine, where the sick were landed, and, just five weeks and two days from the time we left Scotland, we sailed into Quebec harbor. We were a small and heartbroken handful. Our chests had been brought on deck and we sat on them, waiting for the steamer to come alongside that was to carry us to Montreal. None of our folk had asked me what I was going to do, and I knew the reason. It was not that they were unwilling to help me, but because they had more than they could do to mind themselves. They felt for me sore, but they could not take the bite out of their own children's mouths to give to mine. Indeed, there was hardly one of them who knew what they were going to do, for they had come to Canada to seek new homes on chance. I had had my own thoughts and had marked out what I would try to do.

"There's the steamer; get yer bairns thegither and I'll look to yer kists."

It was a hard-favored man that spoke, a shepherd named Braxton from Cumberland, who all the voyage had hardly said a word. Glad of his help I followed him. He bought milk and bread for us when the steamer called at Three Rivers, but never saying aught until Montreal was in sight.

"What beest thou gaun to do?" he asked. I said I was going to bide in Montreal and try to get something to do. I was strong and had a pair of good hands. He gave a kind of snort.

"Ye canna mak enough to keep five bairns; ye'd better come wi' me."

"Where till?" I asked.

"I dinna knaw yet, but I'se get lan' somewhere near and ye'se keep house for me."

"Are ye a single man?" He nodded. I sat thinking. He was a stranger to me beyond what I had seen of him on the ship. Could I trust him? Here was a home for my children in the meanwhile. For their sake would I do right to refuse the offer? My mind was made up, and I told him I would go with him.

"I canna offer thee wages," he said.

"I dinna ask any."

"Very well," he replied, and no more was said.

By this time they had yoked the steamer to a string of oxen, which helped it up the current into

the harbor, and in course of an hour we were in Sandy Shaw's tavern. In answer to Braxton, the landlord told him of there being bush land easy to be had near to the city. Next day at sunrise he left to see it, and it was after dark on the third day when he came back. He had got a lot on the Chateaugay, and we were to start for it early next day. I had the children dressed soon after daylight, and the three youngest rode on the French cart that was hired to take our chests to Lachine. The rest of us followed on foot. It was a fine morning, but very warm, and the road was deep with dust, which the wind raised in clouds like to choke us. When we got to Lachine we were disappointed to find that the ferryboat was unable to leave her wharf owing to the strong wind blowing down the lake and which had raised a heavy sea. We sat on our boxes and spent a weary day, my head being just like to split with the heat and the shouting and jabbering of the bateau men. There were several hundred emigrants waiting besides ourselves, for the Durham boats could not start until the wind changed. We could not get a bite to buy, for the Canadians were afraid of us on account of the fever, and they had reason, for among those waiting were many who had been sick of it, and there were some who were so white and wasted that you would say the hand of death was upon them. Towards sunset the wind fell and the lake got

calmer, so the ferry boat started. Her paddles were not driven by a steam-engine but by a pair of horses, which went round and round. It was going to be moonlight, so when we were put off at the Basin, we thought we would push on to Reeves's, for it would be cooler than to walk next day, and we might thereby catch the canoes Braxton had bespoke. A cart was hired to convey our chests and the younger children, and we set off. We got along very well for about five miles, when we heard distant thunder, and half an hour after the sky was clouded and we saw a storm would soon burst. We knocked at the doors of several houses, but none would let us in. As soon as the habitants saw we were emigrants, they shut the door in our face, being afraid of the fever. When the rain began to fall, the boy who was driving halted beneath a clump of trees by the river-side, and I got under the cart with the children. It just poured for about half an hour and the lightning and thunder were fearful. We were soon wet to the skin, and I felt so desolate and lonesome, that I drew my shawl over my head, and, hugging my youngest child to my bosom, had a good cry. Those born here cannot understand how cast-down and solitary newcomers feel. For months after I came, the tear would start to my eye whenever I thought of Scotland. Well, the storm passed, and the moon came out bright in a clear sky. It was much cooler, but

the roads were awful, and we went on, slipping at every step or splashing through mud-holes. Had I not been so much concerned about the children, I could never have got through that night; helping and cheering them made me forget my own weariness. It was getting to be daylight when the cart at last stopped in front of a long stone house, in which there was not a soul stirring, though the doors were all open. The boy pointed us to where the kitchen was and turned to unyoke his horse. I found four men sleeping on the floor, who woke up as we went in. They were French and very civil, giving up the buffaloes they had been sleeping upon for the children. I sat down on a rocking-chair, and fell at once asleep. The sound of somebody stamping past woke me with a start. It was the master of the house, a lame man, whom I found out after to be very keen but honest and kind in his way. It was well on in the day, and breakfast was on the table. I was so tired and sore that I could hardly move. Braxton came in and asked if we were able to go on, for the canoes would be ready to start in an hour. I was determined he should not be hindered by me, so I woke up the children, washed and tidied them as I best could, and then we had breakfast, which did us a deal of good. There were two canoes, which were just long flat boats, with two men in each to manage them. Our baggage and ourselves were divided equally

between them, and we started, everything looking most fresh and beautiful, but the mosquitoes were perfectly awful, the children's faces swelling into lumps, and between them and the heat they grew fretful. For a long way after leaving Reeves's there were breaks in the bush that lined the river banks—the clearances of settlers with shanties in front—but they grew fewer as we went on, until we would go a long way without seeing anything but the trees, that grew down to the water's edge. Getting round the rapids was very tiresome, and it was late in the day when the men turned the canoes into a creek and pulled up alongside its west bank. This was our lot and where we were to stay. Placing our boxes so as to form a sort of wall, the canoemen felled some small cedars for a roof, and, lighting a fire, they left us. I watched the boats until they were out of sight and the sound of their paddles died away, and then felt, for the first time, what it is to be alone in the backwoods. There was so much to do that I had no time to think of anything, and the children were happy, everything being new to them. The kettle was put on and tea made, and we had our first meal on our farm—if you had seen it, with the underbrush around us so thick that we could not go six rods, you would have said it never could be made a farm.

We slept that night under our cover of cedar bushes and slept sound. In the morning Braxton

and my oldest boy started down the track, for it was no road, that followed the bank of the Chateaugay, to see if the settlers below would help to raise a shanty, and while they were gone I did my best to get things into order. For all I had come through, there was lightness in my heart, for there is a freedom and hopefulness in living in the woods that nothing else seems to give one, and I made child's play of discomforts that would have disheartened me had I been told of them before leaving Scotland. It was nigh noon when Braxton came back. He had been made welcome everywhere, all were glad to have a new neighbor, and the promise given that word would be sent to all within reach to come to a bee next day. After dinner he took the axe and tried his hand at chopping. He began on a tree about half a foot thick and was nicking it all round, we looking on and admiring.

"Ye'll kill somebody with that tree," said a voice behind us, and turning, to our astonishment we saw a tall woman, in a poke-bonnet, looking on. Explaining that it was necessary to know how a tree would fall, she pointed how any direction could be secured by the way it was chopped, and, seizing the axe, she showed how, and, under her strokes, the first tree fell amid the shouts of the children. She was the wife of our nearest neighbor, and, on hearing of our arrival, had come over to see us, "Being real glad," as she said, "to have

a woman so near." She stayed an hour, and after finding out all about us, showed me how to do a great many things needful in bush-life. Among the rest, how to make a smudge to protect us from the mosquitoes, which was a real comfort.

Next morning six men came and spent the day in clearing space for the shanty and in making logs for it. The day after, Braxton with two of the men went to Todd's to buy boards and rafted them down the river. On the third day the raising took place, and that night, though it was not finished, we slept in it, and proud we were, for the house as well as the land was our own. It was quite a while before Braxton could finish it, for there was more pressing work to do, and for a month and more our only door was a blanket. The fire was on the hearth with an open chimney made of poles covered with clay. And here I must tell of my first trial at baking. We had brought a bag of flour and, once established in our shanty, I resolved to make a loaf. As you know, in Scotland there is no baking of bread in the houses of the commonality, and though nobody could beat me at scones or oat cake, I had never seen a loaf made. I thought, however, there was no great knack about it. I knew hops were needed, and sent one of my boys with a pail to borrow some from my neighbor, who sent it back half full. I set to work, and after making a nice dough I mixed the hops with it, and mould-

ed a loaf, which my oldest son, who had seen the process while visiting round, undertook to bake. He put it into a Dutch oven, or chaudron, and heaping hot ashes over it, we waited for an hour, when the chaudron was taken out and the cover lifted. Instead of a nice, well-raised loaf, there was at the bottom of it a flat black cake. "Maybe it will taste better than it looks," says I, thrusting a knife at it, but the point was turned, and we found our loaf to be so hard that you could have broken it with a hammer. And the taste! It was bitter as gall. Well, that was a good lesson to me, and I was not above asking my neighbors after that about matters on which I was ignorant.

No sooner had shelter been provided for us, than we all turned to with hearty will to clear up a bit of land. My boys were a great help, and the oldest got to be very handy with the axe, which was well, for Braxton never got into the right hang of using it, and spent double the strength in doing the same work my boy did. There is quite an art in chopping. It was exhausting work clearing up the land, being quite new to us and the weather very hot. Often had Braxton to lay down his axe and bathe his head in the creek, but he never stopped, working from dawn to darkening, and when it was moonlight still longer. I helped to brush and log, as much to encourage my boys to work as for all I could do. When ready to burn, three neighbors came

to show us how to do it and, the logs being large and full of sap, it was a slow and laborious job. The men looked like Blackamoors, being blacker than any sweeps, from smoke and the coom that rubbed off the logs, while the sweat just rolled down them, owing to the heat of the fires and the weather. We came on to our lot on the 29th of May and it was well on in June when the remains of the logs were handspiked out of the way and the ground was kind of clear between the stumps on half an acre. In the ashes we planted potatoes, and a week after, when a bit more land was taken in, we put in a few more. This done, we turned to make potash. Except along the creek there was no timber on our lot fit for making ashes but on its banks there was a fine cut of swale elm. The chopping of the trees was the easiest part of the work, the getting of the logs together and burning them being difficult, the underbrush being very thick and we so short of help in handling the felled trees. A neighbor showed us how to make a plan-heap and skid logs, but from inexperience we did not work to much advantage that summer. We, however, wrought with a will and kept at it, even my youngest, Ailie, helping by fetching water to drink. Young people nowadays have no idea of what work is, and I don't suppose that one in twenty of them would go through what their fathers and mothers did. Although it was a dry

summer, the banks of the creek were soft, so our feet were wet all the time and we had to raise the heaps on beds of logs to get them to burn. Our first lot of ashes we lost. Before they could be lifted into the leaches, a thunderstorm came on and in a few minutes the labor of a fortnight was spoiled. After that, we kept them covered with strips of bark.

The neighbors were very kind. They had little and had not an hour to spare, but they never grudged lending us a hand or sharing with us anything we could not do without. There was no pride or ceremony then, and neighbors lived as if they were one family. One of them who had a potash kettle lent it to us, and it was fetched on a float or sort of raft, which was pushed up the creek as far as it would go. Then the kettle was lifted out and carried by main strength, suspended on a pole. We had thought the chopping, the logging, and the burning bad enough, (the carrying of water to the leaches and the boiling of the lye was child's play) but the melting of the salts was awful. Between the exertion in stirring, the heat of the sun and of the fire, flesh and blood could hardly bear up. How we ever managed I do not know, unless it was by keeping at it and aye at it, but on the first week of October we had filled a barrel with potash, and Reeves took it away in one of his canoes and sold it in town for us, on the understanding

that we were to take the pay out of his store. He made thus both ways, and everything he kept was very dear. I have paid him 25 cents a yard for common calico and a dollar a pound for tea. We could not help ourselves just then.

I should have told you our potatoes grew wonderfully. There is a warmth in newly-burned land or a nourishment in ashes, I don't know which, that makes everything grow on new land far beyond what they do elsewhere. The frost held off well that fall, and we lifted our crop in good order, except a few that were very late planted, which did not ripen properly. When we landed on our lot, Braxton used his last dollar to pay the canoemen, and I had just 15 shillings left after paying the boards we got at Todd's mill, so all we had to put us over until another crop would be raised, was the potatoes and what we could make out of potash. We were in no way discouraged. The work was slavish, but we were working for ourselves in making a home; the land was our own, and every day it was improving. The children took to the country and its ways at once and were quite contented. We were cheerful and hopeful, feeling we had something to work for and it was worth our while to put up with present hardship. I remember a neighbor's wife, who was always miscalling Canada and regretting she had come to it, being satisfied with nothing here. She said to her husband one day,

in my hearing, "In Scotland you had your two cows' grass and besides your wage sae muckle meal and potatoes, and we were bien and comfortable; but you wad leave, and dae better, and this is your Canada for you!" "Can you no haud your tongue, woman," he replied, "we hae a *prospect* here, and that is what we hadna in Scotland." That was just it, we had a prospect before us that cheered us on to thole our hardships.

I counted not the least of the drawbacks of the bush, the lack of public ordinances. There was no church to go to on Sabbath, and the day was spent in idleness, mostly in visiting. Sometimes the young men went fishing or hunting, but that was not common in our neighborhood, where the settlers respected it as a day of rest, though without religious observance of any kind. Accustomed from a child to go to kirk regularly in Scotland, I felt out of my ordinary as each Sabbath came round. To be sure, I taught the children their catechism and we read the story of Joseph and the two books of Kings before the winter set in, but that did not satisfy me. The nearest preaching was at South Georgetown, and tho' I heard no good of the minister I wanted to go. Somehow, something aye came in the way every Sabbath morning I sct. At last, it was after the potatoes had been lifted and the outdoor work about over one Sabbath morning in October, a canoe, on its way down, stopped to leave a message for us.

This was my chance, and getting ready I and my two oldest children went, leaving the others in charge of Braxton, and, for a quiet man, he got on well with children, for he was fond of them. I remember that sail as if it were yesterday—the glow of the hazy sunlight, the river smooth as a looking-glass, in which the trees, new clad in red and yellow claes, keeked at themselves, and the very spirit of peace seemed to hover in the air. Oh it was soothing, and I thought over all I had come through since I left Scotland. Tho' I could not help thinking how different it had been with me six months before, yet my heart welled up as I thought of all the blessings showered on me and mine and thanked God for his goodness. It was late when we came in sight of the church, for the sound of singing told us worship had begun. Dundee was the tune, and as the voices came softly over the water my heart so melted within me to hear once again and in a strange land the psalmody of Scotland that I had to turn away my head to greet. Stepping ashore where the church stood on the river bank, we went quietly in. It was a bare shed of a place, with planks set up for seats, and there were not over thirty present. The minister was a fresh-colored, presentable enough man, and gave a very good sermon, from the 11th chapter of Second Corinthians. While he was expatiating on what the apostle had suffered, something seemed to strike him, and

he said, "Aye, aye, Paul, ye went through much but you never cut down trees in Canada." He spoke feelingly, for he had to work like the rest of his neighbors to earn his bread. One end of the church was boarded off, and in it he and his wife lived. I will say no more about Mr Mc-Wattie, for his failing was notorious. When worship was over, it was a great treat to mix with the folk. That I did not know a soul present made no difference, for all were free then and I made friendships that day that have lasted to this. When he heard that I was from the south of Scotland, Mr Brodie would take no refusal and I had to go with him across the river to his house, where we had dinner, and soon after set out to walk home. People now-a-days think it a hardship to walk a mile to church, but I knew many then who went four or five, let the weather be what it might. It was dark before we got home, and that night there was a frost that killed everything. The weather kept fine, however, until December, and we had no severe cold until the week before New Year.

I cannot think of anything out of the common that first winter. Our neighbors wrought at chopping cordwood to raft to Montreal in the spring, but Braxton could not, for he had no oxen to draw the wood to the river-bank, so we went on enlarging our clearance. I forgot to say, that one of our North Georgetown acquaintances gave my

oldest boy a pig in a present, and we managed to keep the little creature alive with the house-slop and boiling the potatoes that had not ripened well.

We all suffered from the cold, which was past anything we had any conception of before coming to Canada. Our shanty was so open that it did little more than break the wind, and water spilled on the floor at once froze. We had plenty of wood, but it was green, and the logs were fizzing and boiling out the sap the day long, and it took Braxton quite a while to learn that some kinds of wood burn better than others. At first he was just as likely to bring in a basswood or elm log as one of maple or hemlock. Most of the heat went up the big chimney, so that while our faces would be burning, our backs were cold. It was worst in the mornings, for I would rise to find everything solid, even the bread having to be thawed, and the blankets so stiff from our breaths and the snow that had sifted in that I had to hang them near the fire to dry. We kept our health, however, and after the middle of February the weather moderated. In March a deer, while crossing our clearance, broke through the crust, and while floundering in the snow was killed by two of my boys. After that they were on the watch, and ran down and killed two more with their axes. I salted and dried the hams, and but for them we would have fared poorly. Having no kettle, we made only a little maple sugar that

spring by boiling the sap in the kailpot. There was no sugar then like what is made now, it was black and had a smoky flavor.

The spring was late and wet, which was a great disappointment, for Braxton could not burn the log-heaps he had ready and make potash, on the money for which he counted to buy provisions to put us over until harvest. To make matters worse, provisions got to be very scarce and dear, so that flour and oatmeal sold at \$5 the quintal, and sometimes was not to be had. One day, when quite out, I went down to Rutherford's, who kept a bit of a store, and he had neither meal nor flour, but went into the kitchen and brought out a bowlful of the meal they had for themselves. I went over the potatoes we had cut for seed, and sliced off enough around the eyes to make a dinner for us. In June, provisions became more plentiful, for the boats had begun to bring supplies from Upper Canada to Montreal. It was the middle of that month before Braxton had a barrel of potash ready, and the money it brought did not pay what we were due the storekeepers. We were kept very bare that summer, but had a prospect before us in the three acres of crops which we had got in and which were doing finely.

I can never forget that summer from the fright I had about Ailie. She was as sweet a wee dot as there was in the world, so loving and confiding that she made friends with everybody at sight.

I was never tired of watching her pretty ways and listening to her merry prattle. We were busy one afternoon leaching ashes, when suddenly my oldest boy asked, "Where's Ailie?" I started, and remembered that it was over an hour since I had seen her. "She'll have gone back to the house to take a sleep," I said, and I told one of her sisters to go and see. We went on again, carrying water, when, after a while, the lassie came back with the word that she could find Ailie nowhere. We threw down our tubs and dishes, and I shouted her name as loud as I could, thinking she was nearby in the woods. No answer came. "She'll have fallen asleep under some bush, and doesna hear us," I said, and, with my children, we went here and there searching for her, calling her name, and all without finding Ailie. Braxton was an immovable man, who seldom spoke or gave sign of what he was thinking about, but when we were together again and all had the same report, his mouth quivered. Turning down the wooden scoop with which he had been shovelling ashes, he said, "We'll dae nae mae wark till we find the bairn." This time we went more systematically about our search, but again it was without avail. It was a hot afternoon, and the sunshine was so bright it lighted up the darkest nooks of the forest, but in none we explored was Ailie. When we met one another in our search and learned not a trace had been found, a pang of agony went through our

hearts. Braxton followed the creek and looked well along the bank of the Chateaugay. It was not until it had become too dark to see that our shouts and cries of "Ailie" ceased to sound through the bush. When we had returned to the house, I stirred up the fire and made supper. When we sat down, not one of us could eat. Braxton bit a piece of bread, but could not swallow it, and with a groan he left the table. We talked over what should be done next, and agreed to warn our neighbors to come and help at daylight, which Braxton and the boys went to do. None of us liked to speak of what may have befallen the child, though we all had our fears, that she had strayed down to the Chateaugay and been drowned or gone into the woods and a wild beast had devoured her. Although they had not troubled us, we knew there were bears and wolves in the swamps to the north of us and there had been even talk of a catamount having been seen. While there was hope I was not going to lose heart, and when I besought the Lord to restore my last born to my arms I thanked Him that the night was so dry and warm that she could come by no ill from the weather. I did not sleep a wink that night, sitting at the door and straining my hearing in the hope that I might catch the cry of my Ailie. Beside the croaking of the frogs and the bit chirrup of some mother-bird that wakened in its nest and tucked her young closer under her wings,

I heard nothing. When the stars were beginning to fade I set about getting breakfast ready and wakened the children. I had no need to call Braxton. Poor man, though he said not a word, I knew he had not closed an eye. I insisted on their making a hearty breakfast so as to be strong for the work before them, and in the pockets of each I put a slice of bread and a bit of maple sugar for Ailie, should they find her, for I knew she would be perishing from hunger. Soon after sunrise the neighbors began to drop in until there was a party of over twenty. All had their dogs and some of them had brought axes and guns. It was arranged we should start out in every direction, yet keeping so near as to be always within hearing. By spreading out this way in a circle we would be sure to examine every part of the bush, while two men were to search the river bank in a canoe. We started, some calling aloud, others blowing horns or ringing ox-bells until the woods echoed again, and all without avail, for no Ailie was to be found. What could have become of the bairn? It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. After beating the bush for miles around we gathered together at noon, as had been arranged. Not a trace had been found. We talked it over and over and were at our wits' end. One lad, new come out and with his head full about Indians, suggested that one of them might have stolen her, and, indeed, it looked feas-

ible, did we not know that the few Indians we had were civil and harmless. Had a wild beast taken her, we would have found some fragments of her bit dress. I was dumb with disappointment and sorrow, and had begun to think I would never see her alive. It was agreed among the men it would be useless to spread out farther, that we were now deeper in the woods than it was possible for her to have wandered, and that we should use the afternoon in going back over the ground we had passed, making a better examination of it. We went back slowly, stopping to look at every log and going through every hollow, and, though there was once a shout that her trail had been struck, it proved a mistake, and our second scouring of the woods was as fruitless as the first. The sun was fast westering when we drew nigh our shanty. About four acres back of it there was a waterhole, a low wet spot which all of us had gone round, nobody deeming it possible for the child to have put foot upon it. As I looked at the black oozy muck, half floating in water, the thought struck me, the toddler could walk where a grown up person would sink, and without saying a word to the lad who was with me, I drew off my shoes and stockings, and, kilt-ing my petticoat, stepped in. How I wrestled through I do not know, but once in I had to scramble as I best could until I reached a dry spot in the centre that was like an island, and on

which there was a thicket of bushes. Daubed with muck and wringing wet, I paused when I got my footing. I heard a rustle. I was panting for breath, so exhausted that I was about to sit down for a little, but that sound revived hope in me. I peered through the bushes and saw a deer gazing at me. The creature stared, without moving, which was strange for so timid an animal. I slipped through an opening in the bushes and there, on a grassy plot, lay my Ailie asleep, crusted with muck, and with her arms clasped round the neck of a baby deer; her wee bit face black with dirt and streaked where the tears had been running down. I snatched her to my bosom and sinking down I hugged and cried over her like one demented. Oh, had you heard her joyful cry of "Mammie, mammie!" and seen her lift her bit pinched mou to mine, you would have cried with us. The deer did not stir but stood looking on, startled and wondering, while the fawn lay quietly beside me. This was a mystery, which I soon solved, for I found the fawn could not move from having a broken leg, and the faithful mother deer would not leave her young one. The shout that Ailie had been found soon brought plenty of help, and the first man that came made to kill the deer, but I prevented him and could not, ever after, bear him near me. There are savages among us who cannot see any of God's creatures, however harmless, in a state of nature, without trying to take

their lives. Sportsmen, indeed! Useless louts, who would do the country a service were they to use their powder and shot in killing one another. The fallen tree, by which the deer got across the swale to its well-hidden nest, was found, and I returned by it, carrying Ailie, while Braxton took the fawn in his arms, the deer following. There was much rejoicing at our humble shanty before our neighbors left, and many attempts to account for Ailie's wandering to where she did. She was weak from want of food and I feared she might be the worse of her exposure, but next day, beyond that she was pale, she was well as ever. From what we could gather from her, we made out tolerably plain how her disappearance had come about. While playing near the house, she saw the deer come out of the woods, jump the fence of our clearance, and begin to browse on the oats. Ailie seeing the fawn ran to catch the bonnie creature, when the mother took the alarm, and bounded back into the woods. In attempting to follow, the fawn struck one of its hind feet against the top rail of the fence, and broke the bone. Ailie caught the wee beastie, and held it in her arms, when the doe returned, bunted her away, and managed to induce its young one to hirple after it on three legs to its lair in the wee swamp. Ailie, wanting to get the fawn, followed, which she could do, for they must have gone slowly. When tired of fondling the creature, she

would have returned home, but could not find the way out, and cried and slept, and slept and cried, crouching down beside the wounded fawn as it nestled under its mother, which, from its concern for its injured offspring, never tried to drive Ailie away. Well, Braxton set the broken bone and the leg got strong again, but before it did the fawn had become so attached to Ailie that it would not leave her, and the mother, which had watched over her offspring in the most touching way, had become so accustomed to us and so tame that it did not offer to leave, running in the woods where it had a mind, and making its home in a shed my boys put up for her. She was torn to death, two years after, by a hound that a Yankee neer-do-weel brought in, but the fawn lived with us until she died of a natural death.

We had a fair harvest that fall, and, when it was got in, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we would have enough to eat until another was ready. There being no oatmeal-mill then in the country, Braxton traded half of the oats for wheat with a neighbor who wanted them for a lumber-camp. There was a grist mill convenient at the Portage, which was burned the following summer, after which we had to send all the way to Huntingdon, where there was a poor sort of a mill. Having no horse, the bag was carried by Braxton on his shoulder. The want of a yoke of oxen was so much against our getting on, that we

determined to run some risk in getting one, and saved in every way possible with that in view. The week before New Year we hired a horse and traineau from a neighbor, paying him in work, and Braxton went to Montreal with two barrels of potash. On his way down he had the offer at the Basin of a heifer that was coming in, and instead of buying the cloth intended, he saved the money, and took her on his way home. She was a real beauty, and, out of all the cows we had after, there was not one to me like her, she was so kindly and proved such a grand milker. We were all so proud of her that, for a week after she came, we never tired looking at her, and the children were comforted for the want of the clothing they needed by having her for a pet. You may not think it, but the sorest want of our settlement was clothes. When those brought from the Old Country were done, there was no money to spare to buy others, and families who had plenty to eat were nigh half-naked, you may say, and on very cold days could not venture out. I did the best I could, patching and darning, yet we all suffered much from cold that winter on account of want of sufficient clothing. Braxton, poor man, had only a thickness of cloth between him and the weather, yet he never complained and went to his work in the bush on the coldest days. The exposure, together with hard work, told on him afterwards and shortened his life.

When the lumber-camps were breaking up, we had a chance of a yoke of oxen within our ability to pay for, and they were brought home to the barn that had been raised before the snow came. We had not straw enough for three head, but managed to keep them alive by cutting down trees for them to eat the tender ends of the branches. Many a pailful of browse I snapped off for my bossie that spring. It was well for us the grass came early.

I do not know that I have much more to tell that would interest you. The oxen gave us a great start in clearing the land, and that season we did more than all we had done before. We paid the seignior regularly, and once we were a little ahead, it was wonderful how well we got on. Then you must bear in mind, that, as my boys grew up, we were strong in help, and our place improved quickly compared with the generality of those beside us. That fall we got another cow and two sheep, so that we never afterwards wanted for milk or yarn. It was a hard struggle, with many ups and downs, much slavish work and pinching and paring, but in course of time we had all we could reasonably wish and were content.

I was long concerned about the schooling of my children, of whom only two had got any before leaving Scotland. We could not help ourselves until the fourth year of our coming, when a man, lame of a leg, came round and told us he was a schoolmaster. The neighbors consulted and one

of them gave a log stable he was not using, which was fitted up as a schoolhouse, and the man set to work. He could teach his scholars little, and tried to cover up his deficiencies by threshing them unmercifully. He was got rid of and another hired, who was more qualified but was given to drink. They were a miserable lot of teachers in those days, being either lazy or drunken fellows who took to keeping school without considering whether they were qualified. In course of time we had a church at Ormstown, Mr Colquhoun, a proud Highlander, being the first minister. When we came, there was only one (old Jones) living where Ormstown stands, now it is a large village, with buildings the like of which nobody could have expected to see. There has been a wonderful improvement all over, and, when I first saw it, to have foretold the country would become what it now is, nobody would have believed. That the people have improved correspondingly I do not think. The money, scraped together by the hard work of their fathers, I have seen squandered by lads who despised the plow, and the upsetting ways of many families are pitiful to see. Folk in the old times lived far more simply and happily.

You want to know what became of Braxton. He died 14 years after we came here. It was in the winter and I thought he had caught cold while skidding logs in the bush. Any way, inflammation

set in, and he died within a week of his first complaining. We mourned sorely for him. A more patient or truer soul never breathed, and to the example he set my boys, who have all done well, I set down much of the credit. We counted up his share of the property, and, adding £20 to it, sent it to his sister in England, who was his only relative. I may say all my old acquaintances are gone, for there are few now on the river who were there when I came, and I wait patiently to follow them, living happily, as you see, with Ailie and her children until the Lord is pleased to call me.

JEANIE MORISON.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY those who have lived in a cold country like Canada can fully realize the pleasurable sensations which attend the opening of spring. The weary monotony of winter, with its unvarying aspect of white fields, and steady frost, often so intense as to make exposure painful, gives way to freedom and life, and with some such feelings as stir the heart of the prisoner, when he exchanges his darksome cell for sunshine and green fields, does the dweller of Canada hail the time when the snowbanks disappear and when he can, without wraps, move whether he will in the genial atmosphere. It was at that period of the year when the simple incidents I am going to relate took place.

Amid the unbroken forest which covered the county of Huntingdon in the year 1820, a log shanty stood on the west bank of Oak creek, at a point where the beavers had by their industry formed a small meadow. The shanty was rude

as might be, of unsquared logs, with a roof of basswood split into slabs, and a stick chimney. The interior consisted of a single room, and a small one at that. The inmates were a mother and daughter. The mother, engaged in spinning, sat in the sunshine which streamed through the open door, brightening the few pieces of furniture it fell upon and whitening still more the heaps of ashes in the open fire-place, behind which smouldered a huge backlog. She had evidently passed her fiftieth year, while the pressed lips and look of patient reserve told of the endurance of a lifelong sorrow.

"Dae ye no see or hear ocht?" she asked, looking through the doorway to the woods beyond, to which she often turned her eyes.

"No, mother," replied the girl addressed, who was sitting on the doorstep.

"What can hae come ower him!" said the woman in a low voice.

"Dinna fret; he'll be here soon," said Jeanie in a tone that spoke more of a desire to comfort her mother than faith in her statement.

As if not heeding her, the mother resumed, "He said he would be back last nicht, and he should hae been. I sair misdoot ill has befaen him."

It was of her husband of whom she spoke. He had worked all winter for a party of Americans, who were cutting the best of the timber along the banks of the creek, and had gone Monday morning

to aid them in driving the logs to the point on the Chateaugay where they were to be formed into rafts and thence taken to Quebec. His last words had been that he would, at the latest, be back the following evening and it was now the third day.

Jeanie strained her eyes and ears to catch the faintest sign of her father's approach. The quaver of the grey-bird and the chirrup of the chipmunk came occasionally from the recesses of the woods, which lay sleeping in the April sunshine that glorified everything, but no rustle of branch or cracking of dried stick that would indicate an approaching footstep. The usually silent creek, now swollen by melted snow, lapped its banks in pursuing its tortuous course, murmuring a soothing lullaby to the genial day; and that great peace, to be found only in mountain recess or forest depth, brooded over the scene. But there, where all the influences of nature were so soothing, were two hearts filled with anxious care.

"Jeanie," suddenly exclaimed the mother, after a long pause, and staying the whirr of the wheel, "you maun gang and seek your father. Gae down to Palmer's and there you'll find the rafts, and the men will tell you whether he left for hame or no."

"But I dinna like to leave you, mother, and I am sure you are taking trouble without need. He will be here by dark."

The mother understood the affectionate motive of her child in trying to make light of her fears, but well knew her anxiety was no less than her own.

“Say nae mair, my lassie, but gang while there is time for you to get back. You ken the yarn for the Yankee wife at the Fort is ready and there is no flour until he gangs there for it.”

Casting one long eager glance down the creek, along which her father should come, the girl turned in from the door and made ready for the journey. Her preparations were easily made. The slipping on of her stoutest pair of shoes and throwing a plaid over her arm, as a hap from the cold after sunset, comprised them, and bidding her mother not to fret for she would bring back good news she started. She did not follow the creek, but struck northward across the peninsula that forms the township of Elgin, her design being to reach Trout river, as being more fordable than the wider Chateaugay. The path was, probably, at first a deer run, which the few who travelled it, chiefly lumbermen, had roughly brushed. Only one accustomed to the woods could have kept the track, for, to a stranger's eye, it differed little from the openings which ever and anon appeared among the trees. Jeanie, however, was no novice to the path or to the bush, and she stepped quickly and with confidence on her way. She had walked about an hour beneath the solemn gloom of the

primeval forest when she saw an opening ahead, and knew she was approaching Trout river. On reaching it, she followed its bank, until, with one end grounded in a little bay, she found a large log. Grasping the first straight stick she saw lying about to serve as a pole, she pushed the log from its anchorage, and stepping on it as it moved guided it across the narrow river. From the liability of the log to roll, such a mode of ferrying is dangerous to those unused to it, but Jeanie knew how to place her feet and keep her balance and speedily gained the other bank and resumed her journey. On reaching the place where the two rivers unite, she could not, despite her anxiety, help pausing to admire the beautiful expanse of water, which, unruffled by a breath of wind, lay glassing itself in the sunshine, while the forest, which rose from its margin on either side, formed no unfit setting. Presently she saw a ripple upon its surface, and her keen eye perceived the black head of a muskrat, which was making its way to the opposite bank. While she followed the rapid movements of the little creature, there was the flash and smoke of a gun before her, and, while the woods were still echoing the report, a dog jumped into the water to bring in the rat, which floated dead upon the current. A few steps brought Jeanie to the marksman, a tall, wiry man, of rather prepossessing appearance. His dog had returned and laid the rat at his master's feet, who was encour-

aging him with exclamations of "Good dog! good dog!" when he caught sight of her.

"Waal neow, who would a thought it? Miss Jeanie herself and nobody else. How do you do?" And stretching forth his sinewy arm, he grasped her hand in a clutch that would have made a bear shed tears.

"Oh, I'm well, thank you, Mr Palmer, and my mother, but we're in sore trouble."

"Don't say the old man is sick?" and an anxious look passed over the kindly face of the honest Yankee.

"Oh, dear sir, we dinna ken whether he's sick or well. He left home Monday morning and was to be back next night and he hasna come yet, and I've come to ask after him and get help to find him if nobody knows where he is?" As she spoke there was a tremor in Jeanie's voice, and a tear glistened on her drooping eyelashes.

"Ha, do tell; this is serious," and the hunter leant upon his rifle and gazed abstractedly upon the river, as if trying to conjecture what could have become of the lost man, until, noting Jeanie's evident distress, he aroused himself, and, exhorting her to keep up heart, led the way to his house.

"You see," he said, as they picked their way along the rough path by the river's edge, "there ain't much to shoot yet and what there is ain't worth killing, but I kinder felt lonesome to be about doors so fine a day, and I took a stroll, tho'

all I came across was that mushrat, which, darn it skin, ain't worth the lead that killed it."

"If the shooting is poor, the fishing will be good," said Jeanie, who humored the spirit of the sportsman.

"Couldn't be better," answered Mr Palmer, "I speared seven salmon at the foot of the rapids last night, and this morning I drew my seine full of as pretty fish as you would want to clap your eyes on."

The sound of rushing water told of their approach to the rapids, at the head of which, on a knoll a few rods to the left, stood Mr Palmer's house, which was a comfortable log one, over-shadowed by majestic pines. On entering, they found Mrs Palmer, a rather delicate-looking woman, engaged in baking. Uttering an exclamation of surprise at the sight of Jeanie, she wiped her dusty hands and gave her a cordial welcome, as well she might, for the visits she had received from members of her own sex, since she had taken up her abode by the Chateaugay, might have been counted on her fingers without exhausting them. On learning the cause of Jeanie's journey, she received the tidings with the same anxious look as her husband. Evidently both entertained the worst forebodings, while both had a delicacy in speaking of what they believed to be the cause of his absence. Neither had seen him, but the gang of lumbermen he had helped were now form-

ing a raft half a mile below the house and it was arranged that Mr Palmer should go and see them while Jeanie would wait. Her hostess resumed her baking, and Jeanie, feeling the heat indoors oppressive on so fine a day, stepped out and sat on a log, near enough to keep up the conversation yet sufficiently far to enjoy the balmy atmosphere and the beauty of the scene before her. And here, before attempting to describe it, let me tell what manner of woman Jeanie was. She had that first quality of a handsome girl, stature—she was tall, with a form instinct with life—lithe and graceful, which, when matured by age, would become dignified also. She had no pretension to beauty, beyond what the liveliness of youth and a sweet temper can give to the countenance, but still her well-formed mouth, gray eyes, a forehead broad though not too high, and a wealth of light brown hair went to form a face that was pleasant to look upon. She had been a visitor at Palmer's house before, but its surroundings were still sufficiently novel to engage her even in her present distracted frame of mind, for, as became a Scotchwoman, she had a keen relish for whatever is beautiful in nature. Above, and until directly opposite her, the Chateaugay came sweeping, with graceful curve, a wide, unruffled sheet of water, until suddenly it fell over a rocky ledge and became a mass of foaming rapids, which brattled between banks, covered by trees and overhung by hazel bushes, until lost

to sight by a sharp bend a considerable distance below.* Being at flood height, the rapids were seen at their best, and Jeanie never wearied admiring the graceful sweep of the smooth water as it neared the ledge that preceded its fall, or the tumult of breakers into which, a moment after, it was tossed. It flashed upon her that the river was, perhaps, to prove a true type of her own and her mother's fate,—the even tenor of their life hitherto was about to be suddenly broken by her father's disappearance, and then the water, tossed from rock to rock, broken into spray and driven in every direction, except upward, would too truly represent their life hereafter. Raising her gaze to the south, she caught a glimpse, through a gash among the trees on the opposite bank where fire had levelled them, of a range of smooth moulded hills, which, blue and soft in the sweet spring sunshine, brought back to memory the dear old hills of her native land, and joy mingled with her sorrow.

The afternoon wore away apace and still Mr Palmer did not return. Above the noise of the rapids Jeanie heard, now and then, the shouts of the lumbermen as they heaved the logs in forming their raft, and whom Mr Palmer had gone down to see. Having finished her household duties and

*These rapids were known to old settlers as "Palmer's rapids." The quarrying of them for building purposes has greatly changed their appearance.

spread the supper on the table, Mrs Palmer sat down beside Jeanie and, with kindly craft, by talking of commonplace matters, strove to divert her mind. By-and-by the appearance of a fine spaniel, the same that had swam to the rat, indicated the approach of Mr Palmer, who, when he came up to them, leading his eldest girl, a chattering child, seemed in no hurry to answer the questioning eyes of the two women.

"Blessed if the dog don't scent something," said the worthy man, as he watched the animal creeping to a clump of underbrush to the right.

"Bother the dog," exclaimed Mrs Palmer, "what did the men tell you?"

"Waal, they ain't jest sure, you know, but they guess 'tis all right," and as he drawled out the words slowly and reluctantly, Jeanie could see that he was far from thinking it was all right.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you are a father yourself and you are as dear to your child as she is to you. Tell me the worst, and be done wi' it."

"Don't take on, Jeanie; it may be all right yet. Your father helped to tote the logs to the foot of the rapids, and left them, well and strong, to walk home last night. I rather conjecture he lost his way, but he will be home by this time."

This was all Mr Palmer seemed disposed to tell, and, hoping for the best, she tried to share in her host's affected confidence as to her father's safety, and followed him in answer to his wife's call "That

supper was ready." A capital cook, and having a larder to draw from replenished by the gun and rod of her husband, Mrs Palmer, in honor of her guest, had spread a table that contrasted painfully with the meagre fare to which Jeanie was accustomed, and made her think of the mess of boiled corn of which her mother would then be partaking. After supper, the canoe was launched, and bidding farewell to her hostess and her little girl on the river's bank, Jeanie stepped in, when, propelled by the paddle of Mr Palmer, it began steadily to stem the current.

Who that has undergone the agony of sorrowful apprehension has not noted how every trifling incident that may have occurred during that period has become imprinted indelibly upon the memory? The watcher by the sick-bed, over which death hovers, is puzzled how, at a time when the mind is absorbed with one thought, the perceptions should be so sharpened as to note trivial events and objects, down to the very furniture and pattern of the wallpaper, which on ordinary occasions leave no trace upon the memory. On that April evening Jeanie's mind was laboring under this intensified acuteness, and while brooding continually over her father's probable fate, to her dying day she remembered every feature of the scenery she was now passing. The smooth flowing river, swollen and discolored by the melted snow from the hills, hemmed in on either bank

by a thick growth of trees, many of which, as if enamored with the beautiful sheet of water by which they grew, bent over it until, in their leafy prime, their branches almost kissed its surface. Now, though leafless, their tops were glorified by the setting sun, which filled the still air with the lambent blue haze which distinguishes the evenings of early spring in Canada. Keeping to the Chateaugay at its union with Trout river, the canoe stole silently beneath the shadow of the overhanging trees until the mouth of Oak creek was reached, when Jeanie stepped ashore to pursue her way on foot to her home. Before bidding her goodbye, Mr Palmer paused and said: "Now, you keep up a good heart for whatever may happen, and we'll be up tomorrow to search the woods. Give that to your mother and—God bless you." Without giving her time to say a word, he pushed his canoe into the stream and speedily glided out of sight, leaving Jeanie standing on the bank perplexed by what he had said and holding the basket he had thrust into her hands, which contained a loaf of bread and a string of fish. With a heavier heart than ever, she began to trace her way homeward by the creek. Once in that lonely journey she thought she saw her father walking ahead of her, and once she thought she heard his voice. She called out and paused to listen for a reply. The only sound that reached her was the dismal croakings of the frogs. Knowing that her imagination

was deceiving her, she hurried on and, when she caught the first glimpse of light gleaming from her humble home, it outlined her mother's figure seated on the doorstep waiting her return.

"You hav'na found him, Jeanie?"

"No, mother; and he hasna come hame?"

"What can hae come ower him!" exclaimed the mother, as she sank into a seat by the open fireplace.

It was remarkable that in their conversation no conjecture was hazarded by either as to the probable fate of the missing one. Both, plainly, entertained the same painful surmise, which they were alike ashamed to breathe. They sat by the glowing backlog for many hours, hoping against hope that the wanderer might return, until Jeanie overcome by fatigue sought her bed. Once she awoke during the night, thinking she heard a voice. She listened in the darkness. It was her mother wrestling with God on behalf of her father.

CHAPTER II.

Early next day Jeanie and her mother saw a short, stout man emerge from the woods. He was a stranger to them, but his aspect indicated he was a lumberman. He had a towsy head of reddish hair and a matted beard and whiskers of the same hue.

"A pleasant day, ma'am," he said, in a voice so

soft and insinuating, and contrasting so strikingly with the roughness of his appearance, that Mrs Morison was somewhat startled. "It is, indeed, a fine spring day," she replied.

"And the water is high, ma'am, and the rafts are getting away finely—oh, very finely," and the man stood complacently eyeing the mother and daughter, and rubbing his hands.

"Hae ye seen ocht o' my husband? Ye'll hae come about him?"

"Oh, my dear ma'am, don't fret; take it coolly and comfortable like."

"I see ye ken aboot him; oh, dinna play wi' me, but tell me at once."

Not in the least discomposed, the little man, in more oily tones than ever, replied, "Well, well, ma'am, there is no denying it, accidents will happen, you know. You shouldn't be supposing the worst, and taking it easy, for"—

Before he could finish his sentence there was heard a heavy trampling in the woods, and soon there came from beneath their cover half a dozen men, four of them carrying a burden laid on two poles. They came in silence to the door, when Mrs Morison saw their burden was her husband. She snatched away the red handkerchief that covered his face, a glance at which showed her he was dead. She gave a shriek that resounded through the forest, and fell senseless upon the corpse.

The career of the dead man may be told in a few words. He had been the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland, a strapping, lively fellow, who won the good graces of the daughter of a draper in the neighboring village. Her parents opposed her keeping company with him, not merely because his circumstances were indifferent but because his habits were not of the steadiest, he being fond of convivial gatherings, at which, more than once, he had got overcome by drink. Their opposition seemed only to strengthen their daughter's affection for the free-hearted, good tempered young fellow, and the upshot was, that one morning she was not to be found, and before evening they learned she had been married. The imprudent match resulted as the parents had anticipated; the young man was unequal to the task of supporting a wife and his habits did not mend. Moving to a mining village, he got work as a laborer, and out of his scanty earnings a large percentage went into the till of the whisky shop every Saturday night, so that his wife, to eke out a living, had to exert herself to do something also. Quietly and uncomplainingly she took in sewing, washed, or spun, as opportunity offered, to earn an honest shilling, and did what lay in her power to keep things decent. Children came but none lived to maturity save Jeanie. The village was unhealthy, its fumes and murky smoke were not favorable to childhood, typhus was a regular win-

ter visitor, and, more than all, the narrow means at her disposal afforded not the necessaries of life in the abundance children need, so, to her heart-sorrow, one after another was taken away. Time passed, and her father died, leaving her a small legacy, and with this she determined they should emigrate. She fondly thought were her husband removed from his boon companions, were all his old associations broken, and he transplanted into a new sphere, he might reform. Often had she striven with him, often had hope kindled in her bosom that he was going to keep the good resolutions he so often formed; always doomed to bitter disappointment. To emigrate was the last chance, it seemed to her, and for Canada they accordingly sailed. Deplorable to relate, on the day of their arrival at Quebec her husband got drunk with several of his fellow-passengers who went to take, as they termed it, a parting glass, and before he got over his spree the greater part of their little stock of money was gone. Instead, therefore, of being in a position to go to Upper Canada and take up land, as intended, he had to engage at Quebec with a lumberman who was getting out masts and square timber on the Chateaugay, and thus it came that, two years before the opening of our narrative, he had made a home, a poor one as we have seen, in what is now the township of Elgin. Altho their privations were great, Mrs Morison did not regret the change from

the dirty, squalid, mining village in Scotland to the lonely woods of Canada. Her husband had fewer opportunities of getting drink and, on the whole, they lived happily. Possessing a superior education herself and having moved before her marriage in respectable society, she brought up her daughter very differently from what might have been expected from their circumstances, and Jeanie, despite her home-spun dress, had acquirements and manners that qualified her to move in any station of life. As already stated, on the Monday morning Morison had gone to assist in running logs out of the creek. On the evening of the succeeding day his employer settled with him for the season's work, and, in addition to the small balance of wages that was coming to him, gave him a few pieces of pork to take home and, fatal parting gift, a bottle of rum. He left the raftsmen in high spirits, an able-bodied if not very active man, taking the track that led to his humble dwelling. What followed no human eye witnessed. He never reached his home, and the searching-party that morning had discovered his body a few yards from the creek, stretched upon the ground, with his face immersed in a pool of water—a pool only an inch or so in depth, left by the melting of the snow and gathered in a cavity formed by the roots of a tree. Had he, when he stumbled and fell, moved his head ever so little, he would have breathed and lived. The more

than half empty bottle, found in his stony grasp, showed he had been too overcome to stir a hairs-breadth, and there, in a basin of water, so small that a squirrel could have leaped it; so shallow that a robin, in pruning his wings, could have stepped through without wetting a feather; this stalwart man, before whose axe the loftiest pines had fallen and whose vigorous oar had stemmed the rapids of the Chateaugay, had ignominiously met his death, within hail of the faithful wife and loving daughter who were anxiously waiting his return. Jeanie, in going home the preceding evening, had unconsciously passed within a few paces of the body which once contained her father's spirit. On finding it, damp from the exposure of a day and two nights, the searching party had made the body as presentable as possible, and sent ahead one of their number to break, as gently as might be, the news to the wife and daughter. With what success he, who was chosen on account of his smooth tongue, acquitted himself, the reader knows.

So long did Mrs Morison remain in her swoon that once the dreadful thought darted through Jeanie's mind that she was not going to recover, and at one fell swoop she was to be deprived of both parents. She did not cease her exertions, however, and while bathing the rigid temples she rejoiced to see the flush of returning animation. Slowly did Mrs Morison raise herself to a sitting

posture, and looked in a dazed manner, as if wondering why they were there, at the rough lumbermen grouped around her, who stood in silence and with the awkwardness of people who were anxious to help but did not know how. Unconsciously she moved her glance from one to the other until it fell upon the body of her husband. Recollection returned in a flash, and drawing the inanimate form to her lap she pressed the bloated and discolored features to her lips.

“Oh, Willie,” she exclaimed, unconscious in her overwhelming passion of sorrow that there was a listening ear, “lang did we ken ane anither and braw and gallant were you anee; my pride and joy. Sair hae oor trials been and muckle hae ye been misguided, but aye faithfu and true to me. Oh, that I had been wi’ you; oh, that ye had given me your last kiss and deed in my arms! There hae been them wha despised you, wha tauld me to leave you; little did they ken o’ the love that bound me to you. Oh, that we should hae partit thus!”

Here she paused, and turning her eyes upwards she slowly and reverently said: “Merciful God, as in your wise decree you have been pleased to bring this affliction upon me, grant, in your pity, that I tarry not long behind him whom ye hae taen awa.”

The solemn petition calmed the tumult of her mind, and reverently disposing of the body, she rose to her feet and said modestly—

"You will excuse me, freens, for taking on sae sairly afore you, but I couldna help it; this misfortune has come so sudden. I thank you for what you hae dune, and, gin it be your pleasure, as you can do nae mair noo, leave us alane and come the morn to bury him wha's gane."

The red-whiskered man was about to make a voluble reply, when he was cut short by a tall lumberman, in whose eye there glistened a tear, with the remark, "Yes, ma'am, we are at your service and mean to do all we can for you." Then, looking at his comrades, he said, "Let us go," and turning abruptly he led the way, leaving the mother and daughter alone with their dead.

CHAPTER II.

It is true in the moral world as in the material that after a storm comes a calm. The agony of suspense, the wild burst of passionate sorrow had swept over them, and the morning succeeding the sad discovery found mother and daughter composed and resigned. The worst was now known, a worst there was no remedying, and so they bowed, without needless fret or repining, beneath the trial. The sun had risen in an unclouded sky and his beams were warmer than on the preceding days, and as they came pouring down unstintingly on the turbid waters of the creek and the uplifted branches of the forest, it seemed as if

summer was nigh and buds and leaves and green sward would speedily succeed the birds whose noisy concert ushered in the rosy dawn. Everything had been arranged in the humble shanty with all the deftness of order-loving hands; on one side of it, beneath a white cloth, was the corpse. Mrs Morison was seated on the chair at the window; Jeanie sat at her feet on the doorstep.

“Wasna father a braw man when you first foregathered?”

“He` was the handsomest lad in the countryside; a very pleasure for the ee to rest on. Little dae they ken what he was like that didna see him, then, and a kinder or truer heart couldna be. O, Jeanie, I just worshipped him when we were lad and lass.”

“But your father didna like him?”

“Dinna put it that way, Jeanie. He liked him but he saw a faut in him that spoiled a’. I was wilfu. I said Willie would gie up the company he keepit when he was merrit, and that it was guid-fellowship and no love o’ the drink that enticed him. I dinna say that I regret what I did, or that my lot hasna been as guid as I deserved—God forgive me that I should repine or say an unkindly word o’ him that lies there—but young folks dinna lippen to their parents in choosing partners as they ocht.”

“Hoots, mother; when a lad or lass hae found

their heart's love, what for suld father or mother interfere?"

"Easy said, Jeanie, but think ye there is ony body in the wide world loes son or dochter as a parent does? They are as the apple o' their ee, and his or her happiness is all they seek. Dootless there are warld's worms o' parents who only look to the suitor's gear and wad break off the truest love-match that ever was gin he were puir. I dinna speak o' them, for they are out o' the question. But take parents by ordinar, who only seek their bairns' welfare, and the son or dochter wha disregards their advice in choosing a life-mate will hae mickle to repent o'."

"I dinna see hoo that is," said Jeanie, "for surely their marriage concerns only themselves?"

"True in a sense, Jeanie, that as we mak oor bed we maun lie on't. Think ye, though, o' a parent's experience, that nae glamor o' love blinds their ee, that their hail concern is for their bairn's happiness, and they may see fauts in the would-be partner o' their child that can only result in meesery. Young folks shouldna think their parents are obstinate or stupid when they oppose their marrying this ane or that ane. In maist cases they hae solid reason for their opposition, and the son is foolish that winna get his parents consent before he gangs too far and the dochter silly indeed who says Yes without taking counsel o' her mother."

“Oh, but that wadna dae always,” replied Jeanie, deprecatingly, in a tone as if such a course would rob love of its romance.

“Come, noo, Jeanie, tell me what better adviser can a dochter hae than her mother, and hasna the father a richt to hae some say in a match seeing that, if it disna turn out weel, he may hae a useless son-in-law to sorn on him or, in his auld days, hae his dochter or a tawpy of a son’s wife come wi’ a wheen bairns to seek shelter in his hame? Na, na, the first commandment wi’ promise requires obedience in this as in ither callings o’ life, and happy is the wedding whaur the true love o’ the young couple is crooned wi’ the blessings (given without a misgiving) o’ their parents, for there is, then, a reasonable prospect that the match will prove what a’ should be—a heaven upon earth.”

“Mightna the parents be mistaen, mother?”

“Aye, and so might the lad or lass, and far mair likely that the young should err than the auld. Had I taen the advice my father and mother pressed on me, advice that came frae their life-long experience and their affection for me, it wad hae been different—no that I regret what has happened for mysel but for you, Jeanie, that maun grow up in this wilderness, and for your brithers and sisters wha hae gane to a better land.” And here, as the remembrance of the years of poverty and of wretchedness caused by her husband’s intemperate habits flashed upon her, she burst into tears.

“Oh, mother,” exclaimed Jeanie, as rising and standing beside her she clasped her bowed head to her bosom, “dinna tak on so. I wadna hae had it otherwise, and wad suner hae bided wi’ you than had the queen on the throne for my mother. We hae been very happy for a’ that has come and gone, and sae will we yet. Were it to part us, I wadna marry the best man in a’ Canada; I will aye be wi’ you and will aye be obedient to your will.”

“I ken that, my bairn, but,” said the mother, raising her tear-stained face, “promise me this—and it is a promise that him wha lies there wad hae backed, for weel he kent his ain faut—that, nae matter hoo ye may be drawn to him, you will never marry a man that likes his glass.”

“I promise,” said Jeanie with simple solemnity, and drawing up her graceful figure to its full height, she, as if anxious to break off the subject, turned to get a wet towel, with which she wiped her mother’s face, “for,” as she remarked, “ye maun be decent when the folk come.”

It was nigh noon before any of the visitors made their appearance. In the then unsettled state of the country nēws spread slowly even when messengers were sent out expressly to carry it. Everybody came that heard of the melancholy occurrence, for in those primitive days, when only the young and healthy inhabited this section of country, deaths were so rare that a funeral was

regarded as an important event which nobody missed. Straggling in from different points they came in twos and threes, except the lumbering-party with whom the deceased had been connected, who appeared in a body marching up the creek, carrying the coffin—a rude box of unplanned boards—with Mr Palmer leading. Two features in the assemblage were noticeable, one being that hardly a man among them had a coat, the other the fewness of the women. The men, great brawny fellows in home-made shirts and pants fastened by belts, gathered in clusters in the clearing to exchange news and talk over the circumstances attending the event that had brought them together, while the women went into the house. The sun was sinking fast towards the west before the preparations necessary for the burial were completed. When the word went round that the grave was ready, one by one they fyled into the house to take a last look of the face of their late neighbor, after which the lid of the coffin was nailed down. There was no clergyman to be had at the time and among those present there was no one inclined, even if capable, to conduct religious services. If the solemn observances of such occasions were absent, those present had not come unprepared to maintain a custom which in those days was universal in Canada, and, for all the writer knows, may still be in the Mother Country—that of passing a glass of liquor before lifting the

coffin. A man, with a jar in one hand and a tin cup in the other, went round the company, tendering the filled cup to each, which it would have been bad manners to refuse and which nearly all emptied before returning. When all out of doors had been helped, the man, a well-meaning, kindly fellow, stepped into the shanty to regale those inside. Thinking it good manners, he pressed to where Mrs Morison was sitting and, deliberately filling the cup to the brim, tendered it to her first.

Mrs Morison gave him a piercing look. "What!" she exclaimed in a low voice, so emphasized by deep feeling that every word sunk into the minds of those present; "What! Do you ask me to take that which has murdered my husband?"

"Take a taste, ma'am," said the red-whiskered man, who was in the room, "it will do you good."

"Do me good!" she re-echoed, "then it will be for the first time in my life. That do me good that took away the bread for lack of which my bairns, noo saints in glory, perished! That do me good that robbed my husband of his usefulness and good name; that made him fit for only orra jobs and to be despised as a drunkard! That do me good the love of which supplanted his love for me, for it was the stronger o' the twa or wad he no hae left it alane for my sake? That do me good that filled his bosom with remorse, which hurt his health, and, last of all, has taen his life! Oh, that it hasna caused the loss of his soul; that,

in the moment of his passing breath, he found time to seek acceptance with God for the Redeemer's sake! "Take it away," she screamed with the energy of one who shrinks at the sight of a snake, "take it away, and may the curse of the widow and the orphan rest upon them that make and sell it—wha tempt decent men to destruction in order that they may have an easy living."

Abashed at so unexpected a reception, the man continued to stand stupidly before her, holding the cup and jar. Seeing his puzzled look, Mrs Morison, who had recovered her composure, quietly said, "I ken you mean it kindly, and sae far I thank you, but gin you think o' it, you will see that the bottle may be your own worst enemy and they are safest and happiest who leave it alane. As a favor, freen, I ask you no to offer it in this house."

A few minutes afterwards the coffin was borne out of doors, when four lumberers lifted it on their shoulders, and, leading the straggling procession, walked to the grave, which had been dug on a knoll close to the creek, the only spot that could be found convenient sufficiently free of trees and their roots. When the coffin was lowered, each man lifted his hat for a moment, there was a pause, and then the grave was filled in.

With thoughtful kindness those who came had brought some gift of food to replenish the widow's larder, and now, while all the rest departed, the

lumbermen remained, until sunset, chopping fire-wood and putting the house and its surroundings to rights, so that, before they lay down to sleep that night, Mrs Morison and Jeanie included in their prayer thanks to God for having so bountifully provided for them.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

YOU have heard of my passing a night in the bush, and want me to tell you about it. When we came to Hinchinbrook, which was in July, 1831, the shanty my husband put up did not stand where this house is, but on a ridge at the end of the lot. For the first two years we had no neighbor nearer than half a mile, for though the lots on each side of us were granted, nobody was then living upon them. From morning to dark I saw nothing but the bush that encircled our house and the little clearance of blackened stumps. Oh, but it was lonely! It was worse than a jail, for the prisoner gets a blink out of his cell window of the wide prospect without, and of houses and people, but I saw nothing for several years but trees, and trees, until our clearance so extended that it met that on the east side of our lot, and all at once we, one fine day, came in sight of a neighbor's house. The second Spring we were on the lot, my husband left to help to take a raft down to the

Basin, leaving me alone with Henry, who was then the baby. He expected to be back in four days, or by the end of the week at furthest. If it had not been that I had so much work to do I would have cried my eyes out, it was so miserable to be left alone in the woods, and William had never been away so long before. The four days passed and Sabbath came, but he did not. I got very anxious, and all day could scarcely keep my eyes off the spot at which he would come out of the bush, and where the track from the river crossed our lot, and at night I could not sleep a wink, thinking every moment I heard his footstep. Once I was sure I heard him moving outside. I got up and opened the door and called his name. There was no answer, and it was so dark I could not see a rod off. Lighting a bit of pitch pine at the fire, I held it up to look again, when there was a patter of feet and something bounded by me. It was sugar-time and there were a few trees tapped around the house. The noise I heard was a few deer drinking the sap out of the troughs. I knew not what to do. I wanted to go in search of William, but how could I leave our small stock? They might starve before I got back, and that would ruin us. It happened Monday afternoon, just when I had determined to go over to the nearest neighbor and see if I could get some one to go and enquire for my husband, though I knew it would be useless, for every man and boy old

enough had gone with the rafts. I was wrapping baby in a shawl, when the door darkened and a strange voice bade me good day. It was that of a young lad from the second concession. He was on his way home, and had a message from William. In running Dumouchel's rapids the raft had bunted on a stone, throwing her crew off their feet. In falling, William's oar had struck his left arm and broken it. I thanked God it was no worse. He told the boy I was not to be anxious, that he felt so well he hoped to be able to leave for home in a few days. I questioned the lad, and from what he told me, I guessed my husband was worse than he let on. My resolution was made; I would go and see him. The lad said he had to go home first, but promised to come back next morning and tend the stock until I returned. Before going, I got him to fell a few saplings for the young beasts to browse on their tops, for the fodder was nearly done. Then I prepared for my journey; cooking enough to keep the lad while away, and baking some cakes to take to my husband. It would be past 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I was ready to leave, but I considered I would be able to reach the Chateaugay before dark, and once on its banks I would be safe to get a night's rest. With baby in my arms I started brave enough, but had not gone many acres in the woods until I felt I had acted rashly. I had gone over the path only a few times and never alone, so that I was not so

well acquainted with it as I thought I was, and, from the snow having newly melted, it was not as plain as usual. I pressed on until I felt that I had walked so far that, if on the right track, I should have reached the river, while I had not even come to the Outarde. The sunlight had long left the treetops and the stars had begun to glimmer, when I gave it up, convinced that, likely in going to one side to pass a wet spot, I had left the track, and that I was lost in the woods. Assured I had lost my way, I knew it would be madness to walk farther, and so, while I could see, I picked out a hemlock knoll, and choosing a big hemlock that had some cedar bushes growing near, I sat down beneath it. It was not very cold, though in the clearances I daresay there was frost. Taking a cake out of my pocket I made my supper. Baby was very good and lay asleep in his shawl. Wrapping him more warmly in the long plaid I had around my shoulders, I clasped him to my bosom and, so wearied was I, that I fell asleep. I awoke with a start. I thought I heard some one calling. I listened and the sound soon came again. It was the cry of a wolf at some distance. Another answered from some other part of the woods, and another and another. You have noticed, on a calm night, how, if a dog barks, every dog within hearing answers; it is the same with wolves, only their cries are more varied, ranging from a deep howl to a whine like that of a child

in pain. I shuddered for my babe, who still slept, and, kissing him, resolved I should die before the brutes would reach him. For a long time I sat and listened, until the cries died away, from the beasts apparently hurrying to some distant point in pursuit of their prey. I again slept, how long I do not know, but was awakened by something warm stroking my cheek. It was our dog licking my face. I had shut him in the house to be a watch on it, but he had broken out some way and, scenting my steps, had overtaken us. I was so desolate and lonesome, and so glad to have Collie's company, that my heart leaped with happiness as he cuddled down beside me and would not give over licking my hands and face for very joy. I should be ashamed to tell it, but, sir, a good dog is better than a false friend, and Collie was a most faithful beast. After that I slept with confidence, and it was good daylight when I awoke, cold and stiff with my first and last night's rest in the woods, but refreshed and confident. I would not touch more of my cakes, for I wanted them for my husband, so, thanking God for preserving me so far, I went on my way, baby crowing at the sight of Collie, as he gamboled around us with yelps. Marking as well as I could from the way his rays fell, where the sun rose, I went north, for I knew that in that direction I would soon come across the Outarde. Sure enough, I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when I came upon it, flowing

red and full, for it was high water. Knowing I was safe, and that I would quickly come upon one of the settlers by its banks, I hurried on in great spirits, and came out on John Hughes' clearing, and was speedily seated by their blazing log fire at breakfast. My troubles were now over, and I saw that, instead of going north, I had wandered to the east. A little boy went with me to Strachan's, where I crossed the Chateaugay, and resuming my walk got to the house, near Ste Martine, where my husband lay, in the afternoon. It was well I went, for his hurt had brought on a slight fever, and though the habitant's family were kind, they could not nurse him as I did. These were anxious but happy days, for William was overjoyed to have me beside him, and I was glad to be of service to him. In ten days Dr Syme told me he would bear the journey, and getting a cast in one of Reeves's canoes as far as the Portage, we were safe back in our own house before night, to find everything better than we expected. It was a drawback William's arm, for it was some time before he could do hard work with it, but we got over that and many another backset, and, if we are now well-to-do, we earned all we've got.

AN INCIDENT OF HUNTINGDON FAIR.

A LOST CHILD.

IT was wearing on to three o'clock on the first day of the fair, and the crowd was at its height. At a corner of the main building, where the throng was thickest, stood a child, a girl of some four summers, sobbing, not loudly or obtrusively, but with her face buried in her pinafore. The passers-by, intent upon their own pleasure, took no notice of her, until a gaunt, elderly man halted in front of her with the query, "What are you crying for?" "For mama," said the child raising her tear-stained face from behind her pinafore. "Don't you know where she is?" "No," sobbed the little one, "she's gone away," and here her grief broke out afresh. Attention being thus directed to the child, the standers-by grew interested. Among them were two young ladies in rather loud costume. "Guess she's lost," remarked one of them. "Want to

know?" queried the other, "Ain't she sweet?" "Some; should say her mother don't know much; such a looking hat." "You mightn't do better, Ethie." "I'd be sick if I couldn't."—"Well, what's to be done?" asked the man who first noticed the child. "Has anybody seen anybody looking for a little girl?" Nobody had, and then suggestions as to what to do were volunteered. "Ask her name?" was one of them. "What's your name, sissy?" "Roose," sobbed the child. "And where do you live?" "With mama." "And where does she live?" "At home." "That's not the way to ask her," exclaimed a brawny young man, whose lowest whisper would startle a horse, and bending over her he asked, "How did mama come to the fair?" "With me and Toby." "Is Toby your father?" "No," said the child, smiling through her tears, "Toby's a dear little dog." "Did mama walk to the fair?" "We's drove in a wagon and Toby too, ever so long ways." "What's the name of the place you came from?" The question was beyond the child, who simply shook her head. "Don't bother her," interjected a bystander, "get your wagon and drive her round the ground and the mother will see her." "I can't very well," said the man of the loud voice. "My horse has got the gorum, and I want to watch the sheep judges." "Well, take her home with you; you've neither chick nor child." At this a laugh rose, and suggestions as to what should be done, each more

senseless and impracticable than another, began again. To send her to Grahamie as lost baggage, to seat her in the centre of the horse-ring, at the head of the show-house stairs, with the band, or among the fancy articles, where her mother would be sure to go, were among the more reasonable. Each one was clear that it was the duty of somebody else to exert themselves to find the mother, and each one was equally clear he was not called upon to undertake the task. And so precious time was slipping, and what to do with the child remained undecided. At this juncture, a short and somewhat stout woman broke through the ring. "Heeh, what's a' this about? A lost bairn, say ye." Bending over, she lifted the child, and sitting down on a bench pressed her to her bosom. "My bonnie doo, and hae ye lost your mammie! Wha ocht ye?" The child, with staring eyes, answered not. "You might as well speak Greek," grimly remarked the gaunt man. "Eh, what's that! Do you think she disna understan the English lang'age? Na, na, thae bonny blue een are no French. An hoo did you lose yer mammie, my pet?" "Mama gave me penny to get candy, and Toby ran after other dog, and I tried to catch Toby but he runned a long way and was bad, and—and—I couldn't find mana or Toby," and the recollection of her misfortune renewed her grief. "Eh, ma wee bit lady," exclaimed the good-hearted woman, as she clasped the sobbing child more closely, "but hoo are we in

this thrang to find Toby or yer mither either. Hech but her heart will be sair for the loss o' ye. Will na some o' ye gang and see if ye canna fin a woman lookin' for her bairn, instead o' gapin there at us like so mony gomerils."

"If you'll give me ten cents I'll go," said a pert boy.

"Ha, ha, my man, ye'll be a Conservative; ye want an office."

"There's the president," remarked one of the bystanders.

"What! yon black-a-vised man wi the bit red ribbon? Hey, Mr Praseedent; come yont: I want yer advice."

"What's this; what's this?" asked the president.

"Jist a lost bairn, an hoo to fin the mother o't I dinna ken."

"Couldn't be in better hands," said the president.

"She might be in waur, tho I say't mysell. But that's no what I'm drivin at. Hoo am I to get her mither!"

"Oh, that's not hard to do. You have seen a lamb lose its mother, but did you ever see the ewe that failed to find her? You just sit where you are, and the mother will come along."

"I've seen the ewie seek her bit lamnie ower knowe and heugh an never fail to find the wanderer, but what could she do were as mony auld tups thranging roun as are here? Na, na; yer comparison winna stan, Mr Praseedent, Jest tell

me what I'm to dae, an no be stanin' there twirlin yer whisker."

"I'll tell you what to do. Take the child home with you; she is tired and not fit to stay here longer. The mother will be sure to come to the office, and I will know where to send her. I'll take your address," and he pulled out his notebook.

Glancing at the child, which had fallen asleep on her bosom, the woman kissed the peaceful little face, and replied, "that's gude advice. Everybody kens me. I'm Mrs Crowdie, and I live on the —— concession of Hinchinbrook, and if ye want to ken mair o' me ye can speer at that decent man, Mr Herdman, yonner, wha lifts my taxes, and as oor waggin will be ready, I'll gang noo. Sae gude day to ye."

Tired with the day's fatigue and grief, the child did not wake until the wagon halted at Mrs Crowdie's door, when, seeing everything new and strange, she cried a little for her mother, but was easily soothed, and, on supper appearing, she forgot her little sorrows in satisfying her appetite. Though Mrs Crowdie had much to do "in settin things to richts," as she termed it, about the house, and scolded the man-servant for "thinkin mair o' what he saw at the fair than o' his wark," she found time to lavish much attention on the waif, so curiously left on her hands, and beguiled the smiles to her cheeks by kindly arts. When it

grew dark, she cried for her mother, but accepting Mrs Crowdie's promise that "she would see her the morn," and that she would "let poosback sleep with her," she lisped her artless prayer at her knee and, laid in bed, dropped into the land of Nod with her arms around Mrs Crowdie's big black cat.

A NEEBOR LADDIE.

Little Roose was up by times next morning, and thought it grand fun to help Mrs Crowdie to milk, to feed the poultry, and to get breakfast ready. Everything was new to her, and enjoyed with such a zest as to show that it was her first taste of country - life. To keep her company, Mrs Crowdie had sent word to her neighbors to let their son come and play with her, and by-and-by Johnnie made his appearance, and the two had a rare time of it. It was in the afternoon, when, tired with play, and to rest and enjoy the pieces Mrs Crowdie gave each of them, they snuggled down behind a clump of bushes in the orchard.

"When I'm a man, Roose, I'll have sugar on my bread like this all the time."

"When you're a man, will you have a horse?"

"Yes; two of them and whiskers too."

"And a farm like this?"

"A bigger farm than this, an' a big house an' a buggy, an' pigs an' sheep an' hens."

"And may I come to see you?"

"You'll milk the cows and make butter."

"Will it be long time 'fore you're a man?"

"When I'm growed; two or three year; I'm six now."

"How do cows make butter?"

"My, don't you know? It ain't the cows that make the butter, it's the girls."

"And will you show me when I'm big?"

"Yes, an lots o' things."

"My mama has no cows."

"Ain't she! Why, my dad has lots o' em and a bull, too."

"I'd be 'fraid."

"O, you are not a man like me. I could fire a gun an shoot a bear."

"Has God cows?"

"Why, He makes em, an the horses, an the elephants, an every thing. Don't you go to Sabbath school?"

"No."

"My! I went when littler than you, an learnt heaps o' things, an got raisins and candy at Christmas."

"Without a penny?"

"Gimme for nothing."

"My."

"I was to have spoke a piece but got afraid."

"I wouldn't be 'fraid."

"Oh, that's nothing; you're a girl."

Here the conference was broken by Johnnie's

offering to show where the ground hogs kept house, and off he and his companion trotted to a remote stone-pile, and did not turn up till supper time, when they burst in upon Mrs Crowdie with the appetite of hawks, and the girl so full of the wonders she had seen that her tongue never rested until she became sleepy. When laid away for the night, Mrs Crowdie sat in the gathering gloom to think over what she should do. The day had passed without any one coming to enquire for a lost girl, which very much surprised her. So far as her own inclinations went, she would rather nobody ever came, but she knew that somewhere a poor mother's heart was in agony over the loss, and she resolved that, next morning, after breakfast she would drive to Huntingdon to find out if there had been any enquiries.

A SHADE OF MYSTERY.

With many injunctions to Roose, that she was to "be a guid bairn till she got back, an no go near the soos or the wall," Mrs Crowdie next day betook herself to the village, where she arrived in due course and went first to the office of the president to find out whether he had heard aught. Entering she spied through the net-work that surmounted the counter a man in his shirt-sleeves leaning over a desk writing, with his head turned away from her.

"Hey, man!" No response.

"Whar will I find your maister?" No response.

"Whatna ticket is this?" as her eye here fell on a card hung to the wire-netting, and she spelt out slowly, "THIS—IS—MY—BUSY—DAY. Fegs, by the look o' him I should say it is. Hey, man!" No response, the man of the big ledger calmly continuing to write.

"Eh, puir chiel!" exclaimed Mrs Crowdie, "he maun hae a hard maister or be dull o' hearin'," and she thereupon rattled on the counter with her umbrella.

"Oh, were you wanting me. Want to pay your church seat, eh?"

"What na kirk? St Andrew's, say ye? Na, na, I dinna gang there. Dod! You dinna need to have a seat in ony kirk, for there are a' kin o' bodies that ca' themselves preachers rinnin about. Says I to ane that pit maist impertinent questions to me about my saul—an us Scotch folk dinna show our hearts to every Jock and Tam—My man, ye pit me in mind o' a finger-post, ye pint the way ye dinna gang yoursel. Ye see, I kent ocht o' him."

"That's a good one," exclaimed the man of the pen as he rubbed his left arm.

"Gin I had my way, there wad be a riddle afore every college door to try the coofs wha wad wag their heids in a poopit. I ken o' some chuckie heads it wad hae thrown aside."

"Not a bad idea. And what can I do for you? You'll want an organ?"

"Me an organ! I'd suner tryst a parritch pat."

"It's a nice thing to have a little music, and the young ladies soon learn to play."

"I'se ken ye noo. I saw ye at the show. Ye can blaw a horn but ye canna blaw my lug. I want to see your maister."

"What name?"

"My name's Mrs Crowdie; kent by her neebors as ane that pays as she buys an is due nae-body."

"Oh, yes, I have a memorandum. The boss left word you were not to trouble yourself; it would be all right."

"I'll gang hame we nae such assurance. I have come ane errand to see him and I wull see him."

"We had a fine show, Mrs Crowdie?"

"Whaur's your maister?"

"What did you think of the flowers?"

"Whaur's yer maister?"

"Oh, it's the boss you want."

"Ay, an I'll no gang till I see him."

Calling a chubby-faced lad, he sent him in search, and the desired gentleman soon entered.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs Crowdie?"

"I've naething to complain o' except o' sin an a touch o' the rheumatics."

"And what can we do for you to-day?"

"Ye ken weel my errand, an I see by yer man

ye've something ye dinna want to tell me. Wha's bairn is she?"

"We'll speak about that by-and-bye."

"We'll speak about it noo."

"Is the little girl well?"

"The lassie's weel an I'd be laith to part wi her did I no ken there are they wha hae a better richt to her. Noo, tell me; what hae ye learned about her folks?"

"There have been some enquiries; her people know that she is safe."

"Wha are they? I'll gang an see them."

"There's no need. You go home and you'll hear from them."

A good deal of conversation followed, but Mrs Crowdie could get no particular information about the parents, further than that they were satisfied she was in safe hands, and they would call or send for their child in a short time. Forced to be satisfied with this, she returned home, and when Roose threw her arms round her neck in welcome, she could not forbear the secret wish that the parents might never come. There was some mystery and she hoped that it might result thus. She watched the child pattering about during the afternoon, listened to her prattle, and helped to amuse her, and when the evening gathered, and the sun set beyond the forest, leaving the clouds burning in crimson and gold, she sat with her in her lap. Something in the peaceful scene stirred up old

memories, and, with thin and quavering voice, the old woman began the 23rd psalm. To her surprise, the child chimed in, knowing both the words and the old world tune Mrs Crowdie sang them to. "Wha taught ye that, ina dawtie?" she asked, as finishing the psalm, she hugged the child in closer embrace, the moisture glistening in her eyes. "Mama," said the child. "She maun be a guid woman, and a Presbyterian, too." And clasping the child, Mrs Crowdie sat thinking in silence and did not move into the house until it grew chill, when she said "the bairn nicht catch cauld."

THE MYSTERY IS CLEARED UP.

The section of Hinchinbrook in which Mrs Crowdie lives is a very pleasant one to look upon; the landscape being relieved from monotony by low knolls and ridges which break the wide intervals. In the middle of September, the bush, that runs as a straggling and somewhat ragged fringe over the ridges, was still green, with only here and there a branch or tree whose brilliant red foretold the coming glory. The day was bright and warm, the sun's rays being chastened by the faint smoky haze that softened the distant features of the landscape. Her work being over until milking time came round, Mrs Crowdie took a seat by the open window and began knitting. Her little charge had gone to watch a preposterous

hen, which, after being given up as having furnished supper to a fox, had appeared that morning clucking with joy over the solitary chicken that followed her; the yellow hairy little thing a source of delight to the child. While Mrs Crowdie's fingers moved actively with the needles, her thoughts were wandering away to the past. The advent of the child had stirred her nature and wakened memories, she knew not how, that she had stifled so long ago that she thought they were dead. And to judge by her face, they were not pleasant memories. Casually raising her head, she was astounded to see a woman standing at the door intently watching her; a comely woman, neatly dressed.

"What's brocht you back?" demanded Mrs Crowdie, breaking silence, "I told you I was dune wi' you; that gin ye had made yer bed, you could lie on it."

"O, mother!"

"Na, ye needna beg; gin that useless man ye wad marry in spite o' me, has failed to provide for you, you maun look for help anither gate."

"I have not come to beg; we have made ends meet so far."

"Ay, by your wark. A fauchless, smooth-tongued haveril; hoo he threw a glamor ower ye I ken na."

"You are too sore on him."

"Ower sair! A useless being that wad talk an

flee round the kintry, an dae onything but wark. To think that ye wad prefer sic na ane to yer ane mither, you ungrateful hussy. But its aye the way; the best o' women get the lavins o' men."

"It's not for me to listen to such talk of my husband," said the daughter, coloring.

"A bonny husband! Merry't ye, thinking he could hang up his hat in my hoose and sorn on me. My certie, I sorted him! Gang back to yer husband an wark yer finger-nails aff to make up for his laziness. You made your choice, an I'm dune with baith you an him."

Resentment struggled in the breast of the young woman with affection; it was for a moment only; her better nature triumphed.

"I have not come, mother, to ask of you any-thing but your love and"—

"An what? asked the mother, in a voice shrill from suppressed emotion, "Did I no nestle you in my bosom an care for you as dearer than my life? When, ane by ane, your brithers an sisters gaed awa an you were left the ae lam oot o' the flock; when God in his providence took your faither to Himsel an I was left alane, it was you that gied me heart to wrastle wi' the warl, an I watched ower you an thoct you wad be a prop to my auld age. Oh, hoo could ye have the heart to leave me?"

"I love you better than I ever did, mother, but you wouldn't think much of me as a wife were I to say I did wrong in marrying."

“Aye, there it is; the shuffling creature wi his sleek manners that cam between you an me.”

“Oh, mother, leave that alone. I am sorry to have vexed you today. I never meant to trouble you, until you saw fit to send for me or I thought you needed my help.”

“An what has brocht ye, then?”

“I’ve come for Ruth.”

The old woman sank back in her chair in speechless astonishment. At last she whispered, “An she’s your bairn! I thoct there was something about her that was familiar to me: that explains it a’. She’s yerself ower again when ye were a bit toddler. O that thae days were back again! An hoo did ye lose her?”

“It’s six years since I left you, mother, and my heart wearied among the Yankees to see dear old Huntingdon again. I watched the Gleaner when the show was to be, and arranging to be away a fortnight I came with Ruth and stayed with cousin on the river. I saw you at the show, but you did not see me. In the crowd I lost Ruth. I was here and there seeking for her, when a man told me he had seen a little girl, dressed like mine, in a wagon that drove towards the village. I followed and found he was wrong. Thinking she had driven home with our friends, I hastened to cousin’s, but she was not there. What a night I spent! Next morning I went back to the show grounds, and was struck dumb when the president

told me where she was. I explained it all to him. He was very kind and said if I would leave it in his hands he would manage it; when you came in he would put you off for a day or two. Last night he sent me word things had worked well, and I was to go out to you myself. If there is any plot about it to bring us together without your will, it's none o' mine," and sinking before her mother she buried her head in her lap and wept.

What Mrs Crowdie would have done; whether her resentment would have returned and she again have driven away her daughter, God alone knows, but at this juncture the patter of little feet was heard on the gallery and Ruth, with her pinafore full of golden-rod, came shouting, "See what I have got." One glance at the tearful face upraised to see her, and there was a glad scream of "Mama." Claspng her child and grandchild in her arms, Mrs Crowdie broke down. "It's the Lord's wark; nane save Himsel could hae brocht us thus thegither, an I'se no fecht against His will. By a lost child I've found my ain, an we'll never pairt. Ay, my bonny Ruth, I'm your grannie, and ye'll bide we me, an help me tak care o' the hens an the turkeys, and the lave."

"And, papa."

"I'll thole him for your sake; maybe I have wranged him in my prejudices. We'll sen for him."

"An Toby, too?"

"That's cousin's dog, Ruth," said her mother, smiling in her joy.

"Ay, Ruth," said Mrs Crowdie, "we'll get the dowg too, and we'll let byganes be byganes and begin a new life an ther'll no be a happier family in a' Hinchinbrook. Eh, hoo true's the Scriptor in mair senses than ane, An a little child shall lead them. Hech, but this'll no dae. There's the nock chappin five, an the coos are comin up the lane, an the fire's to kinle. Let's be steerin an get the wark dune an then we'll hae supper ance mair thegither."

THE SUMMER OF SORROW.

LOOKING FOR THE BOOK.

You want to see the little buk I have? An who tould you about it? You'll do it no harm. Maybe you won't get the chance. It's not the likes of you that should have it. You've driven from Huntingdon on purpose and sure I won't disappoint you. I didn't ax you to come, did I? You'll print it. Yis, what suits you: laving out all that tells how we poor Catholics were used in Ireland. Honor bright, you'll print every word of the little buk. Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't, but it is not to everybody I would give a reading of my poor nevy's book, and, if you plaze, we'll say no more about that same. Well, then, I might tell you what I saw myself at the favor sheds. Did you ever know anybody who seen a ghost like to talk about it? I tries to forgit what I saw and heard, an thank nobody that brings me in mind o't. Come now, I'll tell you a better shtory than about poor women and childer a dyin by the score of favor an strong

men ahayin aside them too wake to git thim a cup o' wather. An its a thruc story, which is more than can be said about some you've prented. Whin I wint to William Bowron to buy my lot, I paid my money down for't in goold. He wrote my ticket for the lot an' whin he hands it to me, says he, Now you've got a farrum, my man, you'll want a cow. Thruc for you, says I, I had always a cow in Ireland an my father afore me. Confound it all, says he, then you must have one in Canada; I have a heifer that'll suit you. Gittin aff his chair, he placed his stick across his back and hooked his elbows over it, an tuk me into his yard, where he pointed to a beauty av a crathur. How much? says I. Three pounds, says he, Done, says I, an' puttin my hand in my pocket I pays him the money in his fisht. Sure the baste wud have cost tin poun in Ireland. Confound it all, says he, ye're a dacint fellow; come in an have a bite to ate. An afther I had my dinner I started for my farm, adrivin my springer afore me through the woods, feelin proud as Punch over my bargain. It was not until I stood afore the bit shanty I had got raised, that the thought came on me all at once, that I had nothing to feed the baste. Och, it takes an Irishman, to jump before seeing where his feet will fall. Well, I held my whisht, and my woman and her good mother comes out and falls admirin the baste. There was only another cow in the settlement; wan ould

Armstrong had. Sure, I eries, won't the nabors be invying us! Thin here long afore us an wid-out a four-footed baste, barrin pigs an dogs an eats, an here, the firsh month we come, we have an illigant heifer, new come in. "She's a beauty, sure," says my wife's mother, "an as like the wan I sould when I left the Ould Counthry (bad luck to the day I left it) as a red wan can be like a black; lave her to me, I'll look afther her." Indeed an I will, says I, for if you don't she'll die, for sorra a bite hev I got for her. An so it was, the ould woman took charge and tended her as if she had been her ehild, herdin her in the woods an atakin her to the creeks where she could get a bellyful, a drivin her home against nightfall. It divarted the ould woman, who had all the time been lamenting laving Ireland, and sarved us, for me wife an mysilf were workin hard in makin a clearance to get in a few praties. It was on in August that wan night the ould woman an the cow did not come home. She'll hev lost her way, says my wife to me. Not at all, I tells her, she knows the woods as well by this time as ever she did the bog of Dorroghmore. Thin, why's she not here? asks she. Och, she'll have shtrayed funder than ordinar an daylight has failed her. Niver throuble yer mind; she'll be here with the sun tomorrow. I was more consarned than I let on, but what could I do? It was dark an there was no use going looking for her in the woods wid a

candle, seein' we hadn't wan. My wife couldn't get a wink o' sleep, an sot at the door, shouting whiniver she thought she heard a rustlin in the bush. The day broke an the sun climbed up until he was high enough to look over the tree tops at us an say Good mornin, an nivr a sign o' the ould woman or the cow. We waited an waited, expectin ivery minute to see her, until I got afeard, an wint an tould the nearest nabors. They were consarned at the news an agreed if she did come back afore, they would warn the settlement an ivery man jack o' thim would turn out next mornin to luk. An they did; och but there was a crowd ov them, some wid guns an some wid horns an some wid pitchforks. There was grain awaitin to be shore, but not a sowl of mankind stayed away. What's that you say? They'd be Arangemen? What ilse was there in the sittlemint then? We didn't talk in thim days about what makes strife, but lived as frindly as nabors could, helpin wan another, an niver askin what you were. Well, it was a fine day, tho hot, an aff we started, watchin for foot tracks an shoutin an blowin horns an firing shots, expectin the ould woman would hastin to us on hearin where we were. It was niver a bit o' use. Hours wint by an we thravelled miles on miles an niver a sign. Whin we found a track we soon lost it, for the woods were cut up by slues. It was agrowin late whin a few o' us met to talk it

over. "We've gone north an east an wist," says Sam Foster, the ouldest settler ov us all an a knowledgable man, "an havn't found her or the cow. That shows me she has crossed the swamp to the south an gone towards the lines." We agreed to this rasonin an shtarted aff for the swamp, which was as dirty a puddle o' black wather an green skum as there was in Ameriky. Sam was our guide, or we might av been thryin to crass it to this day. He knew where it was narrowest an by creeping along fallen trees we reached the ridge beyant, an hadn't gone half a mile afore we struck the footprints of an ould woman an a cow. How did I know it was the footprints ov an ould woman? Hould yer wisht or I won't be atellin you any more. It was a blessin we did, for it wad soon hev been too dark to have followed them up. I tell ye, we forgot our tiredness an hunger, an hurried on in great spirits, an in half an hour Sam shouts, "There she is," apointin through the trees. I shouts Whuroo an dashes ahead o' them all an in a minit I had the ould woman in my arms an the cow a lookin on as innocint as if it had niver played thricks whin a calf. The saints be praised ye are not kilt and ded, I cries, as I hugged her, for sure, though she was ould an wrinkled an bint, she was the mother o' my darlin wife. Ded I wad hev been, says she, cryin wid joy, but for the crathur, an niver ben waked or buried. By

this time the rist o' the min kem up an awl sat down to hear the ould woman's shtory. She tould us how, from the drouth, the cow found little to pick and kept amovin on and on until she was floundering in the swamp, an whin they got on solid land sorra the wan of thim knew where they were. "How did ye keep alive?" asks a man, "for ye are spry and hearty." "I wanna tell ye," says she. "Two days and two nights in the bush," says another, "an you not hungry: it's a mystery." "Hould yer whisht," says another, "it's a miracle: there be good people in thim woods as well as on the hills ov Ould Oireland." It was growin late an there was no time for more talk an we shtarted for home, an, bedad, the ould woman bate us all wid the nimbleness she tripped through the bush an over the logs. Whin we got home, an glad my wife was when she hugged her ould mother, an the nabors left, I axed again how she had kept body an sowl so well together in the bush. "I wanna tell ye," says she again, an aff she wint to bed. I tould all to my wife an axed her to find out, and by-and-bye she got it as a great saycret—the ould woman sucked the cow for food an purtieted hersilf from the cowld ov the night by sleeping aside her.

"Are you done, grandpa?"

I turned, a girl stood behind us, having come unnoticed.

"Yis, yis; what is it?"

"Supper is ready, and I've been waiting ever so long to tell you."

"Come," said the old man to me as he rose, "an have a bite."

I followed and when after tea I rose to take my horse for my homeward journey, my eyes must have expressed what courtesy kept my tongue from again asking. "Och, the little buk, is it. Well, I'll trust ye wid it." Leaving the room he returned with what looked like a greasy and much handled pass-book. "Take care of it," he exclaimed with emotion, "an don't keep it long." Placing it in my pocket we parted.

HOW THE BOOK WAS GOT.

On retiring to my room that night, I examined the book given me with such reluctance and read every word of it before going to bed. I found it to be the diary of an Irishman who had left his country during the famine. In the ship on which he embarked for Canada typhus fever broke out and the incidents of the horrors of the voyage and of the equal horrors of the quarantine sheds on being landed at Grosse isle were described with a simplicity and directness that alternately moved me to tears and filled my bosom with indignation. Next day I set to work to copy the diary. On considering the matter I saw it would be necessary to learn somewhat of the writer, who he was, whe-

ther he survived the plague, and if he did, where he was now. The first day I could get away from duty found me on the road to interview the old man a second time. On restoring to him the book I expressed freely my indignation at the conduct of the landlords, of the ship-agents, and of the quarantine officers, and my pity for those whom they oppressed. My words seemed to be unlooked for.

"Begorra," said the old man, "I didn't expect this aff ye. I tuk ye for wan that thought anything good enough for the likes of us."

Explaining my wish to publish the diary I asked him to tell me what he knew about its writer.

"Sure he was my nevy, an I will tell ye awl about him."

Though it was mid-October the day was warm and the sun unpleasantly hot, and the old man suggested we should go to the orchard, where he could tell me what he knew without interruption. It proved a long interview for I had many questions to ask and the substance of his statement, though not in his words, I will now give as an introduction to the diary.

It was in the year 1847 myself and wife were behind the house cutting hay. There was no mowing-machine those days; no, not even a scythe could be used because of the stumps, and we were picking the locks of hay out atween the stones and stumps with our hooks. It was a hot day

and we had been at work since sunrise, so our backs were tired enough, but we could not rest, for there was much to do and we had no help beside ourselves. We were working hard and fast, when a voice came ahint us that made us start.

"Uncle, wanna you look roun at me?"

There stood a girl, with a bundle in her right hand. By her figure you might say she was 17 or thereabout; by her face she was an old woman, for the bones were sticking out of the tight drawn skin and her skin was a deadly grey, with black streaks above and below the eyes. My first thought was the colleen was demented.

"God save you kindly," says I, "but why do you name me uncle?"

"I am your brother's child."

You might have knocked me down with a feather, I was so astonished.

"What! me brother Jerry?"

"That same," answers she in a wake voice.

"Where is he?" shouts I, throwing down my hook. "Lade me to him. Niver a line did he send to tell us he was laving Ireland, but welkim he and his as the flowers in May to the best I have."

The girl didn't stir; she seemed numbed and dead like and answered in her hollow voice, "He's dead thim three weeks."

"God save us all," I shouted, "you are mad my colleen, and ye're mind's awandering. My brother

Jerry is in Ireland with his wife and the childer, and ye're mistaen when you call me uncle."

"No, no," she says to me, "ye're my own uncle for I axed at the house next to you. My mother, my father, my brothers and sisters are wid the saints in glory," and wid that she lifted her eyes and crosses herself.

"When and where?' I shouted in desperation.

"They died ov the ship favor, part are buried in the say and part at the favor sheds."

With those words the truth of all she said burst on me and I staggered, for my head swam, and I had to throw myself down on the meadow, but my wife rushed past and clasped the poor child in her arms, "I'll be mother to you, and, God help us, it won't be on our account if the tear o' sorrow come again to your eye."

The poor thing didn't respond as you might expect, but sank on my wife's bosom and looked about with that stony stare of hers. My wife's hot tears were raining on her face, when she whispered, "Wad ye give me a bite to eat?"

Then we saw it all. The girl was starving. I caught her up in my arms—she was no heavier than many a baby—a bag of bones—and I ran with her to the house, crying to my wife to hurry and get something ready. Had ye seen her look at the food as my wife brought it out of the cellar, with the eye of a wild beast, you would have shivered. "Draw in," says I, "it's ecourse, but it

is the best we have, an there's plenty av it."

"Is the mate for me?' she asks doubtful like.

"Surely," says I.

"I havn't put a tooth mark on mate for three years," says she simple like.

I reached her a rib of cold boiled pork and she smiled for the first time, and sucked it as a child does the orange it wants to have the taste of as long as possible. When she had eaten as much as my wife thought safe, she took and laid her on our own bed, and willing she was, for she was clean beat out, and went to sleep when her head touched the pillow. Then we had a talk. She had come from the fever sheds and might give the disease to the children, who had gone berrying, so I goes, as agreed on, and meets them, tells them of their new cousin from Ireland, who had come to us sick, and takes them to stay with a neighbor for the night. Next morning I off to the hay before sunrise and worked excited like till the sun got high and overpowering, when I says to myself, "I'll take a rest and go and see my brother's child." She was sitting at the door, where the hops clustered round her, and looked another crathur. The fearsome glare of hunger in the eye was gone and there was a glint of color in the cheek as she rose to welcome me. "You don't think me mad today, uncle?" she asks me. "God forgive me," says I, "for the word—." With that she puts her hand over my mouth. Oh she

was the kindly crathur, and now that she was clean and fresh dressed I could see would be a handsome lass when there was more mate on her bones. My wife had been looking for my coming and had the table spread, and after we had eaten we sat again in the shade at the door and as I smoked my pipe Ellen told her story. It was, more the pity, a common enough one in those days. The failure of the potatoes had left my brother unable to get enough for his family to eat let alone pay the rent. On the back of the hunger came sickness and when things had got to be as bad as they could, the agent comes round and tells him if he would give up his houlding and go to Canada the landlord would forgive him the rent, pay the passage-money and a pound ahead on landing at Quebec. He took the offer as his neighbors did and went to Dublin, where they found a ship waiting for them. They were not out of sight of land when the fever broke out and the children, one after another, took it, and three died at sea. When quarantine was reached they were all sent ashore, and there the rest of the children, saving Ellen, died, with the father and mother. When the fever left her she was put on board a steamer for Montreal, and got sorra a bite from the hour she left until she landed, though it took the boat 36 hours. Faint and sick she was hurried ashore and when she made for the city a policeman turned her back

and she sat down on the wharf, wishing to die. By and by a man comes along and by his dress she knew he was a minister, though not of our sort. He spoke to her and she told him she wanted to get to me, and showed my address on a bit of paper she carried in her bosom. He read it and saying to follow him, led to a steamer lying in the canal. He sought out the captain and told him to take the girl and land her at Beauharnois, and the captain promised he would to oblige the minister and refused the dollar he offered. The stranger handed it to her with the words, "I must leave you, for others are perishing," and slipped away before she could thank him. That evening she was landed at Beauharnois and when the steamer left the wharf for the Cascades she felt more lost than ever, for she heard nothing but French, and not a word she understood. She spied a man putting bags of flour in a cart with a face that she thought was that of an Old Countryman. She went up to him and he answered her in English, or rather Scotch, for I know him well; he lives near the Meadows. She told where she wanted to go. "You'll be ane o' thae emigrants," says he, "an may hae the fever." "I've had it," says Ellen, "an am well again." "Aye, but ye may give it to ither folk." At this a Frenchman came up to speak to the man and on seeing Ellen put his hand to his mouth and drew back. "Louis," says the Scotchman, "tak

this lassie hame wi you and give her a nicht's lodgin." Louis shook his head. "I'll pay you, man," shouted the Scotchman. "No, no," said Louis, making a sign of horror, "me not let her in my house." "You are a' o' ae kirk and suld be kind to ane anither." Without replying, Louis left. "Weel, lassie, gin they'll no gie you cover in this town, ye maun gae wi me," and with that he went into the tavern at the head of the wharf and came back with some bread in his hand for her. He spread his horse blanket on the bags for her to sit on and off they started. It was a long drive in the dark, for the horse walked every step of the way, and Ellen fell asleep. On waking at the rumbling of the cart ceasing, she found they were standing in a farm-yard. The night was clear but cold, but she had not felt it, for the Scotchman had tucked his big coat around her. He told her he dare not take her to the house for fear of infecting the children. Lighting a lantern he showed her to a corner of the barn, where she lay down to sleep, while he went to unyoke his horse. On waking in the morning she stepped into the yard, where she found the Scotchman unloading his cart. "I've been waitin for you," says he, "an dinna tak it unkind if I say you maun go at ance on yer way. Were my naebors to hear o' ane wha has been sick o' the fever bein here, my place wad be shunned." Putting something to eat in her hand he bade her

follow him, and pointed out the road she was to take for her uncle's place, and by observing his directions had succeeded.

"An so there's only yirsilf left?" asks my wife.

"Av our family," says she, "but unless he's dead since I left, there's my cousin Gerald in the fever sheds at quarantine."

Gerald was my sister's only child and I had heard after her death he had gone to Maynooth to be a priest.

"Do you tell me my nephew, that rode on my knee the day I left Ireland, is in Canada? Why did he not come wid you?"

Then she explained; told us of what he had been to the sick and dying and how the day before she left he had been stricken himself. She wanted to stay with him, but he told her to hasten to her uncle and if he had a mind he might come and help him; she could do no good to stay. I jumps up. "I'll go," I cries, "and will bring him back wid me here safe and sound." As I said that I caught my wife's eye so pleading like, not to go. But I did. I got my neighbors to look after my hay and off I started next morning, bright and early, to catch the stage at the Potash. When old Mr Oliver heard my errand, he told me to go back to my family, but my mind was made up. When my own brother was adying I was in comfort. I was determined my nephew would not suffer like him and me so

near. When the stage came along I jumped into a seat and before darkening I was in the city. All the talk there was about the fever, and how the poor creatures were dying by the hundred in the sheds at Point St Charles. Everybody was in mortal dread of infection and the police had orders to watch that none of the emigrants got past the wharves or out of the sheds, but some did, and they were hunted down and taken back. I kept my whisht as to my errand and listened in the bar-room of the tavern to one story after another, that made the blood run cold to my heart. After an early breakfast next day I left the tavern and walked down to where the steamer sailed for Quebec. It was a beautiful morning and I thought it the prettiest sight I had seen for a long time, the blue river sparkling in the sun and the islands and the other shore looking so fresh and green, with the blue mountains beyant. It was going to be a while before the steamer was ready, for there was a pile of freight to put on board, and I walked up a bit to look round me. In turning the corner of a shed I sees lying on the ground a young lad with a girl leaning over him. I went up to them. "What's come over you, my boy, that you be lyin on the ground?" asks I. Never a word from either. I went close up and I sees his eyes closed and his face white as death, with his head resting on the girl's lap. "God save us, what's wrong?" Never a word. "Can

"I do anything for you?" I says, placing my hand on her shoulder. She lifted up her head that was bowed down on the young man's, oh so slowly, and looked at me, her face white and sunk like a lead. "No," she whispered, "he's adyin." "Dyin like this in a Christian land," says I, "I will get help." I ran back to where the crowd was and tould a policeman. "They'll be escaped imigrants," says he, "and must be sent back, the villins," and off he comes with me. I led him to the place and he flourished his big stick, shouting, "What div ye mean, coming among Christian people agin orders?" I caught his arm. "Don't touch them; he's dyin," for I heard the rattle in his throat. We stood aside for a minute or so, there was a gurgle and a drawin up of the legs, and all was over. "Oh, my brother, my brother, hev you died afore me," moaned the poor girl as she tighter clutched his body. "Come wid me," I said, stooping over and trying to lift her, "I am Irish like yer-silf, and will spind my last dollar if need be to bury your brother. Lave him, and I will take you where you will find friends." I could not loosen her hould on the body. The policeman said he would go for the ambulance and left me. I stroked her hair, I talked to her as if she had been my own daughter; I tried to comfort her. Never a sign or a word. There was a sound of wheels and I looked and saw the ambulance. The men came and I grasped the girl to lift her

off the corpse. I caught a look at her face—she was dead too. The ambulance men said that was nothing, that fever patients dropped dead every day without a sign. I looked at the poor colleen as I helped to lift her into the ambulance beside her brother's corpse, and I knew it was not of the fever alone she had died, but of a broken heart. Och, och, to come to Ameriky to die on the quay. "Drive to the cimitry," says I, "and I will pay all expinses," trying to get up beside the driver. "Have you lost your sinses," says he, "they wad not bury them in the cimitry; they go to Point St Charles, and if yer wise ye'll tell nobody you handled faver patients and go about your business." Wid that he craeks his whip, and rattles aff at a great rate. "Well, well," I said to myself, "at ony rate they will be united in burial as they were in life and death," and they rest in the field where a big stone tells more than 3000 were buried. I turned with a heavy heart to the steamer, which was ringing a warning bell to get on board and lying down on a pile of bags fell asleep. It was afternoon when I awoke and soon after we were at Three Rivers, where I went ashore and got something to eat. When we had left it a while a steamer hove in sight, coming up the river. We crowdied to see her in passing. It was a sight that sunk like a stone on my heart. Her lower deck was chuck full of women and childer and men, all in rags,

and with faces as sharp as hatchets from starvation, and most all of them white or yellow from the fever. She passed between us and the wind and the smell was awful. A sailor told me steamboats passed every day like her on their way from quarantine, and never a one reached Montreal without a row of corpses on her upper deck for burial and a lot of sick to be carried to Point St Charles

It was late in the night when we tied up at Quebec and I took the first lodging-house I found. When I paid the landlord next morning, I asked him how I would get to Grosse Isle. "Ye're jokin' you are," says he, "people lave it, they don't go to it." I tould him my errand. Says he, "Go home, it's no use; your nevy is dead by this time, an if he isn't he'll be dead ony way. It'll be the death of yoursel to go." No, says I, I have come awl the way from Huntingdon to save the boy and I wanna go back widout him. Whin he see I was detarmined he told me how hard it was to get to the island; that the city people were afraid of the infection and watched everybody going and would let none come from there. He pointed to the landing-stage where the quarantine steamboat lay and I went to it. There was a sentry at the end and when I made to pass him he ordered me back. "I'm going to quarantine," says I. "The divil ye be; shtand back; ye can't pass widout an order." I was pleadin wid him

to let me by whin a voice behind says, "What is all this loud talk about?" I turns and sees a tall man in black, straight as a hickory. "Yer riv-rince, this man wants to go to quarantine and has no permit." "My good man," says he to me, "you are seeking to rush into danger if not certain death. The sentry does a kindness in turning you."

"I have a good raison for wanting to go."

"It would need to be in risking your life and endangering the safety of the community by bringing back infection. What may be your reason?"

I saw he was a gentleman and his kind voice won me. I told him all.

"What is your nephew's name?"

"Gerald O'Connor."

"Has he been stricken! They did not tell me when I was last there. He has been one of our best helpers. His only hope lies in instant removal on convalescence and since you have come for that purpose, I shall see you have opportunity."

With that he says to the sentry, "This man is my assistant today," and putting his arm in mine he walks me on to the boat, where even the deck hands saluted him. When he walked away with the captain, I axed who he was. "Dat am Bishop Mountain," says a Frenchman, "Bedad," says I, "they shpoiled a fine cavalryman when they made a preacher ov him."

The order was given to cast off and on we went,

the river smooth as a millpond. When a long way off we could see rows of white tents and long wooden sheds where the sick lay on Grosse isle, and off the landing we found anchored 17 ships that had come from Ireland or Liverpool and had fever aboard. The wharf was a poor one and we had trouble getting ashore, for the steps were rotten and broken. The gentleman they called the bishop beckoned me to follow him as he walked on, speaking with the friends who came to meet him. When in front of the first shed, before going in at the door, he says to me, "Dr Russell will take you to your nephew," and with a bow he passed into the shed. I followed the doctor to another shed and, heavens! when we went in the smell nigh knocked me down. The doctor must have seen something in my face, for he says, "Never mind, my man, you'll soon get used to it." We passed along between two rows of berths, everyone filled, and an odd man, here and there, trying to attend to their wants. The doctor stopped before a berth where lay a young man, with thick black hair. Seizing his arm he felt his pulse. "This is your man," says he. I looks at the worn face and with a trumble in my voice I could not keep back, I asks, "Is he able to go away wid me?"

"He'll go to his grave in a few hours," says he.

"Doctor, dear, don't say that; you can save him. I'll pay you well, if I have to mortgage my farm to get the money."

“There is no saving of him, poor fellow; he’s going as many like him are going,” and with that the doctor moved away.

I knelt beside my nephew and put my hand on his forehead. It was burning hot. His lips were going and he was muttering something, what I could not make out. “Gerald, won’t you spake; I’m your uncle come to take you home wid me.” Never a word. I went over to one of the men in charge and he pointed where the water was. I filled a noggin and pressed it to my nephew’s lips and wet his face. I watched by him for what seemed a long while and saw others die and heard the groans of those in pain and the screams of those that were raving, and the beseechings for water to drink. I attended to those near by as well as I could, and it was when I was coming back with a pail of water I noticed the flush had left my nephew’s face. I was bathing his forehead when he opened his eyes and stared at me. “I’m your uncle, me poor boy; you feel better?”

“May God bless you,” says he, “but what made you come to this fearful place?”

“Sure its nothing; its little to do for my own sister’s child.”

He squazed my hand and closed his eyes and I knew he was praying for me.

“Bring me a priest.”

A man that was passing told me I’d find one in the next shed. It was worse than the one I left,

for it had one row over the other of berths. At the far end I saw a priest, and found he was giving the last rites to an ould man, whose white hair was matted with dirt. I waited till he was done and asked the father to come with me. I left Gerald and him alone, and the priest had no sooner said the last prayer than there was a message for him to go to another poor soul for whom there was no hope. When Gerald saw me, he said, despairin' like, "Take me out o' here; ye can carry me. I want to die in God's free air." These were his very words.

"That I will," says I, "and you'll be home wid me in Huntingdon afore three days." He smiled a sorrowful smile, and said nothing. I lifted him in my arms and carried him out of the shed. I was powerful strong when I was young, and tho' he was tall and broad-shouthered he was wasted to skin and bone. I laid him down in the shade of a tree, for the sun was hot. He didn't look at the river or the hills beyant, but fixed his eyes on a spot that I took to be a burying-place. "Go back," he whispered, "and bring the bag below my berth." I went, and found a woman had already been put in the poor bed I had lifted him out of. I reached for the bag and took it to him. Pointing to a spot in the burying-place he told me to go there and I would see a grave with a cross at its head and the name Aileen cut on it. "You can read?" "Yes," says I. I did his bidding

and coming back told him I had found the grave. "Promise me, you'll bury me beside that grave." I promised him. "Open the bag and you'll find in it a little book." I reached it to him. "Take it," says he, "there are pages in it I would tear out were I able. Let it go. Save the book; it will tell to those now unborn what Irish men and women have suffered in this summer of sorrow."

He was wake and closed his eyes. "Is there anything more I can do for yees?" asks I. "Nothing, uncle dear; the summer breeze is sweet." He never said another rational word, for the fever set in again and he began to rave. He talked as if he were on ship again and then he would change to ould Ireland and he would be aplayin with his comrades, and his laughing was sore to hear. Then there came a long while when he was quiet, just tossing uneasy like at times as he slept. My eyes were on the river and the ships and the green fields bright beyant, when I hears him whisper, "Mother, dear, have ye been long waiting here for your boy?" and he spoke to her tender and soft as he must have done manys the time in ould Ireland. Then it was Aileen he saw, and it was true-lover talk. Oh, it was all so beautiful; the poor boy dying there of the fever on the river bank talkin so sweet and loving with the two women who had filled his heart, an its the lot of love a true Irishman's heart can hould. I was gripping his hand, watching him, when all at once

his jaw fell and I saw the soul had fled. I laid him out as I best could, and rolling the blanket round him lifted the corpse on my shoulder and carried it to the spot he told me. There were shovels and picks in plenty and I set myself to dig the grave. The smell of the fresh earth brought back to me my own family and farm that I had clean forgot that dreadful day, and I determined to be back with them at once. There were men at work near me finishing a long trench, and I saw them watching me and I watched them and listened to their talk. The sun was low before the grave was finished to my liking. There was no use trying to get a priest, they had enough to do with the dying without burying the dead, so I laid the corpse carefully in the grave, said a prayer and filled it in. I drove in a cedar picket to mark the spot, for I meant some day to put a headstone there, but I never did, for I was never able to go back. When all was done I went over to one of the men who had been digging the trench that I had seen by his talk was an Irishman. He was smoking his pipe with the lave, who were waiting for the burial. I got him by himself and told him my errand on the island and now I was done, I wanted away at once. That's not easy, he said. There were guards to prevent any coming on or leaving the island except by the steamer and with a permit. "Sure," I says, "if I stay here till tomorrow I may be a dead man." "That you will,"

says he, "an thin you'll hev to go as a passenger in the steamboat that takes emigrants right on to Montreal." "I'll never go on an emigrant steamboat," says I, minding the one I had seen. He spoke in French to two men near us. They lived above Beauport, he told me, and while they came, like himself, to bury the dead for big pay, they broke the rules by going home at night, when wind and tide served, in a small boat. If I'd help them to get done, they would let me go with them. The job was like to make me sick, but I wanted away, and agreed. By this time they were beginning to carry the dead from the sheds and tents, and as the men with the stretchers came up they dumped their load into the trench. We straightened the corpses to make them lie close, shovelled some lime over them, and then a few inches of earth, when we were ready for another row. Then the trench was filled and smoothed over. I had put on my coat and was cleaning my shovel when one of the Frenchmen touched my arm and I followed him. We slipped into the bushes and went to the north side of the island, meeting nobody. At the foot of a steep bank we found a boat. We got in, and casting loose the tide, which was making, carried us up until we were a good bit from the island, when a sail was hoisted and we went at a great speed, for the tide had brought with it a stiff breeze. On landing I did not follow the men, for I had something to do

I had on my mind. I stripped to the skin, and spread my clothes on the bushes. Going into the water I rubbed my handkerchief and shirt and washed myself as I have never done since. I scrubbed my skin with the sand and sniffed the water up my nose until, for the first time, since morning, I got the stink out of it. It was such a warm night, I was in no hurry to put on my clothes, and didn't till I thought they were well aired. I may tell you, from the moment I buried my nephew, the fear of the fever came upon me, though I had never thought of it afore. Well, when I was ready for the road, I felt sick, but I knew it was with hunger, for I hadn't broken bread since morning. Coming to a habitant's house, the door of which was open, I went to it, but when they heard my tongue, they slammed the door in my face, taking me to be an escaped fever patient. Seeing it was no use, I walked as quickly as I could to Quebec, and made for the lodging-house I had left that morning. There was a light in it, though I knew it must be long past midnight. I went in and there were some sailors drinking and playing cards. The landlord lifted his eyebrows when he saw me, and signed me to follow into a back room. He lit a candle "Were you at the island?" "I was, and am right dead wid hunger." He brought some victuals and I told him how I had got on. When I had cleaned the plates he showed me to a bed. I rose late next

day all right, and left with the steamboat that afternoon for Montreal. The second day after I was home and thankful my wife was to see me. I held my whisht, and never a one but herself knew where I had been.

Well, that is all I have to tell. For a long while after, the sights I had seen followed me, and at night I would wake trembling from my dreams. That passed away, but I never cared to speak of what I saw, and tried to keep the island and its sheds out of my mind. Did any die of the fever in Huntingdon? Yes, Dr Shirriff told me he attended 45 cases, of whom 5 died. Not many were Irish. Emigrants strayed into farmers' houses and gave the infection. Father Kiernan was that year priest in the old church at John Finn's. He had gone on duty to attend the emigrants at Lachine. Feeling ill one day he knew he was in for the fever. If he stayed where he was, he would die in the sheds, so he waited till the stage came along, got in, and rode home. When he got off at his lodging, he told the people Geordie Pringle did not know what kind of a customer he had. Next day he could not lift his head, but he pulled through all right. What came of the colleen? She left us that fall. Her mother's brother in county Kent wrote for her. She married a storekeeper in Chatham, who left her well off. The little book is all I took belonging to my nephew. There were more things in the bag. I was afeared of the in-

fection and never touched them. He must have had a chest or two, but I never asked for them. He was a good man, and I've been thankful ever since I went to see him die.

Driving home in the dark I thought over what the old man had told me, and felt how much more interesting his narrative made his nephew's diary, a faithful reprint of which I now present to the reader.

THE JOURNAL OF GERALD KEEGAN.

“The famine was heavy upon all the land.” According to the chronologists more than three thousand years have passed since the event recorded in these words. Strange that, after so long a period of time has gone, the world has made so slight an advance in providing food for the mouths it contains. At school today there was not a scholar who was not hungry. When I told Mike Kelly to hold out his hand for blotting his copy, he says, “I did not mane to: it was the belly gripe did it.” I dropped the ferule and when the school was dismissed slipped a penny into his hand to buy a scone at the baker’s. The poor school I have had this winter takes the heart out of me. My best scholars dead, others unfit to walk from their homes for weakness. For men and women to want is bad enough, but to have the children starving, crying for the food their parents have not to give them, and lying awake at night from the gnawing at their little stomachs; oh, it is dreadful. God forgive those who have it, and will not share their abundance even with His

little ones. I came home from school this afternoon dejected and despairing. As I looked round me before opening the door of my lodging, everything was radiantly beautiful. The sunshine rested on the glory of Ireland, its luxuriant vegetation—its emerald greenness. Hill and valley were alike brilliant in the first flush of spring and the silver river meandered through a plain that suggested the beautiful fields of paradise. Appearances are deceitful, I thought; in every one of those thatched cabins sit the twin brothers, Famine and Death. As I opened the door, Mrs Moriarty called to me that my uncle Jeremiah had been twice asking for me. Poor man, I said to myself, he will have come to borrow to buy meal for his children and I will not have a shilling in my pocket until the board pays me my quarter's salary. I respect Jeremiah, for both he and his brother in Canada were kind to my poor mother. How I wish all the family had gone to Canada; cold in winter and hot in summer, they say, but there is plenty to eat. I took up a book and had not long to wait for my uncle. He did not need to say a word, his face told me he knew what starvation meant. I called to my landlady to roast another herring; my uncle would share my dinner. He came neither to beg nor borrow, but to ask my advice. After high mass on Sunday the proctor got up on a stone and told them their landlord had taken their case into consideration,

and went on to read a letter he had got from him. In it Lord Palmerston said he had become convinced there was no hope for them so long as they remained in Ireland, and their only means of doing better was to leave the country. All in arrears, who would agree to emigrate, he would forgive what they were due and pay their passage to Canada. Are you sure, I asked, this letter was really from Lord Palmerston?

"We have just the proctor's word for it. Well," my uncle went on to say, "the most of us jumped wid joy when we heard the letter and we all began talkin as soon as he druv aff in his car. Tim Maloney said nothin. He's a deep one, Tim, a pathriot, an rades the papers. What hev ye to say, Tim? I'm considerin, says he, the likes o' this must be deliberated on. Sure, I spakes up, the besht we can do is to get away from here. In the wan letther I iver got from my brother in Canada, hé tould me he had two cows and a calf and three pigs, an a pair o' oxen and as much as they could ate. That's not the pint, answers Tim, this offer prisints itself to me as a plot to get us to lave the land widout an equitable equivalent."

With doubt thrown on the landlord's good faith, the poor people went on arguing among themselves, until a majority decided to stand out and demand better terms. On hearing this, the agent sent word they must decide within a week. If they rejected the offer, it would be withdrawn and

no new one would be submitted. My uncle had come to get my advice, "For sure," he said, "you are the only scholar in the family." I comprehended the infamous nature of the offer. The people did not own the land, but they owned the improvements they had made on it, and had a right to be compensated for them. I knew my uncle when a boy had rented a piece of worthless bog and by the labor of himself, and afterwards of his wife, and children, had converted it into a profitable field. Should I advise him to give it up for a receipt for back rent and a free passage to Canada? I tried to find out what he thought himself. Are you for accepting the offer, uncle?

"That depinds," he answered. "Give me a crop of spuds such as we had in the ould times, an niver a step wad I muv."

I told him potatoes had been the ruin of Ireland; that placing sole dependence upon them had made her farmers neglect the proper care of the land and the raising of other crops. When the rot came or even a hard frost, such as they had in 1837, when potatoes froze in the ground, they had nothing. My uncle was a sample of his class. The lessons of Providence had been lost upon them. They would go on planting potatoes and hoping for days that would never return, for the land had become, by years of cropping, potato sick. Now, uncle, that Tim Maloney has had time for deliberating, what has he decided on?

"I mit him at O'Calaghan's lasht night," replied my uncle, "an he tould us to rejiet the offer an jine the Young Ireland min. There'll niver be peace and plinty in Ireland, ses he, until she's free."

"May be," I remarked, "but you and your family will be dead from starvation before Tim and his friends free Ireland." I cast the matter over and over in my head while we were eating our bite of dinner, but could not decide what advice to give my uncle and those who were going to be governed by what he did. Escape from the dreadful conditions under which they suffered would be a great blessing. On the other hand, my sense of what was fair revolted at the idea of their giving up their holdings, their homes for generations, for a nominal consideration. When my uncle rose to go, for he had a long walk before him, I said I could not decide then; I would think it over and on Sunday I would go and see them.

When Sunday came, I rose early, and let myself out quietly. It was a misty, soggy morning. I stepped out quickly, for I had a good way to go. The walking was heavy, so when I came in sight of the chapel, I saw late comers hurrying in for high mass. At the altar, to my surprise and joy, I saw my old companion, Tom Burke. When the sermon came it was like his old self, strong and bold. He compared the afflictions of the people of suffering Ireland to those of the Israelites in

Egypt, ascribing the famine to the alien government, which wanted to wipe them from the face of the earth. It would prove as futile as all past persecutions directed against the Irish race, which would continue to cherish their faith and their love of country. He carried me away with him, but his hearers listened with countenances stolid and heavy. It was the hunger; they could think of nothing but their craving for food. Father Tom had noticed me, for when I was going out at the door the man whispered to me to step into the sacristy. Passing the word with my uncle, that I would be at his house in the afternoon, I joined my old fellow student, who would have me to break my fast with him. He had come on temporary duty, and I went with him to the priest's house. Over the table we recalled old times at Maynooth and were living those happy days over again with joke and story, when our laughter was checked by the housekeeper coming in to say if we were done with our dinner Mrs Murtagh was waiting to see for what his reverence wanted her. "Send her here," he ordered. A broken-down woman, haggard and in rags, stood at the door. "O ye have come, have ye, Mrs Murtagh."

"Yes, yer rivirence; Mrs Maloney tould me ye wanted me, and didn't know what for."

"Oh, you know what I wanted you for, if Mrs Maloney did not. I wanted to see what kind of a baste you were that would go to the soupers—

what kind of Irish woman you were that would sell your faith to thim white-livered divils."

Father Burke here rose to his feet, his face lit with wrath, and his hand moving to grasp his cross. The woman sunk on her knees at his feet. "For the sake of the dear mother of God, don't put the curse on me, yer rivirence," she entreated.

"Why not? What have ye to say?"

"The childher were cryin all night for a bite, but it wasn't that. Little Tim was adyin on my breast, an I cudn't bear to have him tuk from me. I wint out, I tried everywhere, I could get nothin, an thin, I wint to the soupers. It was to keep the life in Tim, yer rivirence; I burned their thracks an never tasted myself what they gev me."

With a piercing cry the woman fell prone on the floor. Father Tom's anger passed as quickly as it rose. "Take her away," he said to the house-keeper who hastened in, "I'll see her after vespers."

I rose to go; he was his old self again; and with a hearty word we parted. At my uncle's house I found a number of his neighbors waiting and we were soon discussing the subject that filled their heads. The agent had given out he had got another letter, in which the landlord mended his offer, by promising that his agent at Quebec would pay ten shillings a head on their landing at that city, and saying the Canadian government would give each family a hundred acres free. There was to be no breaking or separating of families; all

would go in the same ship. Against the lure of the free passage, the ten shillings, and the hundred acres, they put leaving Ireland for such a wild, cold place as Canada, and to people in rags the thought of its frost and snow was terrible. My uncle fetched his only letter from his brother and I read it aloud. I had to do so several times, as they argued over particular statements and expressions in it. The account it gave of his comfort weighed with them. After a great deal of talk my uncle says, "Well, boys, my brother never told me a lie an I believe every word of his letter. If ye says, I'll go wid ye, I'm for takin the offer an lavin at onct." His decision carried them by storm, and the listless downcast men became bright and energetic with the new hope born within them. As I walked home, I thought it over. There was the possibility of there being deceived by the agent. They were ignorant of business and could easily be imposed upon. Should I not go with them and protect their interests? What was there to keep me in Ireland? Everything I had tried had gone against me. When I was in a fair way at Maynooth, the thought had possessed me the priesthood was not my vocation and I left its loved walls. Failure and disappointment had marked every effort made in other callings since. To give up my situation as teacher would matter little; its salary was a mockery. I would see Aileen.

Feby. 28, 1847.—Aileen consents. Like myself an orphan, she has no ties to bind her to dear old Ireland beyond those common to all her children. We will be married the week before the ship sails. Gave up my school today. As I mean to keep a journal of the voyage, I sat down tonight and wrote the foregoing, to remind me in future years of the causes that led to my decision.

March 8.—Uncle came to see me this morning. What he tells me raises doubts of the good faith of the landlord. The agent was round yesterday with an attorney who got them to put their mark to a paper. A ship is promised beginning of April.

10.—Walked to town to see the agent. He was not for showing the paper at first. It was a release of all claims on the landlord and a promise to give him peaceable possession on the 1st April. The remission of what is due for rent and the free passage are specified as the quid pro quo of the landlord, but not a word about the ten shillings a head to be paid at Quebec or the 100 acres per family from the Canadian government. Nothing can now be done; the poor people are at Lord Palmerston's mercy.

April 9.—We were married Monday morning, and spent three happy days with Aileen's cousin in Limerick. Arrived here in Dublin today. The ship is advertised to sail tomorrow. Took out our tickets for second cabin and drive tomorrow morning to where the ship is lying.

10.—When the car drove alongside the ship, instead of finding her ready for sea she was a scene of confusion, carpenters at work on her hull and riggers perched in her cordage. There is a mountain of freight to go on board, which she is not ready to receive. It was a shame to advertise her to sail today when she cannot leave for several days. Our second cabin proves to be a cubby-hole in the house on deck. We might as well have gone in the steerage and saved £5. It was late in the day when uncle and his neighbors arrived; they formed a large party, and were footsore with their long tramp. The captain refused to allow them to go on board and they will have to spend the night on the quay. The weather fortunately is dry.

11.—I spoke to the captain on behalf of the emigrants. I showed him they had come on the day advertised and had a right to maintenance. He curtly told me to go and see the ship's broker, who has his office far up in the city. I waited over an hour in an outer room to get an interview with the government emigration inspector. I implored him to put in force the law on behalf of the poor people shivering on the quay. He haughtily ordered me out of his office; saying he knew his duty and would not be dictated to by a hedge schoolmaster. Came away indignant and sore at heart. Looking over the emigrants I can see why Lord Palmerston confined his offer to

those in arrears for rent and who had small holdings. Such persons must needs be widows or old men without proper help. His lordship has shrewdly got rid of those likely to be an incumbrance on his estates. The company is made up largely of women and children, with a few old or weakly men. The number of widows is surprising.

12.—The weather is cold and showery and the poor people are most miserable—wet, hungry, and shivering. I went to Dublin to see the ship's broker. He received me very smoothly and referred me to the charterer, without whose instructions he could do nothing. The charterer I found to be out of town; the owner of the ship lives in Cork. I returned disconsolate. An infant died today from exposure. On going to see about the innocent's burial, the priest told me it was common for ships to advertise they would sail on a day on which they had no intention of leaving. It was done to make sure of getting all the passengers they could pack into the vessel. They get £3 a head from the landlords, children counting as half, and the more they can force on board the greater their profit. His experience had been that charterers of vessels for carrying emigrants were remorseless in their greed, and, by bribing the officials, set the government regulations at defiance. Scenes he had seen on the quays drew tears from all save those whose hearts were hardened by the lust of gain.

14.—The poor people are homesick and heart-sick. Today a number of them tried to get on board and take possession of the berths between decks, which were finished yesterday. They were driven back by the mate and the sailors. One man was brutally kicked by the mate. It seems if the passengers got on board they would have a right to rations, hence their being denied shelter. Some of the men have got work along the quays, and every sixpence is a help to buy bread. Again ventured to remonstrate with the captain. He said he had nothing to say to an informer, referring to my visit to the government agent. I told him I would report his conduct to Lord Palmerston, and have just written a letter to his lordship.

15.—Matters have been going on from bad to worse. Two more children have died from cold and want. Not a soul in the crowd has had a warm bite since they left home. Their food is an insufficiency of bread, which is poor sustenance to ill-clad people camped in open sheds. The ship is ready for sea yet they will not let us go on board.

16.—This morning we were ordered to go on board and gladly hurried up the long plank. We had not been fairly settled in her until there was a hurroo, and looking ashore I saw a great crowd of men carrying bundles and babies, with women and children. They were worse clad and more

miserable than our own people. To my surprise they headed for our ship and were soon crowding into her until there was not room to turn. No sooner was the last chest got on board than the sailors began to unmoor the ship. Before they were done a tug steamed up to us and passed her hawser. We had moved out into the bay some distance, when the paddles of the tug stopped, and we saw a six-oared cutter making for us, and when alongside the government inspector, in blue uniform with gilt buttons, leapt on board. He looked neither to left nor right, but walked with the captain across the quarter-deck and went down into the cabin. My mind was made up. My people had already suffered much at the hands of the shipping-men, and I resolved to protest against their being overcrowded. I knew the law, and knew full well that she had all on board she was competent for before this new arrival. I waited my opportunity, and when I saw the inspector emerge from the companion-way and head straight for his boat, I rushed forward. I had just shouted the words, "I protest—," when I was tripped from behind. As I fell headlong, I heard the inspector say, "Poor fellow, has had a drop too much. Good-bye, captain; prosperous voyage." When I rose to my feet he was gone, and the mate faced me. "Damn you," he shouted, "try to speak to an outsider again and I'll brain you." Mortified at my failure and indignant at

my usage, I left the quarter-deck. The tug was in motion again, and we were sailing down the bay—fair Dublin bay, with its beautifully rounded slopes and hills, bright with budding woods and verdant sward. To our surprise, for we thought we had started on our voyage, the tug dropped us when we had gone down the bay a bit, and our anchor was let go. Late in the evening the word went round the reason of our not sailing was that the crew, from the captain down to the apprentices, believed the ship would have no luck were she to begin her voyage on a Friday.

17.—At daybreak we were roused by the clanking of the capstan as the anchor was weighed. There was a light air from the north-east. Sails were spread and we slowly beat out of the bay and took a long slant into the channel, dropping our pilot as we passed Kingstown. Stores were broached and biscuit for three days served. They were very coarse and somewhat mouldy, yet the government officer was supposed to have examined and passed them as up to the requirements of the emigration act. Bad as they were, they were eagerly accepted, and so hungry were the people that by night most of them were eaten. How shamefully the ship was overcrowded was now to be seen and fully realized. There were not berths for two-thirds of the passengers, and by common consent they were given up to the aged, to the women and the children. The others

slept on chests and bundles, and many could find no other resting place than the floor, which was so occupied that there was no room to walk left. I ascertained, accidentally, that the mate served out rations for 530 today. He counts two children as one, so that there are over 600 souls on board a ship which should not legally have 400, for the emigrant act specifies 10 square feet of deck to a passenger. Why was this allowed? What I heard a man telling this morning explains all. The government had sent £200 to be spent on relief works in his townland by giving employment at a shilling a day. When £50 had been paid out, the grant was declared to be exhausted. Where did the £150 go? Into the pockets of a few truly loyal defenders of the English constitution and of the Protestant religion. The British parliament has voted enough money to put food in every starving mouth in Ireland. Half and more of the money has been kept by bloodsuckers of the English garrison. I get mad when I think of all this. The official class in Ireland is the most corrupt under the sun. A bribe will blind them, as I saw yesterday, when the inspector passed our ship and stores. Wind continued light all forenoon, and fell away in the afternoon to a calm. After sunset a breeze sprung up from the west, but did not hold, and as I write we are becalmed in mid-channel.

18.—Light and baffling breezes from the west

and north-west prevailed all day, so we made little progress on the long journey before us. One of our many tacks brought us close to the English coast. It was my first and likely to be my last view of that country. Aileen has made our cabin snug and convenient beyond belief. Her happy disposition causes her to make the best of everything.

19.—The westerly breezes that kept us tacking in the channel gave place, during the night, to a strong east wind, before which the ship is bowling at a fine rate. Passing close to the shore we had a view of the coast from Ardmore to Cape Clear. Aileen sat with me all day, our eyes fixed on the land we loved. Knowing, as it swept past us, it was the last time we would ever gaze upon it, our hearts were too full for speech. Towards evening the ship drew away from it, until the hills of Kerry became so faint that they could hardly be distinguished from the clouds that hovered over them. When I finally turned away my eyes from where I knew the dear old land was, my heart throbbed as if it would burst. Farewell, Erin; no matter how far from you I may roam, my heartstrings are woven to you and forget you I never shall. May the centuries of your sorrows soon be completed, and peace and plenty be yours forever. Land of my fathers, shrine of my faith, a last farewell!

20—When I awoke this morning I became

sensible of the violent motion of the ship. Going out I saw we were fairly on the bosom of the Atlantic and the ship was plunging through the ocean swell. The east wind still held and we were speeding on our course under full sail. I found my fellow-passengers to be in a deplorable condition. The bulwarks were lined with a number who were deadly seasick. Going between decks the scene nigh overcame me. The first time I went below I was reminded of a cavern—long and narrow and low in ceiling. Today it was a place for the damned. Three blinking oil lanterns cast light enough to show the outlines of forms that lay groaning on the floor, and give glimpses of white stony faces lying in the berths, a double tier of which surround the sides of the ship. A poignant wail of misery came through an atmosphere of such deadly odour that, for the first time, I felt sick, and had to beat a retreat up the narrow ladder. The cool ocean breeze revived me and Aileen, who proved a good sailor, had our modest breakfast ready when I joined her. On revisiting the steerage later in the day I found there were passengers down with more than seasickness. There are several cases of dysentery. I asked the steward to tell the captain. He informs me the captain can do nothing, having only a small medicine-chest for the crew. However he told him, and the captain ordered the steward to give them each a glass of whisky. I had plain

proof today of my suspicions that drink is being sold, and on charging the steward he told me it was the custom for the mates of emigrant ships to be allowed to do so, and he would get me what I wanted at any time for sixpence a noggin. I told him I had taken the pledge at the hands of Father Matthew and considered drink unnecessary. My remonstrances fell on stony ground, for the steward, a decent, civil fellow, sees no wrong in drinking or in selling drink.

21.—The first death took place last night, when a boy of five years succumbed to dysentery. In the afternoon a wail suddenly arose from the hold—a fine young woman had died from the same cause. Both were dropped into the sea at sunset. There are fewer seasick today, but the number ill from dysentery grows. Cornmeal was served out today instead of biscuit. It was an injury instead of a sustenance, for it being impossible to make stirabout of it owing to no provision having been made for a galley for the passengers, it had to be mixed with water and eaten raw. Some got hot water, but most had to use cold. Such food when dysentery threatens is poison. Today was cold with a headwind that sent the spray flying over the bows. Had a long talk this afternoon with a very decent man who is going to Peterborough, Canada West. He thinks it is not disease that ails the children, but cold and hunger. Food and clothes is what they need, not medicine. The

number of sick grows. Sighted 2 ships today, both too far away to speak them.

22.—Why do we exert ourselves so little to help one another, when it takes so little to please? Aileen coaxed the steward to let her have some discarded biscuit bags. These she is fashioning into a sort of gowns to cover the nakedness of several girls who could not come on deck. The first she finished this afternoon, and no aristocratic miss could have been prouder of her first silk dress than was the poor child of the transformed canvas bag, which was her only garment.

23.—This is Sunday. The only change in the routine of the ship that marks the day is that the sailors gave an extra wash down to the decks and after that did no work except trim the sails. They spent the forenoon on the forecastle mending or washing their clothes. During the afternoon it grew cold, with a strong wind from the north-east, accompanied by driving showers. Towards sunset the sea was a lather of foam, and the wind had increased to a gale. When the waves began to flood the deck, the order was given to put the hatches on. God help the poor souls shut in beneath my feet! With hatches open, the hold was unbearable to me. With them closed, what will it be by morning? It is growing so dark I cannot see to write more, for a light is forbidden to us. The wind is still rising and the thump of the waves as they strike the ship's side grows

more violent. The shouting of orders, the tramp and rush of the sailors to obey them, the swaying of the ship, the groaning of her timbers and masts, and the constant swish of water rushing across the deck, combine to make me most melancholy and forebodings of evil darken my soul. Aileen is on her knees, the calm and resignation of a saint resting upon her face. There is a faith in God that rises above the worst of the world's trials.

24.—We had a dreadful night, and I slept only by snatches. At midnight the tempest seemed to reach its height, when its roar drowned all other sounds. The ship swayed and rolled as if she would capsize, while ever and anon she shipped a sea that flooded our little cabin, and threatened to tear the house, of which it forms part, from its fastenings and carry it overboard. How I prayed for daylight! When at last the dawn of another day came, the wind lessened somewhat in its force, but the waves were higher and stronger, and while the ship was still shuddering from the dreadful blow dealt by one, another struck her, and made her stagger worse than before. Peering out of the side-scuttle I could see naught but a wild tumult of waters—yawning abysses of green water and moving mountains crested with foam. The writhing, ceaseless activity of the raging waters deeply impressed me. Our ship at one time seemed to be about to be engulfed; the next moment

she towered above the highest waves. So far as I could make out she was driving before the gale under her foresail, close reefed. It was noon before it was safe to step out on deck. The wind was dying away but the ocean was still a wild scene. With little way on the ship, she rolled and pitched, so that to keep from falling I had to clutch at whatever I could get a hold of. The sails were slatting against the masts with a noise like thunder. It was late in the day when a breeze came up, which steadied the vessel and caused her to ship no more water, when the mate ordered the hatches to be opened. I was standing by, concerned to know how it had gone with my people. The first man to come up was my uncle. He had been waiting anxiously to see me. His wife had taken ill during the night, and he was afraid her trouble was the fever. I hurried down with him and found her pulse high and her body racked with pains. All that we had in our power to do for her was to give a few drops of laudanum from a bottle Aileen had brought with her, which eased her pains and gave her some rest. Aileen wanted to go and see her but I would not allow her, the sights and stench of between decks being revolting and past description. Uncle says the passengers passed a dreadful night. The seams opened in the forepeak, and the water coming in caused a panic, the belief being the ship was about to sink. One old man was thrown against a trunk

and had three ribs broken and a girl, ill from dysentery, died during the worst of the storm.

25.—Tired and worn out as I was, I had a broken night's rest. I woke with a start from a dream that uncle's wife was dead. So impressed was I that such was the case, that I dressed hurriedly to go and see. As I stepped on deck 8 bells were struck, indicating midnight. It was clear though cold, and the stars could be seen to the horizon. The column of heated air that rose from the hatchway was peculiarly fetid, but I did not hesitate to descend. Except for the cries and groans of the sick stillness prevailed. Exhausted by the watching of the preceding night all who could were asleep. On getting to uncle's berth, I found him sleeping heavily, his wife tossing by his side with the restlessness of her disease. She was dosing and muttering, showing she was not herself. I tried to catch the words she uttered, and found in her delirium she was back in Ireland and to the happy days when uncle was a wanderer and was coming to see her. I searched high and low before I found a pannikin of water. I raised her head and held it to her lips. She drank it to the last drop. Slipping back to my bunk, I slept until it was late in the day. My first thought on opening my eyes was, that it was my duty to speak to the captain, and as I took breakfast with Aileen I thought how I could approach him with some hope of success. I kept on deck

watching my chance. The captain came up only for a short time at noon to take the sun, and then the mate was with him. I knew it was no use to speak when that fellow was near. After dinner I saw the mate go to his cabin for a sleep, and waited anxiously for the captain. When he did step from the companion and had taken a round or two on the poop, I stepped up. He looked surprised and as if he resented my intrusion. Before he could speak I said—"Pardon me, captain, for coming here. I thought you might not know what is on board ship."

"What do you mean?" he asked roughly.

"There is fever on board," I answered quietly. He paled a little, and then shouted, "You lie; what do you know about fever? You are not a doctor."

"Come and see for yourself," I said, "you have not been 'tween decks since we left Dublin."

With an oath he retorted "Do you mean to tell me what I should do? I want you to understand I know my duty."

"For heaven's sake, captain, do it then. Fever is on board and unless a change is made half the passengers may die."

"What change?" he asked sulkily.

"The steerage wants cleansing and the passengers need better food and more of it."

"Grumbling, eh; what do they expect? Roast beef and plum pudding? The beggars get the government allowance. Begone, sir."

I was trembling with repressed indignation but for the sake of those I pled for I kept cool. "Captain, the poor people ask nothing unreasonable. Go and see for yourself the biscuits and water served out to them, and I am sure you will order a change."

"Complain about the water, too! What's wrong with it?"

"It's foul," I told him, "it smells and bad though it be, there is not enough served out. The sick are calling for water and not a drop to be got."

"Not enough served out—what do you mean?"

"That the allowance is scrimped."

He clinched his fist and raised his right arm as if to strike me. "This to me, on my own ship; that passengers are cheated in measure!"

"Strike me, captain, if you will, but by our common faith I implore you to consider the ease of my poor people. There are children who have died from starvation and they have been dropped into the sea. There are more dying and you can save them by ordering a larger ration of sound biscuit. There are men and women lying stretched in the fever, will you not ease their agony by letting them have all the water they can drink? They have suffered everything flesh and blood can suffer short of death. In fleeing from the famine in Ireland, do not let it be said they have found harder hearts and a worse fate on board ship. When you know a cup of water and a bite will

save life and will make hundreds happy, sure, captain, you will not refuse to give them."

"You vagabond," he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with anger, "if you insinuate I am starving anybody I will pitch you overboard. The passengers get all the government regulations allow them and more they shan't have. Begone, sir, and do not dare to come on the poop again."

"One word, captain. I have been told you have a wife and children. For their sweet sake, have pity on the little ones and the women on board."

"Do you hear me?" he shouted. "Leave the poop or I will kick you off. I'll have no mutiny on my ship."

I turned and left more sorrowful at my failure than indignant at my usage. My appeal did some good, however, for before the day was over wind-sails were rigged at the hatchways, which did a little to freshen the air 'tween decks. A sail ahead hove in sight during the afternoon, and we rapidly gained on her. At six o'clock we were abreast of the stranger, which was not over half a mile away. She was a small barque and had lost her foretopmast during the gale. She signalled us, but our captain took no notice, and we soon left her a long way astern. Asking the boatswain why she wanted to speak us, he said she likely was short of sails and spars to repair her damage and wanted to get them from us. "And why did the captain not help her?" The

boatswain smiled. "They cost money and supplying them would have delayed us." I had my own thoughts about the sailor who would not give a helping hand to his brother when overtaken by misfortune. If that ship be lost for lack of spar or sail, then that little tyrant who struts our quarter-deck is accountable.

26.—A beautiful morning, bright and milder than it has been. Every sail is drawing and the ship is bowling along at a fine rate. I got up early, being anxious about uncle's wife. Found her no better. Worse than that, learned there were five besides her ill the same way. There is now not a shadow of a doubt that typhus fever is on board. Since we left port, no attempt has been made to clear the steerage, which is filthy beyond description. When I speak to the men to join in and shovel up the worst of the dirt, they despondently ask me, "What's the use?" The despondency engendered of hunger and disease is upon them and they will not exert themselves. The steward is the only one of the ship's company who goes down the hatch-steps, and it would be better if he did not, for his errand is to sell the drink for which so many are parting with the sixpences they should keep for their landing in a strange country. The day being passably warm in the afternoon the children played on the deck, and I coaxed Paddy Doolan to get out his pipes and set them jigging.

27.—A dull, murky morning, with a mist that surrounded the ship as the wrapping of silk paper does an orange. It was almost a dead calm and the atmosphere was so heavy the smoke of the galley did not rise and filled the deck with its fumes. The main deck was deserted, save by myself and three old women who sat on the coaming of the main hatchway, smoking their pipes. The cabin boy flitted backwards and forwards carrying breakfast to the cabin, where the steward was laying the table. The boy's motions did not escape the women, and I noticed them whispering and laughing as if concocting a plot. One presently went down into the hold, while the other two turned anxious glances for the return of the cabin boy. When he did come he loaded up with as many skillets and pans as he could carry. No sooner had he disappeared down the companion-way, than the women ran to the galley, which was deserted, for the cook, having completed his morning's work, had gone to the fore-castle, where the sailors were at breakfast, leaving the dishes ready for the boy to take to the cabin as wanted. In a twinkling the women were out again, one of them bearing a big copper teapot, the steam from its spout showing in the morning air. Hurrying to the hatchway they were met by the woman who had left them, ready with a lapful of tins of every description. Into these the tea was poured and handed below, as quickly

as they could be handled. Curious to view the scene I went to the hatch and looked down, seeing a crowd of grinning passengers beneath, who carried off the tins as they got them. When the last drop was out of the kettle, the woman who held it ran back to the galley, and dipping it into an open copper of hot water replaced it where she got it. The women did not disappear, but resuming their seats on the edge of the hatch proceeded to discuss the tins of tea they had reserved for themselves. By-and-by the boy hove in sight, and, unsuspecting of the change in its contents, carried the kettle to the cabin. He had been away five minutes when he reappeared kettle in hand and went to the galley. I stood behind him. He looked bewildered. "Bedad, I was right; there's no other kettle." "Anything wrong, my boy?" "Och, yis; it's hot say water instead of tay that's in the kettle." Going to the sailors' quarters he returned with the cook who, on tasting what was in the kettle, looked perplexed. Accompanied by the boy he made his way to the cabin to report a trick had been played upon him. Telling Aileen of what was afoot, she drew a shawl over her head, came out and took her place by me in lee of the long boat, awaiting developments. The mate, followed by cook, steward, and boy, emerged from the companion. Striding the deck with wrathful haste the mate went to the galley and after hearing the explanations of the cook, shouted "I'll flay

the — thieves with a rope's end." Coming back, he asked me, "What do you know about this?"

"That I had no hand it," I replied, "nor, I'm sorry to say, even a taste of it." Aileen laughed, and eyeing me malignantly the mate retorted, "You know who did it; tell me right away."

"Of course I know, but I would not tell a gentleman like yourself who hates informers. Remember Dublin bay."

He ground his teeth and had Aileen not been there I believe he would have attempted to strike me. Wheeling round to the three old women who sat quietly on the hatchway he asked them.

"Is it the tay ye are askin afther? Sure an it wasn't bad; was it, Mrs O'Flaherty?"

"Dade it was comfortin this saft mornin, Mrs Doolan, an good it was ov the gintlemin to send it to us. It's a captain ye should be instead ov a mate, my dear."

"Tell me who stole the tea-kettle from the galley," yelled the mate.

"Och, dear, don't be shoutin so loud," replied Mrs Doolan, "if I be old, I'm not deaf yet. An as for stealin yer dirty ould tay-kittle, sure I saw the boy with it in his hand this minit."

"Come, no prevaricating. You know what I mean. Who stole the tea?" cried the mate.

"Mrs Finegan, ye sit there niver saying a word; can't ye tell this swate gintlemin who stole the tay."

"You'll be manin the tay the landlord tould us he paid tin pounds into the hands of the mate to give us on the voyage. Where that tay wint to I don't know at awl, at awl. Do you, Mrs O'Flaherty?"

"For shame, Mrs Finegan, to be purtindin sich a gintlemin wad kep the tin poun. He's agoin to give us tay reglar afther this, an (here she raised her tin and drank the last drop) this is the first token. If ye plaze, sir, it would taste betther were ye to put a grain o' shuggar in it."

At this, Aileen, who had been quivering with restrained merriment, burst into a ripple of laughter, loud and long, and an echo from beneath showed there were amused auditors at the hatchway. The mate grew purple with wrath. Seizing Mrs O'Flaherty by the shoulder he fairly screamed, "You old hag, you know all about it; show me the thief."

The woman rose to her feet, her long grey hair hanging damp and limp in straggling locks. With a twinkle in her eye she composedly regarded the mate and dropping him a curtsey, said, she could "not refuse so purlite a gintlemin. Thravellin in furrin parts is as good for manners as a boardin-school eddication, Mrs Finegan."

With an oath the mate shouted, "Show me the thief."

"It's that same I'm going to do," she replied, "Come afther me," and she put her foot on the

ladder that led into the hold. The mate shrank back as if shot. "Are you not a comin'?" asked Mrs O'Flaherty. "Indade its proud we will all be to see yer bewtiful face below for ye have never been down to see us yet."

"He's bashful," interjected Mrs Doolan, rising, "come wid me, if ye plaze, Mr Mate, an I'll inter-juce you."

The mate was glaring with a look in which fear mingled with baffled rage. The cronies noted his state of mind and enjoyed it. "Can ye tell me, Mrs O'Flaherty, where that fine parfume is comin from?"

"Is it the sint aff the mate, yer smellin'?" remarked Mrs Finegan, who had relit her pipe and was looking on with a solemn face. "Sure it's camfire, an he shmells av it like an ould maid's chist o' drawers."

"Beggin yer pardon, Mrs Finegan," retorted Mrs O'Flaherty, "it's a docthur he be, an he is comin down to see thim sick wid the favor."

With a volley of curses the mate turned away. As he went towards the poop he was followed by a chorus of cries from the old women, "Wunna ye come an git the thafe? How did ye like hot say wather for tay? Remimber, an send us our tay reglar afther this, not forgittin the shuggar. There's a favor patient wants to see ye, sir."

When he disappeared I said to Aileen "none but Irishwomen could have so settled a bully."

“And no other,” she laughingly replied, “have captured a cup of tea so neatly.” Towards noon the fog cleared, and the ship made some progress under a light breeze. There was no death today, but there are more cases of fever. The boatswain told me that the sight of the sun today showed we were 600 miles from Newfoundland. Saw the topsails of a full-rigged ship at the edge of the horizon before sunset.

28.—Rained all morning and miserably cold. The light breeze we had died away and we rolled helplessly until after dinner, when the wind came up from the south-east, which sent us bowling on our course. A huge staysail, that had been bent by the sailors two days ago between the main and foremast, was hoisted for the first time, and added perceptibly to the ship’s speed. Sicknes increases and the body of a boy of 5 years of age was dropped into the ocean in the forenoon. The frequency of deaths has made the passengers callous, and, especially those of children, call out little comment. When men and women have sounded the deepest depth of wretchedness, as they have done, they seem to lose both hope and fear. Uncle’s wife is no better; so far as I can judge she is sinking. She might rally had we suitable nourishment to give her, but we have nothing. She has not even fresh air, but with every breath inhales the stench of a pestilence. Uncle, unable to do anything else for her, sits at the head of the

berth, her hand clasped in his. We had a wonderful sunset. The change of wind brought warmth and dappled the sky with fleecy clouds. The fore-castle being deserted Aileen went with me and we sat where, looking down, we could see the cutwater flashing the waves into foam, or, looking up, see the cloud of canvas and tracery of rope and block crimsoning in the waning sunlight. The sun was setting so directly ahead of us that it might be supposed the man at the wheel was steering for it. The glittering, burnished pathway it threw across the ocean, our ship sailed up.

"Sure," whispered Aileen, "it is the road to the land of promise and the sun himself welcomes us as we pursue it."

"Heaven grant it may be so, but for some on board the land of promise will never be."

"Don't be looking at the dark side, Gerald. See yonder clouds, their downy edges touched with pink. Let us fancy them the wings of the angels who are beckoning us to homes of plenty and content beyond that western wave, and cheer up."

As I looked into her face, bright with enthusiasm, I felt if angels beckoned I had also one at my side to encourage me. We gazed in silence at the glowing scene, marked the sun's disappearance, and the deepening colors in cloud and water. Turning our gaze to the ship we could trace the sun's departing rays as they ereped up the tall masts. "Who would think," I said, "to look upon

this most beautiful of all man's creations, a ship in full sail radiant in the sun's richest tints, that in her hold she is bearing an unspeakable mass of misery and woe? How dark within; how bright without. How deceiving are appearances!"

"Nay, Gerald, rather look at it this way: How God in his goodness beautifies what man mars. Nothing so loathsome the sun will not bathe in the fullness of his brightness and glory."

And in that I thought, the sunshine is type of woman's love, which is not withheld by what is repulsive and like the sunshine takes no defilement from what it touches.

29.—Uncle's wife died this morning. It would not be correct to say the fever killed her, for it had not reached its crisis. She was weakly when she left home, and the sojourn on the quay, waiting to get on board ship, gave her a bad cold. Her system was so reduced, she could not withstand the onset of the disease. Uncle wanted a coffin, and the carpenter agreed to make one for five shillings, but when he asked permission of the mate he refused, so she was buried like the others, slipped into the ocean. I recited the prayers for the dead, and the deck was crowded, many being there who had not left the hold since we sailed. Just as they were about to lift the corpse over the gunwale Aileen suddenly burst into song—that mournful, consolatory hymn of the ages, *Dies Iræ*, to whose strains so many

millions of the faithful have been carried to the grave. It was her magnificent voice, sounding from the choir-loft of our chapel, that first drew me to her, and, never before, did I hear her put more feeling into her voice than now. When the last strain of melody floated over the waters, there was a hush for a minute, my uncle laid his hand for the last time on the head of her he so dearly loved, there was a plunge, and all was over. The breaking out of the fever has produced, even among us hardened to misfortune, something like a panic. The crew are in mortal terror of the infection and will not allow passengers to go on the fore-castle, as was their wont. The ship being sent to sea purposely shorthanded, the owner relying on saving something by getting the emigrants to help, a few of our lads, who had been given bunks in the fore-castle and allowed sailors' rations, have been warned, if they go down the hatchways to see their people, they need not return. The captain and cabin passengers never leave the poop. As for the mate, he seems to put his faith for protection against infection on camphor, and so smells of it that he must have a piece in every pocket. Uncle's sorrows are not ended, for two of his family are very ill.

30.—Cold and rainy with fog. A north-west wind is blowing that drives the ship at a good rate, though not straight on her course. The fever spreads and to the other horrors of the

steerage is added the cries of those in delirium. While I was coming from the galley this afternoon, with a pan of stirabout for some sick children, a man suddenly sprang upwards from the hatchway, rushed to the bulwark, his white hair streaming in the wind, and without a moment's hesitation leaped into the seething waters. He disappeared beneath them at once. His daughter soon came hurrying up the ladder to look for him. She said he had escaped from his bunk during her momentary absence, that he was mad with the fever. When I told her gently as I could that she would never see him again, she could not believe me, thinking he was hiding. Oh the piercing cry that came from her lips when she learned where he had gone; the rush to the vessel's side, and the eager look as she scanned the foaming billows. Aileen led her away; dumb from the sudden stroke yet without a tear.

May 1.—Wind still from northwest; ship beating against it in short tacks. Most disagreeable motion. Cast lead at noon. At 150 fathoms found no bottom. A whale crossed our bows, not a hundred yards away. During the afternoon wind veered to northeast and before dark developed into a gale, before which we are driving. May it last long enough to bring us to land. Two deaths today, which has been a truly miserable May-day.

2.—There had been a flurry of snow during

the night, so that yards and deck were white when I went out. The gale still holds and boatswain said if the weather cleared we would see Newfoundland. Two small booms cracked but that has not deterred the captain from keeping on all the sail the ship will bear. At times her lee rail almost touches the water, and the deck slants so it is difficult to cross it. The captain is anxious to end the voyage, and no wonder, for the fever spreads. One child and two adults have died within the last twenty-four hours. Their bodies were dropped overboard when the ship was going 12 knots an hour. A cold, miserable day.

3.—The gale blew itself out during the night and today it is calm, the ship pitching and rolling on a glassy swell, and the sails flapping as if they would split. There is a mist, and it is very cold, which, the boatswain tells me, indicates ice near. Lead cast and soundings found, showing we are on the Banks. Some of our people, who are fishermen, bargained with the cook for a piece of salt pork and using it as bait cast their lines. Their patience was tried for a while, until we struck a school of fish, when for half an hour they caught cod and dogfish as fast as they could haul them in. The school then left and few were caught afterwards. They gave a few of best fish to the cook and in consideration he cooked what they had, so for one day all between decks had enough

to eat. The drinking-water has been growing daily worse, and now the smell of it is shocking. The barrels must have been filled from the Liffey near a sewer. Repugnant as it is to sight, smell, and taste it continues to be doled out in such meagre measure that the sick are continually crying for water with not a drop to give them. The number now sick is appalling—the young of dysentery, the old of fever, the cause of both diseases starvation. Uncle's second boy died this afternoon of dysentery. Poor uncle, his lot is a sore one, yet he never complains. Wind came from southwest towards evening bringing milder temperature with light rain. Sighted several fishing schooners and saw sea-birds for first time since left coast of Ireland.

4.—This has been a variable day; at times bright and warm, at others foggy and chilly, according as the wind blew, and it has veered from west to southwest. Sailors busy getting anchors off forecandle and bitted to the catheads—a slow and laborious task. Passed a number of fishing snaeks today and sailed through a school of porpoises. Our own fishermen did pretty well today. The fish they catch is a great boon to our starving people. No death today.

5.—Weather thick and bitterly cold; no child played on deck today. Passed large fields of ice requiring great skill in handling the ship to avoid them. Captain remained on deck all day. While

I have no respect for him as a man, he is an excellent sailor. Passed two ships caught in the ice. Boatswain says they will have to drift with it until the wind opens a channel by which they can escape. Steady wind from north-east all day. One death this evening, body buried by moonlight.

6.—No ice seen today. Boatswain tells me the captain has brought the ship well south of it. Weather continued thick, with wind from east, and frequent showers of rain. Passed a beautifully shaped two-masted vessel, painted white. She hoisted the stars and stripes. Sighted two large vessels, one like ourselves crowded with emigrants, for her lee bulwark was black with them, looking at us. A patch of floating sea weed drifted by before dark, showing we must be near land. There were three deaths today. If it please God, may this agony soon end.

7.—Stepping on deck this morning to my astonishment saw land on either side—cape North and St Paul island, the sunlight bringing the lighthouses into sharp relief. Both spits looked desolate, but were a cheering sight, for they were the first land we have seen since we lost sight of the Kerry hills. Thank God for his goodness in bringing us to land, the sight of which cheered me beyond expression. It sent a thrill of excitement even through the steerage. During the night the wind changed to the southeast and the

ship makes great progress, the water being smooth, for now being in the gulf of St Lawrence we have left behind us the swell of the Atlantic. As the morning wore on it grew warmer, and when the sun had climbed to his height his rays became almost unpleasantly hot. Passengers not seen on deck since we sailed, crawled up to have a sight of the land, which we quickly left astern, and to bask in the sunshine, until few except the sick remained below. It was wonderful the change heat and prospect of soon being on land, wrought on the spirits of us all. Hope sprung afresh, and the misery of the past was forgotten. Children played about the deck and the hum of conversation filled the air. There were a number of ships in sight, bound, like ourselves, for Quebec. The hours sped and we were bearing down on the Bird-rocks—lonely islets of rock, worn into fantastic shapes, shooting sheer up from the sea and whose cliffs give a foothold to sea fowl, squadrons of whom were careering above them. While intently watching these sentinels of the gulf of the mighty river we had entered, my eye chanced to fall on the face of an old woman whom Aileen had persuaded to stay on deck. More pinched and sallow it could not be, for she was wasted and worn, but, to my alarm, I saw its lines assuming the rigidity of coming death. I touched Aileen's arm to direct her attention. She was down on her knees by her side in a moment.

"Mother, dear, are you not feeling well?' The eyelids lifted and the answer came, "I thank God for his goodness," and then they drooped over the poor dazed eyes. I stepped into my cabin for a tin of water and Aileen held it to her lips. She feebly motioned it away. The slip of a girl who belonged to her, a grandchild, now realizing the coming change, clasped her round the neck. "Granny, dear, don't be aleavin me all alone; sure we see Ameriky now and will soon be walkin on it." The soul was quitting its frail tenement but the child's voice so far recalled it, that a slight look of recognition lightened the face. "Och, stay wid me, granny, an I'll do yer biddin and nivir vix ye agin. We'll soon be havin lashins of meat an wather, an ye wanna need to be givin me your share. O stay wid me!" At that moment there was a report of a musket fired near by. The passengers, grouped around the dying woman, raised their startled eyes and saw it was the mate, who had fired at the sea fowl on the rocks we were now passing. The angry scowl at the interruption melted again into sorrow when Aileen, lifting the gray head from her lap, reverently straightened it on the deck, and leaving the body to the care of the women who crowded near, led the sobbing girl, doubly orphaned, to our cabin. At sunset we buried the body and with it that of a poor cripple, who had been suffering from dysentery. We sat late that

night, for the breeze was warm and the speed of the ship exhilarating, while the waters sparkled in the moonlight. I had been in bed some time, when voices outside wakened me. It was the boatswain and a sailor who were talking, and the sound of their voices seemed to express astonishment. I dressed and hurried out. "Is there anything gone wrong?" I asked. "Did you ever see the like of that?" the boatswain replied, by pointing to the sky. The wind had fallen and glancing up the masts I saw sail, and rope, and block were motionless. Above hung clouds the like of which I had never seen. There were thousands of them, all about a size, all spherical, and all placed together as exactly as the panes in a cathedral window. Though hid from view, the moon was in the zenith, and its downward rays fell on the cloudlets, illuminating them and transmitting a ghostly light, reflected by a ghostly sea. From the horizon to the apex the illusion of the clouds was perfect in representing the ship as standing beneath the centre of a great dome composed of spheres of grey glass, through which streamed a light mysterious and fearsome, revealing the face of a glassy sea, dark and dread. "What weather does this portend?" I whispered. The boatswain shook his head. "It ain't weather, sir," said the sailor, "It's death. You see if the fever don't grow worse."

8.—I had sat so long on deck during the night.

that it was late in the day when I awoke. Aileen had gone out but returned when I had dressed and we had breakfast. A western breeze was blowing and the ship was tacking. The boatswain told me the gulf was over 200 miles wide so there was plenty of sea room, but before night we found there was not. As the day wore on the wind increased and the weather became thick, so that the men on the lookout kept sounding the horn nearly all the time. The captain was more afraid of ice than of a collision with another ship, and did not leave the deck after dinner. It was about 6 o'clock, when everything seemed to be going well, the ship tearing through the water on her northern tack, when the fog suddenly thinned, and to our surprise we saw land ahead. We were not over a mile from it. The captain shouted to the man at the wheel, who brought the ship up to the wind, the sails slatting like to break the masts. The yards of the foremast were soon braced round, and the question was whether the ship would wear in time to avoid striking, for the land was now so near that we could see the foam of the breakers on the shore. There was a dreadful period of suspense, during which the ship drifted broadside on towards the land, until the sails of the foremast bellied out on catching the wind, when she turned on her heel, and the order tacks and sheets given, when everybody who had been able to get a grip of

the ropes hauled with all their strength. The ship was now on the other tack, when we left the land astern, and which presented a desolate appearance, a foreground of rock with low hills behind on which were patches of snow. The boatswain said it was the eastern end of the island of Anticosti, and had we struck the rocks, those who escaped drowning would have starved to death, for the island, save a lighthouse or two, is uninhabited. I thought it, but did not say it, for he is not responsible, that 500 people were being starved to death on board ship. Our having got out of our course, for the captain supposed he was well clear of the island, is blamed on the currents and tides of the gulf.

9.—Uncle's oldest son died of the fever soon after daylight. The blow is a crushing one, but I have yet to hear the first murmur from uncle. His submission to the Divine Will is most touching. The body along with two more we dropped overboard when the sailors were at dinner. Tho' near the end of our voyage, the little tyrant on the poop has given no order to increase the supply of water or biscuit. I did not think the stench of the hold could become worse, but the heat we had a day ago has intensified it. To descend into the hold has become more than I can well bear. I told Aileen today she must not even go near the hatchways. Wind unfavorable all day, and ship tacking.

10.—Wind again in the south but very light. Today in making the weather tack we came close to the south shore, which seemed to be a succession of ranges of high hills with trees to their tops. This was a sad day, five having died. Exchanged signals with a ship. She said she was from Liverpool with emigrants and many were sick. Lead was kept going all day.

11.—In beating across the gulf this morning, the wind being ahead, and cold enough to chill to the marrow, we noticed a small schooner bearing down upon us. It was a pilot boat that had sighted us. When alongside, a row boat left her and soon a pilot was climbing to our deck. He was a Frenchman and spoke broken English. When he saw he had got on board an emigrant ship, he seemed to hesitate, and looked as if he wished he was back, with the bundle he had in his hand, on the schooner again. The boat, however, was by this time near the schooner. "Any seek?" he asked the captain. What the captain answered I could not hear, for he turned and took the stranger to the cabin. When the pilot reappeared he took command, and I noticed he never left the poop. In the afternoon it grew foggy and from the forecastle the dismal sound of the fog horn came. Being now well up the gulf we were in the neighborhood of many vessels, and a collision was possible. We sighted no ship, however, until late in the afternoon, when we

saw masttops above the fog. She proved to be a large vessel in splendid order. Ranging close to us, her captain asked if we had a pilot. Answered yes, he replied he had none. Our captain told them to follow us. Instead of that, the order was given to set more sail and in a few minutes she was lost to sight. Our pilot shook his head as he remarked, "She heading for Mingan rocks." When it began to grow dark, order given to let go the anchor. The noise of the rattling cable was like thunder. A child died today, a sweet girl totler that Aileen was fond of. Many of the sick are sinking tonight, not one of whom but might have lived with proper sustenance, for it is the period of convalescence that proves fatal in nine cases out of ten. Mouldy sea biscuit of the coarsest kind and foul water simply kill the patient who has got over the fever, yet we have nothing else to offer to satisfy their cravings.

12.—Anchor was weighed at daylight and when I came out on deck found we were tacking towards south shore, which was concealed by a fog-bank. Afterwards the wind veered to the east, and a drizzling rain set in. Weather thick all day, cold and disagreeable, with satisfaction, however, of knowing we are making good progress. The pilot, like the captain, is anxious to make all possible speed, and even the top stun sails were set. This was a sad day between decks. There were four deaths and the number of sick greatly

increased. No wonder: the air is that of a charnel vault and the people are so weak from want of food that they have no strength to resist disease.

13.—During the night was roused by the noise of the anchor being let go. On leaving my cabin was astounded, for I stepped into brilliant sunshine, in whose beams the waters danced, while, like a panorama, a lovely landscape was unrolled on either side. No longer a weary waste of water, with an unchanging horizon, met my view, but a noble river, rolling between picturesque banks. The north was rugged, with lofty hills, wooded to the summit; the south was an undulating slope, along whose lower edge ran a line of small white-washed houses, so near each other as to form a street. The fields were flushed with green and some of the tree-tops thickened with bud and bursting leaf. Evidently the occupants of each house had a farm, which ran like a riband from the river to nigh the head of the slope, which was crowned with woods. At regular intervals in the line of houses there is a church—plain stone edifices with high pitched roofs, which, with steeples, are tinned, giving them a foreign look. We were waiting for the tide to turn, the breeze being insufficient to enable the ship to beat against the current. On the other side of the river were four large ships, at anchor like ourselves. As the morning wore on a boat was seen to leave the shore and row towards us. The gunwale of our

ship was crowded with passengers watching her approach. On coming near us, the two men in the boat did not seem to fancy our looks, for they did not throw their line to us. They had evidently come to sell us the provisions they had aboard. "Lay to, what are you afeared of," shouted the boatswain. One of the men shook his blue cowled head. "Parley vous Français?" he cried "What does he say?" the boatswain asked me "I think he wants to know if you speak French." "Blast his himpudence; what does he think my mother was? I wants none sich lingo," retorted the salt. Scared by the row of white faces the men had plainly decided to forego the profits of trade from fear of infection. One had seized his oar to bring the boat's head to shore when, recalling all the French words I had ever heard, I shouted "Lait," and held out a pail with one hand and sixpence with the other. They swung round, and one of the men caught my pail, filled it and handed it back. Pointing to some loaves he gave me one for a sixpence, and several other passengers bought the rest of them. This done, the boat left. With that milk Aileen hopes to save the lives of the few infants left. The bread was welcome, though it was heavy and had a peculiar sourish taste. When the tide began to make, the order to weigh the anchor was given. The ships to the north of us were doing the same, and the sailors' songs came over the water with

beautiful cadence, blending with the chorus of our own crew, which began with "haul in the bowline, the black ship's arolling," and ended declaring that "Katie is my darling." With a large spread of canvas we moved slowly up the mighty river for the wind was light. In spite of our dismal surroundings, this was a day of quiet delight to Aileen and myself. The extraordinary width of the river, said to be over ten miles, its waters, pure and of deep blue color, clasping at intervals a picturesque island, the boldness of the wooded hills on the north shore and the brightness and softness of the cultivated landscape on the south, were a constant feast for eyes wearied of the sea. The depth and tender blue of the sky, so much more transparent than in the dear old land, particularly impressed Aileen. As we made our way up the glorious river, the shores trended nearer, the hills on the north grew loftier and the southern bank less steep. The sun had set in a glory of gold and crimson beyond the hills when the order was given to let go the anchor, the tide no longer serving us. Quarter a mile ahead of us a large ship did the same. The evening being calm Aileen got a wrap and we sat watching the darkening waters and the shores that loomed momentarily more faint, until the lights from the house windows alone marked where they were. "What is that?" she suddenly exclaimed, and I saw a shapeless heap move past our ship on the

outgoing tide. Presently there was another and another. Craning my head over the bulwark I watched. Another came, it caught in our cable, and before the swish of the current washed it clear, I caught a glimpse of a white face. I understood it all. The ship ahead of us had emigrants and they were throwing overboard their dead. Without telling Aileen, I grasped her arm, and drew her to our cabin.

14.—An eventful day, the consequences of which I fear, although, recalling every detail, I do not see how I could have acted otherwise. Anxious to see this country, so new and bright to me, I rose at daylight. The ship was under plain sail, beating against a northwest wind, and making little headway. One of our lads who had been taken to help the sailors was ordered by the mate up the foremast to put to rights some tackle that had got entangled in the last tack. The boy blundered, and the mate repeated the order with his customary oaths. . Again the lad tried to do what he was bid and failed. Ordering a sailor to go up and do the work, the mate shouted to the boy to come down. He did so reluctantly, for he saw the mate had grasped a rope's end. Cursing him for his slowness, the mate seized his feet while still in the ratlines. He fell violently on the deck, when the mate proceeded to shower blows with the heavy rope on the head and back of the boy, who cried piteously

for mercy. I could not stand it; my blood was boiling. "Stop," I shouted, "have pity on the boy; he did not mean to disobey your order. It was his sorrow for his mother who died last night that confused him." The mate paused in his lashing of the lad and glared at me with such a malignant look as I pray the saints I may never again have cast on me. "Mind your business, damn you, or I'll have you put in irons for mutiny," he shouted and again laid the rope across the lad's quivering body with fiercer strength. It was, perhaps, foolish for my own interests but I could not help it. I sprang at the mate and dealt him a blow in the face. He clutched hold of me and we grappled. He was strong, with muscles toughened by fighting sea and wind, but a Sligo boy of my inches will take odds from no man in a wrestle. We fell time and again, he beneath me, but he always managed to wriggle up again, until I got a good hold of his neck, then I bent him under me and rained blows on every part of him my right fist could reach. All that the cheating villain had done, his cruelties to my people, his brutal indifference to their sufferings, flashed across my mind, and lent vim to every blow I dealt. How the scoundrel howled for help and, finally, for mercy. Not one of the sailors interfered. They drew off to the forepeak and looked on, glad to see his punishment. The passengers who were on deck formed in a circle

around us, delighted at the sight. One of them, I recall, popped up from the hatchway and held out a blackthorn to me with the explanation, "To finish him off wid, yer honor." I needed no shillelah. The fear that I might fatally injure the bully alone caused me to pause. I gathered him up in my arms for a final effort, when a strange thing happened me. I saw in my mind's eye, as they passed before me, the white face of one after the other of the dead I helped to drop into the sea. It was one of those freaks the imagination plays when the mind is intensely excited. This could not have taken over a moment or two, but I saw them all, plainly and distinctly. Solemnized yet strengthened by the sight, I was given a power I had not. I raised the craven, who was whining and sobbing, as high as my breast and flung him away as far as I could. Fortune favored him, he fell on a coil of rope, where he lay helpless. The steward went to him, wiped the blood from his eyes, and finally he was able to rise and, leaning on the steward's left shoulder, shuffled to the cabin. By this time every man of my people able to leave the hold was on deck, an excited throng, eager for fighting. "If they lay a finger on yees for what ye've so nately done, we'll break the heads av ivery wan o' thim," said a county Leitrim man to me, and I knew that was the spirit of them all. Softly opening the door of our little cabin I was thankful to find Aileen

asleep. Getting a change of clothes, for those I had on were torn and bloodstained, I slipped out, had a wash in a bucket of saltwater, and then dressed myself. At breakfast I told Aileen all. She was much shocked at the danger I had run, and when satisfied I had received no greater injury than sundry black and blue bruises from kicks and blows and some handfuls of hair the coward had torn from my head, she became alarmed for the result. Assaulting an officer on shipboard I knew was a serious offence in the eyes of the law, and so did Aileen. "I don't think," I said to her, "you need fear their punishing me according to law, for they know if I am taken before a court, all the villainy of captain and mate towards the passengers would come out. They have broken the law in fifty ways, and know it. What I fear is the captain trying to take the law into his own hands before we reach Quebec." We passed the day on deck as usual, appearing as unconcerned as might be. Whether the captain entertained any notion of arresting me, I cannot say, for he made no sign. The sight of a score or so of my people keeping nigh me wherever I moved, from whose coats peeped the end of what they called "a bit av a shtick," may have had some influence in deterring him, but the real cause I opine to be what the boatswain whispered to me in the evening, that the steward had told the captain the sailors to a man would

refuse to put a hand on me. They hate the mate, who, by the way, according to the cabin boy, is lying in his berth, alternately groaning with pain and swearing from rage. We made little progress today. The wind was ahead and we kept tacking every half hour or so. In beating up the river thus, a ship overhauled us. She was : Clyde trader, and being shorter she wore more quickly and being heavier laden sailed more closely to the wind, and owing to these advantages she outsailed us. As she passed us, her captain stood at the stern and dangled a rope to us, as if offering to take our ship in tow. Our captain, with an oath, rushed down the companionway to hide his mortification. In the afternoon a discovery was made that sent joy to the heart of every passenger. A boy had hauled up a pailful of water to douse his head in, after getting his hair clipped, when he got a taste of it and found it was fresh. The tide was out, and at the point we now had reached, at the slack, the water is fresh. Pailful after pailful was hauled on board, and the sick were supplied without stint, with water sweet, clear and cool. Alas, the refreshing draught came too late for seven, who died during the day. I wanted to keep the bodies on board in hopes of giving them burial, but the boatswain advised otherwise, as he said, although we were within a short distance of quarantine with the present wind we might

be two or three days of making it. Ship anchored at darkening, close to shore.

15.—Remained at anchor all day. Cold with strong wind from north-west. At intervals there were squalls, accompanied by driving showers of rain and hail. Three hours' fair wind would see us at quarantine, yet here we are unable to advance a yard on our way. Five deaths today. I resolved the bodies be kept for burial. Boat-swain told me mate is worse today, being feverish. The pilot bled him and the captain gave him a blue pill. Not being needed to work the ship, all hands were engaged in putting the vessel into her best trim, scraping, scrubbing, and painting. Outwardly the ship is neat and clean, a sight to delight a sailor's eye, and to look at her from the deck it is hard to conceive of the putrid state of her hold. The steward bribed several of the passengers with whisky to clean the steps and alley-ways of the steerage. A steamer painted white and with a house the length of her deck, passed us, going east.

16.—The sound of the anchor being weighed awoke me and I heard it with joy. I dressed and gave the sailors a hand. The wind had veered into the east, and it looked as if rain was coming. The fore mainsail having been set, the ship swept on, keeping the channel as easily as if propelled by steam. When Aileen came out, the church bells were ringing for early mass, and

we could make out the people driving along the roads to attend. Reports from the steerage are gloomy. There have been three deaths during the night. It seems as if a number of the sick had reached that point that their dropping off is inevitable. The river was dotted with ships following us, and the sight of so many large vessels moving majestically in a column in our rear fascinated me. By and by the rain came on, when Aileen left to pack our trunks, for we are fully persuaded the wind will hold and that we will land in Quebec before dark, bidding farewell to this ship of misery. When quarantine was sighted, I dropped in to see how she was getting on, and finding my help not needed, wrote this, in all probability, the last entry I will make on board.

Grosse Isle, May 31.—Fourteen days since I penned a line in this sorrowful record. I wish I had not lived to pen another. God's will be done, but, oh, it is hard to say it. Yet I ask myself, what right have I to repine? Grievous as has been my loss, what is it compared with that of many of those around me, whose quiet submission rebukes my selfish sorrow. Enough of this, let me resume my record. When the ship came abreast of the quarantine buildings, all fresh from a new coat of whitewash, the anchor was dropped. It was nearly an hour before the quarantine officer came on board, and I heard him on stepping from

his boat apologize to our captain for the delay, owing to his waiting for breakfast. The captain took him down to the cabin and it was a long while before he re-appeared, when he stepped down to the main deck, where all the passengers, able to be out of bed, were waiting him. He walked round us, asked a few to hold out their tongues, and then went down into the hold, where he stayed only a minute or so. Passing a few words with the captain, he re-entered his boat and was rowed back to the island. No sooner had he left, than the boatswain got orders to have all boats made ready to take the sick ashore. First the dead were brought up. The sailors shrank back, there was a muttered consultation, and the boatswain, taking me aside, told me they would not touch them or even row a boat that held them, and I had better drop them overboard. "Never," I cried, "shall it be said that the bodies of the faithful did not receive Christian burial when it was possible to give it." Calling out from among my people four men whom I knew were fishermen, I asked them if they would row the dead ashore, and on saying they would, the boatswain let me have a boat. Decently the bodies were passed over and we made our way to the landing. We had trouble in getting them out of the boat, for the steps of the quay were out of repair, but we managed it and carried them to what, from the cross on it, we saw was

a church. The priest came out, and I told him our purpose. Leaving the dead in the church, we went back to the ship for the others. By this time the sick were being landed, and roughly handled they were. As it would be a while before the graves would be ready, I lent a hand—the most miserable, heartrending work I had ever engaged in. With indecent haste they were hurried from the ship deck into the boats, and tossed on to the steps of the quay, careless of what injury they might receive. Most were unable to help themselves in the least, a few were delirious. Men, women, and children were all treated the same, as so much rubbish to be got rid of as quickly as possible. It was no better on land. The quarantine had only two men to spare to help the few relatives who came ashore to carry them from the wharf to the buildings, and many lay an hour in a cold pelting rain. It signified little as to their getting wet, for they were all doused by the waves in landing them on the quay. Small wonder two died on the quay, and were borne to the chapel to add to the number awaiting burial there. The priest was very considerate, and, although I did not ask it, said mass, which I knew would be a great consolation to the relatives. Leaving the cemetery with the priest, I thanked him from my heart, and ran to the quay. My heart was in my mouth when I saw on it Aileen, standing beside our boxes, and the

ship, having tripped her anchor, bearing up the river. "What makes you look so at me, Gerald? I have come as you asked."

"I never sent for you."

"The steward told me you had sent word by the sailors for me to come ashore, that you were going to stay here. They carried the luggage into a boat and I followed."

I groaned in spirit. I saw it all. By a villainous trick, the captain had got rid of me. Instead of being in Quebec that day, here I was left at the quarantine-station. "My poor Aileen, I know not what to do; my trouble is for you." I went to see the head of the establishment, Dr Douglas. He proved to be a fussy gentleman, worried over a number of details. Professing to be ready to oblige, he said there was no help for me until the steamer came. "When will that be?" Next Saturday. A week on an island full of people sick with fever! Aileen, brave heart, made the best of it. She was soaking wet, yet the only shelter, apart from the fever sheds, which were not to be thought of, was an outhouse with a leaky roof, with no possibility of a fire or change of clothing. How I cursed myself for my rashness in making captain and mate my enemies, for the penalty had fallen not on me, but on my Aileen. There was not an armful of straw to be had; not even boards to lie on. I went to the cooking booth, and found a Frenchman in charge. Bribing him

with a shilling he gave me a loaf and a tin of hot tea. Aileen could not eat a bite, though she tried to do so to please me, but drank the tea. The rain continued and the east wind penetrated between the boards of the wretched sheiling. What a night it was! I put my coat over Aileen, I pressed her to my bosom to impart some heat to her chilled frame, I endeavored to cheer her with prospects of the morrow. Alas, when morning came she was unable to move, and fever and chill alternated. I sought the doctor, he was not to be had. Other emigrant ships had arrived, and he was visiting them. Beyond giving her water to assuage her thirst when in the fever it was not in my power to do anything. It was evening when the doctor, yielding to my importunities, came to see her. He did not stay a minute and writing a few lines told me to go to the hospital steward, who would give me some medicine. Why recall the dreadful nights and days that followed? What profit to tell of the pain in the breast, the raging fever, the delirium, the agonizing gasping for breath—the end? The fourth day, with bursting heart and throbbing head, I knelt by the corpse of my Aileen. There was not a soul to help; everybody was too full of their own troubles to be able to heed me. The island was now filled with sick emigrants, and death was on every side. I dug her grave, the priest came, I laid her there, I filled it in, I staggered to the

shed that had sheltered us, I fell from sheer exhaustion, and remember no more. When I woke, I heard the patter of rain, and felt so inexpressibly weary I could think of nothing, much less make any exertion. My eye fell on Aileen's shawl, and the past rushed on me. Oh, the agony of that hour; my remorse, my sorrow, my beseechings of the Unseen. Such a paroxysm could not last long, and when exhausted nature compelled me to lie down, I turned my face to the wall with the earnest prayer I might never awaken on this earth. How long I slept I know not. Some motion of one leaning over me brought back consciousness.

"Pax tecum," said a voice I seemed to recall. "Et cum spiritu tuo," I mechanically responded.

I opened my eyes. Could I believe them? It was Father Moylan. I put my arms round his neck, and kissed him a score of times.

"Father, dear; sure it must be the Blessed Virgin herself sent you to console me for the loss of her daughter, my Aileen, my love."

"My consolation would be of little aid; but as an unworthy servant of the church I may be the channel of communicating the consolation that doth avail. May the Mother of Sorrows, whose heart was pierced by the sight of her son's death, heal thy wound. I knew not Aileen was dead."

"Did Father McGoran not tell you?"

"Like everybody else in this wretched place his

hands are too full to permit of speech that can be dispensed with. A lad called on me at Quebec to tell me of how you had been left behind and besought me to help you and your wife."

"His name, father?"

"Michael Fagan."

"The grateful soul; the boy I stopped the mate from lashing."

"He it was, for he told me all and of what you had been to the sick on the voyage. I intended coming anyway to see what I could do for our poor country people, but when I knew of my pupil being here in distress, I went to the bishop to ask to be sent at once."

"And how did you find me?"

"By searching. The last hour I have gone through every building looking for you and came in course to this outhouse."

"May the saints ease your dying hour for this kindness, father. Oh that you had come while Aileen was alive!"

"Fret not over the past, Gerald; there is work calling for you which you must rise and do."

"I have no heart to lift my head: I want to die and be with Aileen."

"A wish natural to the flesh, my son, but I taught you to little avail if I did not ground you in the belief that it is the duty of the Christian to so direct the blind sorrow of fallen humanity that it become an impulse to more

strenuous discharge of our daily duties. Aileen is dead; requiescat en pace. Is your sorrow for her to be a selfish sorrow that will add to your load of sin; or shall it become an incitement to you to do for those around you what she would wish you to do could she speak?"

"Do not ask me; I cannot forget her."

"You are not asked to forget her. May you ever see her in your mind's eye, beckoning you on to works of faith and mercy; may her precious memory be your inspiration to do what duty calls from your hand."

"There is no need of my help now."

"No need! I tell you every hour there are Irish men and women dying within a furlong of you for lack of the commonest help. Before I came here, I found sick who had not had their fever assuaged by a drop of water for 18 hours; children who had not tasted a bite since yesterday; the dead lying beside the living, and all because there is none to help."

"I do not understand why that should be on land. There is plenty of food and help in Quebec."

"Yes, and so there was on your ship, but a heartless captain and a greedy mate stood between the food and water and the passengers. There is abundance of everything within sight of here, yet our countrymen are perishing by the score, because the government of Canada is deaf to their cries."

"What interest can the Canadian government have in acting so?"

"No interest. It is more heedlessness than intent. The politicians are too absorbed in their paltry strifes to give heed to a few thousand Irish emigrants dying at their door."

"It sounds incredible."

"That is because you do not know politics and politicians here. I tell you, Gerald, I have been in Canada now three years, and (always barring the tools of the Irish landlords) if there be a more despicable creature than the office-hunting Canadian politician, I have yet to see him."

"If I must act, I should go first to Quebec to see after my people. They were promised ten shillings a head, to be paid by Lord Palmerston's agent at Quebec, and a deed from the Canadian government for a hundred acres a family."

"Faugh! Not a shilling, not an acre did they get. I saw them. Lord Palmerston has no agent in Quebec, the government will give no free grant of land. Mere lies told the poor crathurs to get them to leave Ireland."

"Well, then, I could at least make an example of the captain of our ship."

"Not a bit of it; you are deceiving yourself. The prosecution would have to be taken by the emigration agent, and he would not, if he could help it. Then, where are your witnesses? You would be bled of your last dollar by the lawyers

and do nothing. No, Gerald, there is no use of thinking of leaving here. Providence has guided you to Grosse isle and here is your work. Come, man, get up and do it."

I sank back with a groan. I did not want to move, the father insisted, however, and, after many remonstrances, grasped my hand and raised me to my feet. He took me to where the resident priest lived, insisted on my washing myself and gave me, out of his bag, one of his clean shirts. Then we sat down to dinner, Fathers McGoran and Taschereau joining us. The conversation was of the deluge of emigrants, every day bringing new arrivals, and every ship with its quota of sick and dying. Every available place having become crowded, the ships had to remain and become floating hospitals. The calamity with which they were face to face was so unexpected and appalling that how to devise means to grapple with it staggered them. They spoke of the need of urging the government to erect sheds and send plenty of nurses and doctors. I listened in silence until Father Taschereau asked me for my opinion, as one who was an emigrant. I said many had died on the voyage and many more had been landed who would certainly die, but of this I was confident, there would not have been a death from fever or dysentery on the voyage or one sick of these diseases landed at Grosse isle, had there been enough to eat. The solution of the

difficulty therefore seemed to me simple. Give all who arrive plenty of wholesome food. Starvation is the cause of dysentery and fever. Remove the cause and these diseases will disappear. It is not medicine and nursing that are wanted, but food. The people fled from starvation in Ireland to be worse starved on board ship where their lot was made worse by the lack of pure air and water, of which they had no lack in Ireland. They asked me many questions about the treatment of the emigrants on shipboard. Father McGoran said he was inclined to believe I was right, that Dr Douglas was making the mistake of fighting the fever instead of removing what caused the fever. The fever was not to be looked upon as was the cholera visitation of 12 years before. I left the table with Father Moylan and as we went out at the door, he stood for a minute to look at the sight on the river. The clouds had cleared and the sun had come out strong, with a marvellously soft and clear atmosphere. So far as we could see from where we stood, the blue waters of the river bore a column of vessels of which neither head nor end was visible. "Let us take a step over and see them," said Father Moylan. When we reached the bank, the sight was striking, and would have been most inspiring had we not known that each of these noble ships was a floating pest-house. There was a shout from the vessel opposite us. A man stood on the gun-

wale, and steadying himself with one hand grasping the rigging, gesticulated with the other. His agitation was so great neither of us could make out what he was saying. "Speak slowly," cried Father Moylan, when clear the response came across the water, "For the love of God, father, come aboard; ye're needed." There was only one rowboat in sight, and it belonged to Dr. Douglas. The oars were out of her and the chain locked. "You'll have to send a boat," cried the father. There was a long delay, ending in a boat putting off from the ship. He wanted me to go with him, but I said I wished to find my uncle.

With heavy heart and unsteady step I turned to the buildings where the sick were. The highest was the best. I looked in and to my joy espied my cousin Bridget sitting alongside a bunk. She started and gave a cry of fright when she saw me, for, she explained, she thought I was in Quebec and I looked like a ghost. It was her father and her sister Ellen who were in the bed. The latter had been landed sick of the fever; uncle had been stricken by it the day after arrival. He did not know me, and I feared the worst from the sound of his moaning. The girl seemed to be doing well. "Comfortable they be," said Bridget, "this is the best place; the sheds are bad as the ship." I told her to go and take the air for a while, and sat down to watch in her place. I was hardly seated when I distinguished a mur-

mur of plaintive cries from every part of the room, mostly—"Wather, if ye plaze." I bestirred myself, and when the poor souls found there was somebody to help, requests increased, and I was kept going from bed to bed. When Bridget returned I remarked that I saw none of our ship's people in the place. She said there was only room for her father and Ellen and the others were in the sheds. It was growing dark when Father Malloy came to the door and beckoned me out. He had such a distressed and wearied look that I went with him without asking any questions. When we came near the outhouse I had lodged in, I turned towards it. He gripped my arm. "No, Gerald, not there; you'd lapse into your old mood." He took me to the priest's house, and a shake-down was made for me in the kitchen. I had a wakeful night and went out of doors before sunrise. To my surprise I saw Father Malloy walking up and down in front of the house, prayer-book in hand. When done he joined me. "Now, Gerald, we have work to do; we must make an examination of everything, for no plan can be laid until we know the actual state of affairs." Re-entering the house with him, he got a loaf and a jug of milk. "I am going to tell you something you should never forget; when you have to go where there are sick, do not go with an empty stomach. Fasting and infection go together." Having broken

our fast, we started, the first thing to be done, the father said, being to see what the island was like. The morning was delightfully fresh and we walked briskly. We found the island larger than we supposed, and having a good deal of land fit for cultivation. Pausing at a field where a man was harrowing, the father had a conversation with him in French. He told him the island was about three miles long by one in width, and that Doctor Douglas farmed a considerable part of it, keeping a number of cows. Standing on its north bank a wide expanse of the St Lawrence lay at our feet, the blue waters ruffled by a western breeze. Beyond rose a chain of wooded hills, which swelled into a lofty peak, overhanging the river. "That is called cape Tourmente," said Father Malloy. "Is it not a glorious scene! Who, looking upon it, would dream there is concentrated within ten minutes' walk the misery of a nation? Gerald, we must give Ireland's woe on this island a voice that will bring the help of Christian people."

"I am afraid it will be hard to interest them. Everything is against the poor emigrant, father. He is not looked upon as a human being. The very sailors treat him as they would a steer given to carry from one port to another."

"True, my boy, and you don't know it all, for you have not lived in this country yet. I've seen in New York men and women shrink from the newly landed emigrant as an unclean thing, and

at Quebec over there the very bar-room loafers sniff their noses in disgust at him. Unless they have money nobody makes them welcome; and if they have money everybody tries to get it from them. I buried a woman who had been left to die on the wharf at Quebec. The captain bundled her out, nobody would touch her, let alone give her shelter, and the poor sick crathur afore sun-down found rest and is now where those who despised her will have little chance of going."

I asked Father Malloy about his visit to the ship the day before. He told me the man who shouted for him had a brother dying, who wanted the church's last rites. "It was my first visit to a fever-stricken ship," he went on to say, "and it was a revelation. I could not stand upright in her hold, for it was not much over 5 feet high, and there was little more elbow than head room. Every side was lined with berths and I saw dead lying in them with the living. The stench made one gasp, and the sight of the vermin crawling over dead and living made my flesh creep. An Irish priest is used to the sights of disease and want, but the emigrant-ship, fever-stricken, embodies every form of wretchedness and multiplies them a ten-fold.'

The quarantine-buildings are huddled together at the upper end of the island and each we examined during the day. Except the one in which uncle lay, they are flimsy affairs, a shelter from

the heat of the sun and no more, for the boards are shrunken and the roofs leaky. In one the berths are in double tier, like those of a ship, the result being the patient in the lower berth is made uncomfortable by the one above, and he, in turn, from weakness, can neither get out nor into it without help, which he seldom gets. Every place is crowded with sick, even the two churches being occupied. The government had prepared for 200 sick; already there are nigh a thousand, and many more on the ships who cannot be landed for want of room. Without regard to age or sex they are huddled together in the sheds, and left to die or recover. The attendance was hardly worth speaking of. At long intervals a man or woman would come round with drink and food, but there was no pretence at coming for their comfort. We were told by many nobody had been near them for hours. We saw the dead lying next the living, for the bodies are removed only night and morning, and in many cases there were two and three in a berth. Over all this sad scene, from which hope had fled, shone the virtues of patience and submission to the divine will. No querulous word was heard, no grumbling; the stricken flock bowed beneath the rod of affliction with pious resignation. Workmen were busy building a new shed and there were tents lying round, but all the preparations were wofully insufficient. Father

Malloy agreed with me that the lack of nurses was even worse than the lack of shelter, and thought a supply might be had from the healthy emigrants. I thought not; emigrants in health were too eager to escape after being bound to scenes of horror on shipboard for a month and more. We labored to do our best, and many a pail of water did the father carry from the river to serve out in cupfuls in the sheds.

The weather has been sorely against the sick, rain with high east winds, adding to their discomfort. Nearly every day there is a fresh arrival of a ship, and not one without sick on board. The wind had been from the east the day before and on the morning of the 25th a whole fleet was seen bearing up the river, of which a dozen had emigrants. At Father Malloy's request I spent a day with him going from ship to ship, a boat having been lent him by a friendly captain. The passengers cried with joy when they saw him and clustered round the holy man, whose services in administering the last consolations of the church were needed at every step. I spoke with the passengers while he was below, and it was an unvarying tale of starvation on the voyage and cruel usage. I found the passengers on ships that had been lying at anchor over a week to be still starving, for the captains had not increased the rations and Dr Douglas said he could not supply provisions from the shore unless auth-

orized by the Canadian government. One of the new arrivals had 13 dead on board. The 40 ships now at anchor, have nigh 15,000 emigrants: of these I am sure one-third would not be passed as healthy. Sailors are at work on shore erecting a sort of shelter with spars and sails, where the ships will leave their healthy to perform quarantine, while they go on to Quebec.

June 3.—Father Malloy has left with the design of making representations to the government about the condition of things here. He intended, if his bishop consented, to go direct to Montreal, and speak to the ministers themselves. The forwarding of emigrants passed as healthy has begun. They are crowded on to the steamers until there is barely room to move. The reason for this is, the passage money is a dollar a-head and the more packed on board, the more profit. Truth to tell, this class of emigrants are eager enough to leave, and get away from this place. The meanness of the Canadian government in dealing with them is shameful. Instead of allowing healthy passengers to go on with the ship as at first, they are now landed. Being compelled to land and stay here by the government's orders, it would be reasonable to expect the government would provide for them. It does not; all it has done is to send an agent who offers to sell them provisions at cost. Uncle's recovery is hopeless; his strength has gone.

5.—Poor uncle is dead. He was buried yesterday. Ellen keeps hovering between life and death; she has youth on her side. Poor Bridget is worn to a shadow, waiting on the sick. Being told a ship that came in this forenoon was from Sligo, I watched a chance to get on board, expecting to find some I knew among her passengers. I found her deck crowded with emigrants, watching the sailors fish up from the hold with boat-hooks the bodies of those who had died since entering the river. I soon learned there was bad blood between the crew and passengers, all of whom who could do so had left the steerage two days before and lived on deck. The hold had grown so loathsome with the warm weather that it became unbearable. The crew resented their living on deck. The captain stood at the poop rail, and proved to be a civil man. He told me he had done his best for the passengers on the voyage, but the charterers had poorly provisioned the vessel and he could not therefore give them the rations he wished. For the bad feeling between the sailors and passengers he could not blame either. Staying on deck the emigrants were in the sailors' way, yet he could not order them back to the hold. Three sailors had caught the fever during the week, which incensed their comrades against the emigrants. He was to pay the sailors a sovereign for each body brought up. I told him of Captain Christian of the ship Sis-

ters, who, the week before, when emigrants and sailors refused for any money to go into the hold to bring up the dead, went down himself and carried them to the deck on his shoulders. I hope he may live to know that Irishmen are grateful, for he is now down with the fever. I recognized none of the passengers, for they were from the northwest end of Lord Palmerston's estates. Their poverty was extreme. They had no luggage and many had not rags enough to cover their nakedness. So haggard and white were they, so vacant their expression, that they looked more like an array of spectres, than of human beings. Coming back, I had painful evidence of the brutal indifference of the authorities in dealing with the sick. They continue to be brought from the ships to the quay in rowboats, and the line of ships being now two miles long, the journey is a long one, and often fatal in bad weather. A small steamboat for transferring them would be a godsend, but the government does not get one, does not even spend ten shillings to replace the broken planks of the steps on the quay, although the want of them causes many a feeble one to slip into the river.

6.—Dr Douglas exemplifies how a man may be estimable as an individual yet unequal for his duties as an official. He is so obliging and gracious personally that it is unpleasant to find fault with him, yet it is apparent he does not grasp the

magnitude of the affliction he has to deal with and is unable to devise means to meet it. All the steps taken are ridiculous in their petty nature. I have been told that it is not him but the Canadian government that is to blame, that it will not allow him a free hand in meeting the emergency, does not respond to his calls, and warns him to be careful in incurring expenditure. Probably that is true, but the government is not accountable for the foolish rules by which the island is governed. There is now a large colony of supposed healthy emigrants confined to the northwest corner of the island. When one falls sick, instead of being taken to the fever-sheds, he is conveyed to the ship in which he was a passenger, and from her is taken to the sheds. The delay and the fatigue of the journey by land and water, if it does not kill the patient makes his recovery more doubtful. Although the population of the island has doubled in a few weeks, the boat with supplies from Quebec continues to come once a week only. We may be starving, many are starving this day, yet until the steamer comes there is no help. The dead are being buried in trenches, three tier deep. Men and women whose strong arms would add to Canada's wealth are being held here by its authorities to die of want when within sight of plenty. I look at the row of farm-houses on the opposite bank of the river, on the little town whose roofs I see, and knowing

there is comfort and plenty over there, marvel at the stupidity, the criminal disregard, that leaves us without bread to eat or even straw to die upon. Steamers pass daily but they are not allowed to stop at the island; my poor people are kept prisoners to perish amid the rocks of this island. The Almighty will surely have a day of reckoning with the rulers of Canada, for it is Canada's territory we are on and it is Canada's quarantine in which we lie bound. The sick are everywhere and are neglected. I found the body of a man in a thicket where he had crawled like a scared beast to die in peace. Bodies are taken from the tents daily where the healthy are supposed to lodge. The sheds have become repugnant to every sense, and the sick are worse off than on ship, for few have relatives to attend them, and they lie for hours without being helped even to a drink of water. The inmates of a tent told me nobody had been near them for two days, and not one among them able to stand for a minute. Everything is against us, for the weather is windy and wet. I go to spend the night in the old shed. My brain is overburdened with the sorrows of my people, and I would I were at rest with Aileen.

10.—A steamer came in this morning to take away emigrants, and I am sure over a thousand were packed on board. Her purser brought a package of letters; one of them was for myself.

Montreal, June 8, 1847.

My Dear Gerald,—I had it in mind to have written you several days ago, but postponed taking pen in hand day after day in expectation of being able to convey to you the intelligence that would cheer your heart—that the government had decided on adopting a policy of adequate relief. That, it grieves me to say, they have not done, although I have exerted myself to arouse them to a sense of their duty, but it is little a poor priest can do with our public men. When I reached here I went first to see the premier. After waiting my turn for an hour with a crowd of visitors, I was admitted. He was civil, but is a dull man, and did not seem to realize what I was telling him. He told me to go to the provincial secretary, to whose department emigration belongs, and see him. I left in no good humor, to do as Mr Sherwood bade me. Mr Daly was not at his lodgings; he had gone to the back of the mountain to dine. I have learned since, he is better at dining and wining than attending to his duties. I had an interview with him next day. You may not know that Mr Daly is of ourselves. He is a Galway man himself and his lady is from Kilkenny. Appealing to an Irishman and a Catholic I expected him to fall in with me—that all I had to do, was to seize him of the actual facts of the situation at Grosse isle and he would act with energy. That was what I expected of him but all I got from him,

Gerald, was soft words and promises, and neither the one nor the other will feed the starving or cure the sick. He told me to call next day, as he wanted time to go over the reports. When I went, his servant man said he was out, and I never found him in again for me. When the house opened, I managed to get in, to hear what the governor would say about the emigrants. The words put in his mouth about them made me angry. The government pretended they had made ample preparation for the expected influx and that everything was going on well. Beside him stood two men smiling among a bevy of ladies who knew better, for I had told them all. In the debate since then, when a member on the opposition side referred to the rumors of the state of matters at quarantine, Mr Daly begged the house not to give heed to alarmist reports and to rest assured the government was doing everything that was required, had appointed a commission of three doctors to visit Grosse isle, and would act on their report. I had little respect before for Canadian politicians, I have less now. I was advised to wait on the new minister, John A. Macdonald, the youngest member of the government. I told my friend that if Mr Daly would not do the decent thing by his countrymen, I was not going to ask the member for the Orange city of Kingston, who, like all the others of them, is engrossed in intrigues to keep his party in office. The

talk of the city is whether the ministry will stand, for its majority is only one or two, and there is a good deal of excitement about it. More attention is being paid to the ribaldry of *The Pilot* than anything else. This will not be for long. The evil has come to the door of this city. The forwarding by wholesale of all emigrants able to move, has brought the fever. The emigration sheds are at Windmill point, an inconvenient place, for there is not water enough to permit the steamers to come up to the wharf, and the emigrants have to be landed by scows, which is sore on the sick. I am not going to say that the journey from Grosse isle to here is as bad as the voyage across the Atlantic, but it has a few features worse than it. The steamers come in with emigrants packed on their lower deck like herrings in a fish-box. The steamers are chartered by the government from their supporters, and a few of them are old, worn-out tubs, that take two days to a trip that ought to be made inside 20 hours. Without food or cover, blistered by the sun in the day and chilled by the river breezes at night, the poor creatures are landed here more dead than alive. Many who went aboard feeling well, are carried off in a dying state. My curse and the curse of every Irishman be on the government that allows the helplessness of our countrymen to be traded upon to make money for their followers. If their trans-

portation was left open to all ship-owners, the emigrants would be brought here in large and speedy steamers, and a limit could be put to the number they carry. Once landed, the emigrants are decently treated. I am thankful to be able to say that. It is the city and not the government that manages. For sick and well there is plenty of wholesome food, and no lack of doctors or nurses. The food, to be sure, is coarse and the cooking not good, but you know the saying, The poor drink wather and the rich sip tay. After Grosse isle it is fine. What I have seen here has shown me the necessity of moving the quarantine to the flats below Quebec. If the sick were moved from Grosse isle to near the city they would get all the supplies and service needed. I expect to return to Quebec in a day or so, and before leaving here hope to get the bishop to wait on the premier, to ask that the new fever sheds be placed on the outskirts of Quebec. I hear from the emigrants as they arrive of you, and as they speak they bless you. I hope to see you soon.

YOUR OLD PRECEPTOR.

12.—A ship that came in from Sligo has many of my old neighbors. They say after we left, the agents gave out that all who refused to emigrate would have the relief taken from them, which was all they had to keep life in them until next crop. The more that went, the more

eager were those left behind to go. At the rate they are coming, Lord Palmerston will have his land clear of people by Michaelmas, and be able to lease it to Scotch cow-feeders. Most of the emigrants come expecting free land from the Canadian government and a pound a-head from the agents of their landlords at Quebec. Oh, the deceivers, to cheat these poor people with lies!

16.—Bridget is down with the fever, just when Ellen was recovering and likely to be able soon to leave with her sister for uncle's farm in Huntingdon. It seems as if exposure, if long enough continued, is sure to induce the disease. Doctor Douglas says few can withstand breathing the air of the sheds for a fortnight without being laid down. I expect my turn will come yet. A company of soldiers has arrived to act as a guard over the camp of what is called the healthy emigrants to keep them from going near the fever sheds. It is of a piece with everything else. The fever is in the camp as well as in the sheds. Had they sent a few hundred boards from Quebec to floor the tents, it would have been more sensible than to supply a guard. The weather is still wet, and the ground under the tents is soaking, yet the people have nowhere else to lie. I was telling the head of the Church of England clergymen, Doctor Mountain, of what my friend had said about quarantine being moved near the city. He agreed it ought to be done, although the people of

Quebec would resist. The cellar of the marine hospital having become full to overflowing with emigrants, workmen came three days ago to erect sheds on the hospital grounds. The people of St Rochs assembled, scattered the lumber, and drove away the workmen. Lamenting the lack of nurses, he told me it was partly due to the government's not offering sufficient wages. Placards on the Quebec streets asking for nurses at 60 cents a day met with no response. Doctors were offered only \$3.50 a day. A dollar a day for nurses and \$5 for doctors would get a supply, but the authorities would not consent. I can believe anything of them. They will not send us a supply of straw, even, and many of the sick are lying without anything below them.

18.—I was witness today of an incident I want to preserve some note of. I was attending to an old neighbor, Mr Monaghan, who came in the ship from Sligo six days ago. He is mending, though still poorly. While bending over him, he gave a start, and turning I saw they were carrying in a new patient. They placed him in an adjoining bed. Wasted and sallow as he was, I recognized in him a man I had seen from boyhood, but had never spoken to. He had a farm in our townland and was a bitter Orangeman. With Monaghan he had a feud, which they tried to fight out on many a market day. Stanhope had led a party that beat his oldest son and four other boys nigh to death

one St John's eve, and had heaped insult on him and his times without count. I will not say Monaghan did not pay him back. If he did not, somebody else did, for he had his stackyard twice burned and one fine morning found four of his cows houghed. How would these mortal enemies meet now, far from their native land and laid side by side in deathly sickness? Stanhope was overcome with the fatigue of bringing him from the ship, and lay exhausted with his eyes shut. I held up his head to give him some cordial, and then he sank back and fell asleep. I kept my eye on him as I went about the shed, watching his waking. On Dr Mountain's coming in, I told him of the new Protestant patient and of the circumstances I have here set down. We went to where the couple lay and were looking at them when Stanhope awoke. He gazed helplessly around until his eyes met those of Monaghan, which had been fixed on him from the time he came in. The glitter of the old fire sprung up in Stanhope's eyes and a flush passed over his white face. Neither said a word for quite a while. During the pause the defiant look faded from Stanhope's face, and I could see recollection of old neighborhood and a sense of community of suffering filled his bosom. The stern, hard features relaxed and a bony hand was thrust across.

"Is that yersilf, Monaghan; will ye shak hans wid me?"

"Glad an proud to do that same, and let by-gones be by-gones, Mr Stanhope."

There was a moistness in Dr Mountain's eyes as he said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law. May the Good Shepherd, who has sheep in every flock, bless you both, and in His own time gather you into His heavenly fold."

"Amen," I said with all my heart. "Dr Mountain, I have learned something in this island of horrors—that goodness is not bounded by creed, for I have seen you and your clergy nurse the sick and feed the hungry day after day although not one in a score of them are of your church. The thanks that have been in my heart for your kindness to my countrymen I am not ashamed now to speak."

He clasped my hand. "My dear Mr Keegan, say not another word; when a man comes to die the most painful reflection he can have is, that he did not embrace every opportunity he had during his lifetime of doing good. You and I have simply done our duty, and, after all, have to confess we are unprofitable servants of the one God whom we worship at different altars." Having said this he turned away to resume his visitation of the sick elsewhere.

26.—The weather has been steaming hot for a week, with heavy showers, and fog at night, making our situation worse and spreading infection. There is a stench both in and out of doors.

Ships continue to come in and the number of sick to grow; a doctor told me there are over 2000. The nurses, both men and women, that come from Quebec, are a bad lot. They neglect their duties, smuggle in drink to those of the sick who can pay for it, and rob the dying. On this lone island, where everything else is so scarce, whisky can be got by whoever wants it. The greed of gain overcomes the fear of infection, and it is smuggled in by small boats from Quebec. Last night there was an uproar in the camp of the healthy, caused by drunkenness. The military guard is a hurt to the emigrants. Like soldiers everywhere, they have neither morals nor decency. Bridget grows worse and poor Ellen is making a bad recovery, for she exhausts her strength by trying to nurse her sister. Monaghan and Stanhope talk by the hour, and their converse has put new heart in them. Hope is better than medicine. Indeed, I have seen scores die from despondency or indifference to life, who, to all appearance, ought to have recovered. The two old enemies are the most cordial of friends and will soon be able to leave. They have agreed to go with the survivors of their families to the London district and take up land together. Both are industrious and steady and having buried their senseless hatred will be of mutual help to one another. Both have money enough to start them.

24.—Father Moylan has got back for a few

days. There is need for more like him, but Irish priests are few in this part of Canada, and our people want them alone. The ships now arriving report larger mortality than those that came in May. This is due to the heat. The condition of the holds of the ships that come in is unspeakably revolting. Several buried over a hundred in the ocean, equal to a fifth of the number of their passengers.

July 2.—Father Moylan wanted me to go to Montreal as a witness before a committee of enquiry appointed by the legislature. I have no heart to leave here, and I told him if they would not believe him they would not believe me. There is no improvement in caring for the sick; the callousness of the Canadian government to the sufferings of God's poor on this island I cannot understand. The weather is now settled, and beyond the sun being scorchingly hot at midday is as fine as could be wished.

9th.—This evening I took a walk to the far side of the island and enjoyed the solitude and the peace of nature. Sitting on the beach, I watched the sun sink behind the hills. I have a feeling that my own sun will soon disappear, for I am sad and disheartened beyond all my experience. Dr Fenwick told me the other day I should leave; that I needed a change. I cannot, indeed I will not, for I cherish the secret wish to die where my Aileen left me. A ship has

arrived with 31 dead on board; she lost over a fourth of those who embarked on her at Liverpool. Another out of 470 emigrants, dropped 150 into the Atlantic. Sure, tragedies like these ought to direct the eyes of the civilized world to what is happening. My heart is broken at the sight of thousands of my own dear people, men, women, and little children, dying for lack of a crust on Canada's shore.

14.—I think the end has come. Tonight my head throbs and my bones are sore. Bridget, after hovering a long while between life and death, sank to rest this morning, and is buried. Ellen leaves by tomorrow's steamer, and will be in Huntingdon in a few days. I gave her a message to uncle. My life has been a failure. May God have pity on me and on my poor people. Oh, that Aileen were here; that I felt her hand on my racked forehead.

THE END.

NOTE TO THE SUMMER OF SORROW.

The immigration to Canada in 1847 was the largest on record. During the season of navigation vessels bearing 90,000 arrived in the St Lawrence. Of these 20,000 were English, Scotch, and Germans, and on the vessels that carried them there was no unusual sickness, so that, in considering the calamity of 1847, they are to be set aside, and the remaining seventy thousand alone to be dealt with. They were mainly Irish Roman Catholics, and it was among them that disease and death reigned. Fifty thousand of them sailed from ports in Ireland; twenty thousand came by way of Liverpool. 129 ships were required to carry them. On every vessel fever and dysentery broke out; the emigrants who sailed from Liverpool faring worst. In crossing the Atlantic these 129 vessels dropped 4092 of their passengers into the deep; while anchored off Grosse isle 1190 died on board; out of those they sent ashore upon the island 3389 perished. A monument in its cemetery records that there was buried, in less than six months, 5424 persons "who, flying from pestilence and famine in Ireland, found in America but a grave." That, however, is only a portion of the mortality. Streaming past Grosse isle, after a detention that was harmful to them and of no benefit in protecting the Canadian community against disease, the advancing army of immigrants swept westward, and wherever it bivouaced, left a cluster

of graves. At Quebec city 712 died, at Montreal 6330, at Lachine 130, at Cornwall 52, at Kingston 1900, at Toronto 863. Only where the authorities prepared places of shelter, was any record kept of the deaths, and these places closed in October. Of the mortality during the winter no count was kept nor of the hundreds who died by twos or threes along the routes of travel or in remote country districts, to which the sorely smitten people penetrated in the hope of relief. The official record gives the total at 17,000; actually, about 20,000 died. Adding those who died on shipboard, the number rises to 24,000. That is, out of every fourteen who left Ireland, five died—a rate of mortality without parallel in modern times. For this appalling destruction of human life, the Irish landlords were primarily responsible in compelling or inducing their tenants to leave Ireland without making adequate provision for their sustenance. For their treatment on shipboard, the owners, or charterers of the vessels, and the officers in command are accountable. It is humiliating to state that no effort was made by the officials at Quebec to punish the captains and mates of vessels who had maltreated passengers. It was notorious that the poor emigrant had been robbed in measuring out his scanty allowance of biscuit, meal, and water, and that the quality was detestable, yet there is only one case on record of a captain being brought to account. The master of the Birnam was charged with cheating in the allowance of water. By confessing judgment and paying a paltry fine, he avoided trial and went free! No class of men more abuse the power their position gives them than the officers of ships. The emi-

grant has always been badly treated; is to this day shamefully used. Steam has shortened the voyage and made it more bearable, while government requirements as to space and accommodation are more liberal, but there are steamships which come to Quebec whose passengers tell of their voyage being an ordeal of starvation and neglect—of petty tyranny on the part of hectoring ship-officers, of food being thrown before them of such execrable quality and so badly cooked as to turn the stoutest stomach. Desirous of hurrying to their destination and knowing their inability to contend with powerful companies, the grievances of the poverty-stricken and friendless immigrant are unrecorded in our courts.

For the tragedy enacted at Grosse isle in 1847, and its sad scenes re-enacted in every town and city west of it, from Quebec to Sandwich, the Canadian government is accountable, and the responsibility for the death of the twenty thousand laid in premature graves lies at the door of Sherwood and his ministers. The letters and reports of Dr Douglas show they were fully acquainted with the awful state of affairs at Grosse isle from the landing of the first sick emigrants, yet took no adequate steps in response. There never was a calamity that could have been more easily averted; there never was waste of life that could have been more easily prevented. The British government did its part. Communication was slow then, and it was past the middle of June before accounts of the dreadful state of matters at Grosse isle reached Britain. On the 18th, the Imperial government sent a despatch asking the Canadian authorities to take vigorous action to relieve it and promising

to pay the cost. On receipt of this despatch, the Canadian government became lavish enough, and the following year presented a bill for some \$700,000, which the Imperial authorities paid without enquiry. Where that money went, it is useless now to enquire; assuredly little of it went to feed the famishing immigrant. The efficiency of the action of the government can be judged by one fact—it was not until the end of August it had provided sufficient sheds for the sick at Grosse isle to permit of the sexes being separated. While no Canadian can look back upon 1847 without a feeling of shame for the conduct of our public men, they entertain an honest pride in the devotion of the clergy and physicians. Thus, out of 42 Roman Catholic priests who volunteered to visit Grosse isle 19 caught the fever, and 4 died. Out of the 16 Episcopal clergymen who responded to the call of Bishop Mountain, 7 took ill and 2 died. Of the 26 doctors, 22 fell ill and 4 died. The same devotion was shown elsewhere, doctors, nurses, and ministers, in the hope of doing good to the sick and dying, walking into danger. One clergyman associated with this district, Rev Wm. Dawes, died from the fever at St Johns. The mayor of Montreal, J. T. Mills, after doing invaluable work in providing for the sick, caught the contagion and died.

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